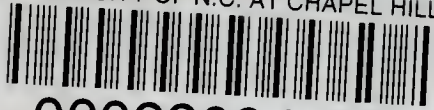




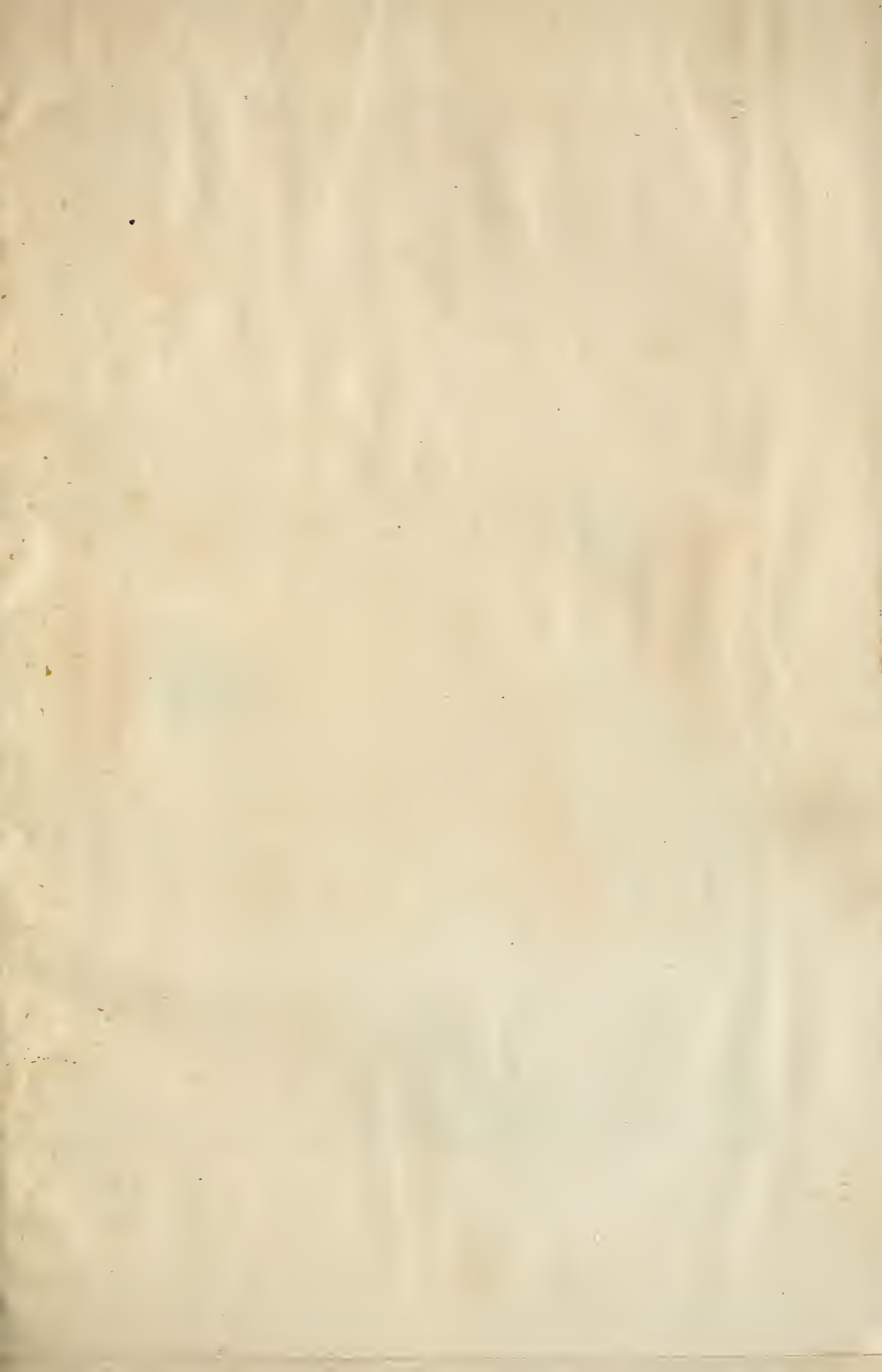
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MISCELLANEOUS TALES





"IT'S COBBS! IT'S COBBS!" CRIES MASTER HARRY. PAGE 182.

CHILDREN'S OWN LIBRARY

EDITED BY

J. ELLIS BURDICK

WITH A

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

BY

CHARLES WELSH

*Editor of "The Young Folk's Library," Author of "Right
Reading for Children," etc.*



Volume X

MISCELLANEOUS TALES

NEW YORK

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Editor's Introductory Note

Charles Dickens, the greatest English novelist, was born February 7, 1812, at Landsport, near Portsmouth, England. His education was received in public schools and he began life as a newspaper reporter, after having served for a time as a clerk in an attorney's office. His "Pickwick Papers," published in 1836-1837, established his literary reputation. From that time on until his death on June 9, 1870, at Gadshill, near Rochester, England, he continued to write. His most famous work is "Pickwick Papers," his best, "The Tale of Two Cities," and the most popular "Christmas Stories." He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

The second part of these volumes is of quite a different character from the preceding volumes. Works on natural history are always favorite reading with the young and Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History" supplies the juvenile population with a book which is clear in its arrangement and gives accurate information. The illustrations not only give the reader a better idea of the creatures than any mere descriptions could possibly do, but are very attractive as well. While these sketches are necessarily brief, they give all the necessary information as to the habits and appearances of the creatures. This is especially true of the birds

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

and animals of the United States. Mr. Wood's style is admirably suited to the children for whom it was intended and at the same time it is agreeable reading for their elders.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

By

CHARLES DICKENS



THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

CHIRP THE FIRST.

THE Kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the Kettle did. I ought to know, I hope. The Kettle began it,

full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner before the Cricket uttered a chirp.

As if the clock hadn't finished striking, and the convulsive little Haymaker at the top of it, jerking away right and left with a scythe, in front of a Moorish Pal-

ace, hadn't mowed down half an acre of imaginary grass before the Cricket joined in at all!

Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that. I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the Kettle began it, at least five minutes before the Cricket gave any sign of existence.

Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so, in my very first word, but for this plain consideration—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning, without beginning at the Kettle?

It appeared as if there were a sort of match between the Kettle and the Cricket. And this is how it came about.

Mrs. Peerybingle going out into the raw twilight, and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens, filled the Kettle at the water-butt. Presently returning, she set the Kettle on the fire. In doing which she lost her temper, for the water—being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippery, slushy, sleety state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten rings included—had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her legs.

Besides, the Kettle was obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it would lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very Idiot of a Kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrel-

some; and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the Kettle. And the hull of the *Royal George* never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that Kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the Kettle, laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock still before the Moorish Palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

He was on the move, however; and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But his sufferings when the clock was going to strike, were frightful to behold; and when a Cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the Palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wiry, plucking at his legs.

Now it was, you observe, that the Kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the Kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible

gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet, to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as never nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic Heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, the recently rebellious lid, performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

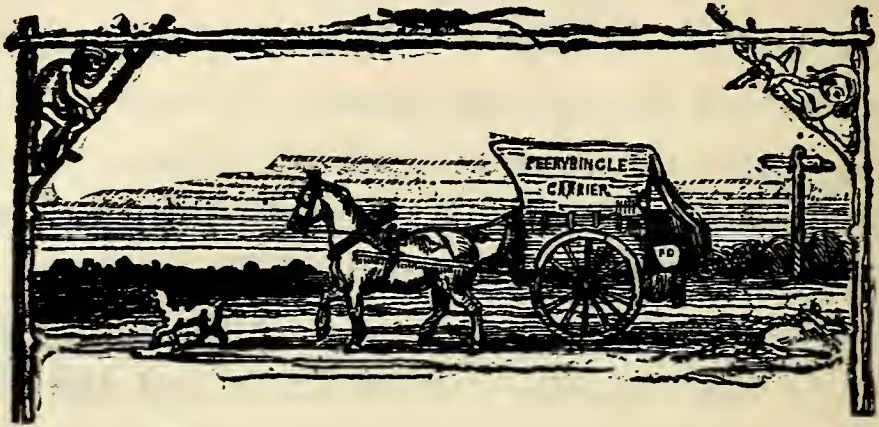
That this song of the Kettle's, was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors; to somebody at that moment coming on, toward the snug small home and the crisp fire; there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing, before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!—

And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in! with a Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus, with a voice, so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the Kettle, that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun; if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces: it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence.

The Kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the Cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a Star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the Kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

The fair little listener, for fair she was, and young, lighted a candle; glanced at the Haymaker on the top of the clock, who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes; and looked out of the window, where she saw nothing, owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And she might have looked a long way, and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back, and sat down in her former seat, the Cricket and the Kettle were still keeping it up, with a perfect fury of competition.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m!



Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together that whether the Kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the Kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided. But of this, there is no doubt: that the Kettle and the Cricket sent, each his fireside song of comfort, streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window; and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached toward it through the gloom, ex-

pressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my Boy!"

This end attained, the Kettle, being dead beat, boiled over, and was taken off the fire. Mrs. Peerybingle then went running to the door, where, what with the wheels of a cart, the tramp of a horse, the voice of a man, the tearing in and out of an excited dog, and the surprising and mysterious appearance of a Baby, there was soon the very What's-his-name to pay.

Where the Baby came from, or how Mrs. Peerybingle got hold of it in that flash of time, *I don't know*. But a live Baby there was, in Mrs. Peerybingle's arms; and a pretty tolerable amount of pride she seemed to have in it, when she was drawn gently to the fire, by a sturdy figure of a man, much taller and much older than herself; who had to stoop a long way down, to kiss her.

"Oh goodness, John!" said Mrs. P. "What a state you're in with the weather!"

He was something the worse for it, undeniably. The thick mist hung in clots upon his eyelashes; and between the fog and fire together, there were rainbows in his very whiskers.

"Why, you see, Dot," John made answer, slowly, as he unrolled a shawl from about his throat; and warmed his hands; "it—it an't exactly summer weather. So no wonder."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Dot, John. I don't like

it," said Mrs. Peerybingle: pouting in a way that clearly showed she *did* like it very much.

"Why what else are you?" returned John, looking down upon her with a smile, and giving her waist as light a squeeze as his huge hand and arm could give. "A dot and"—here he glanced at the Baby—"a dot and carry—I won't say it, for fear I should spoil it; but I was very near a joke. I don't know as ever I was nearer."

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account: this lumbering, slow, honest John. This John, so heavy but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good!

It was pleasant to see Dot, with her little figure and her Baby in her arms, glancing with a coquettish thoughtfulness at the fire, and inclining her delicate little head just enough on one side to let it rest in an odd, half-natural, half-affected, wholly nestling and agreeable manner, on the great rugged figure of the Carrier. It was pleasant to see him, with his tender awkwardness, endeavoring to adapt his rude support to her slight need, and make his burly middle-age a leaning-staff not inap-



propriate to her blooming youth. It was pleasant to observe how Tilly Slowboy, waiting in the background for the Baby, took special cognizance of this grouping. Nor was it less agreeable to observe how John the Carrier, reference being made by Dot to the aforesaid Baby, checked his hand when on the point of touching the infant, as if he thought he might crack it; and bending down, surveyed it from a safe distance with a kind of puzzled pride, such as an amiable mastiff might be supposed to show, if he found himself, one day, the father of a young canary.

"An't he beautiful, John? Don't he look precious in his sleep?"

"Very precious," said John. "Very much so. He generally *is* asleep, an't he?"

"Lor, John? Good gracious no!"

"Oh," said John, pondering. "I thought his eyes was generally shut. Halloa!"

"Goodness, John, how you startle one!"

"It an't right for him to turn 'em up in that way!" said the astonished Carrier, "Is it? See how he's winking with both of 'em at once! and look at his mouth! why he's gasping like a gold and silver fish!"

"You don't deserve to be a father, you don't," said Dot, with all the dignity of an experienced matron. And when she had turned the Baby over on her left arm, and had slapped its back as a restorative, *she* pinched her husband's ear, laughing.

"No," said John, pulling off his outer coat. "It's

very true, Dot. I don't know much about it. I only know that I've been fighting pretty stiffly with the Wind to-night. It's been blowing northeast, straight into the cart, the whole way home."

"Poor old man, so it has!" cried Mrs. Peerybingle, instantly becoming very active. "Here! Take the precious darling, Tilly, while I make myself of some use. Bless it, I could smother it with kissing it; I could! Hie then, good dog! Hie, Boxer, boy! Only let me make the tea first, John; and then I'll help you with the parcels like a busy bee. 'How doth the little' --and all the rest of it, you know, John. Did you ever learn 'how doth the little' when you went to school, John?"

"Not to quite know it," John returned. "I was very near it once. But I should only have spoilt it, I dare say."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dot. She had the blithest little laugh you ever heard. "What a dear old darling of a dunce you are, John, to be sure!"

Not at all disputing this position, John went out to see that the boy with the lantern, which had been dancing to and fro before the door and window, like a Will of the Wisp, took due care of the horse. Boxer, feeling that his attentions were due to the family in general, and must be impartially distributed, dashed in and out with bewildering inconstancy.

"There! There's the teapot, ready on the hob!" said Dot, as briskly busy as a child at play at keeping house.

“And there’s the cold knuckle of ham; and there’s the butter; and there’s the crusty loaf, and all! Here’s a clothes-basket for the small parcels, John, if you’ve got any there—where are you, John? Don’t let the dear child fall under the grate, Tilly, whatever you do!”

It may be noted of Miss Slowboy, in spite of her rejecting the caution with some vivacity, that she had a rare and surprising talent for getting this Baby into difficulties, and had several times imperilled its short



life, in a quiet way peculiarly her own. She was of a spare and straight shape, this young lady, insomuch that her garments appeared to be in constant danger of sliding off those sharp pegs, her shoulders, on which they were loosely hung.

Being always in a state of gaping admiration at everything, and absorbed, besides, in the perpetual contemplation of her mistress’ perfections and the Baby’s, Miss Slowboy, in her little errors of judgment, may be said to have done equal honor to her head and to her heart; and though these did less honor to the Baby’s head, which they were the occasional means of bringing into contact with deal doors, dressers, stair-rails, bedposts, and other foreign substances, still they were the honest results of Tilly Slowboy’s constant as

tonishment at finding herself so kindly treated, and installed in such a comfortable home. For the maternal and paternal Slowboy were alike unknown to Fame, and Tilly had been bred by public charity, a Foundling.

To have seen little Mrs. Peerybingle come back with her husband; tugging at the clothes-basket, and making the most strenuous exertions to do nothing at all (for he carried it); would have amused you, almost as much as it amused him. It may have entertained the Cricket too, for anything I know; but, certainly, it now began to chirp again, vehemently.

“Heyday!” said John, in his slow way. “It’s merrier than ever, to-night, I think.”

“And it’s sure to bring us good fortune, John! It always has done so. To have a Cricket on the Hearth is the luckiest thing in all the world!”

John looked at her as if he had very nearly got the thought into his head, that she was his Cricket-in-chief, and he quite agreed with her. But it was probably one of his narrow escapes, for he said nothing.

“The first time I heard its cheerful little note, John, was on that night when you brought me home—when you brought me to my new home here; its little mistress. Nearly a year ago. You recollect, John?”

“Oh yes.” John remembered. “I should think so!”

“Its chirp was such a welcome to me! It seemed so full of promise and encouragement. It seemed to say, you would be kind and gentle with me and would not

expect (I had a fear of that, John, then) to find an old head on the shoulders of your foolish little wife."

John thoughtfully patted one of the shoulders, and then the head, as though he would have said, No, No; he had had no such expectation; he had been quite content to take them as they were.

"It spoke the truth, John, when it seemed to say so: for you have ever been the best, the most affectionate of husbands. This has been a happy home, John; and I love the Cricket for its sake!"

"Why so do I, then," said the Carrier. "So do I, Dot."

"I love it for the many times I have heard it, and the many thoughts its harmless music has given me. Sometimes, in the twilight, when I have felt a little solitary and down-hearted, John, and when I used to fear—I did fear once, John; I was very young, you know—that ours might prove to be an ill-assorted marriage: I being such a child, and you more like my guardian than my husband: and that you might not, however hard you tried, be able to learn to love me, as you hoped and prayed you might; its Chirp, Chirp, Chirp, has cheered me up again, and filled me with new trust and confidence. I was thinking of these things to-night, dear, when I sat expecting you; and I love the Cricket for their sake!"

"And so do I," repeated John. "But Dot? I hope and pray that I might learn to love you? How you talk! I had learnt that, long before I brought you here, to be the Cricket's little mistress, Dot!"

She laid her hand, an instant, on his arm, and looked up at him with an agitated face, as if she would have told him something. Next moment, she was down upon her knees before the basket; speaking in a sprightly voice, and busy with the parcels.

"There are not many of them to-night, John, but I saw some goods behind the cart, just now; and though they give more trouble, perhaps, still they pay as well; so we have no reason to grumble, have we? Besides, you have been delivering, I dare say, as you came along?"

"Oh yes," John said. "A good many."

"Why what's this round box? Heart alive, John it's a wedding-cake!"

"Leave a woman alone, to find out that," said John, admiringly. "Now a man would never have thought of it! whereas, it's my belief that if you was to pack a wedding-cake up in a tea-chest, or a turn-up bedstead, or a pickled salmon keg, or any unlikely thing, a woman would be sure to find it out directly. Yes; I called for it at the pastry-cook's."

"And it weighs I don't know what—whole hundred-weights!" cried Dot, making a great demonstration of trying to lift it. "Whose is it, John? Where is it going?"

"Read the writing on the other side," said John.

"Why, John! My Goodness, John!"

"Ah! who'd have thought it!" John returned.

"You never mean to say," pursued Dot, sitting on the

floor and shaking her head at him, "that it's Gruff and Tackleton the toymaker?"

John nodded.

Mrs. Peerybingle nodded also, fifty times at least. Not in assent: in dumb and pitying amazement; screwing up her lips the while with all their little force, and looking the good Carrier through and through, in her abstraction.

Miss Slowboy, in the mean time, who had a mechanical power of reproducing scraps of current conversation for the delectation of the Baby, with all the sense struck out of them, and all the Nouns changed into the Plural number, inquired aloud of that young creature, Was it Gruffs and Tackletons the toymakers then, and Would it call at Pastry-cooks for wedding-cakes, and Did its mothers know the boxes when its fathers brought them homes; and so on.

"And that is really to come about!" said Dot. "Why, she and I were girls at school together, John."

He might have been thinking of her as she was in that same school time. He looked upon her with a thoughtful pleasure, but he made no answer.

"And he's as old! As unlike her!—Why, how many years older than you, is Gruff and Tackleton, John?"

"How many more cups of tea shall I drink to-night at one sitting, than Gruff and Tackleton ever took in four, I wonder!" replied John, good-humoredly, as he drew a chair to the round table, and began at the cold ham. "As to eating, I eat but little; but that little I enjoy, Dot."

Even this, his usual sentiment at meal times, one of his innocent delusions, awoke no smile in the face of his little wife, who stood among the parcels, pushing the cake-box slowly from her with her foot, and never once looked upon the dainty shoe she generally was so mindful of. Absorbed in thought, she stood there, heedless alike of the tea and John (although he called to her, and rapped the table with his knife to startle her), until he rose and touched her on the arm; when she looked at him for a moment, and hurried to her place behind the teaboard, laughing at her negligence. But not as she had laughed before. The manner, and the music, were quite changed.

The Cricket, too, had stopped. Somehow the room was not so cheerful as it had been.

"So, these are all the parcels, are they, John?" she said, breaking a long silence.

"That's all," said John. "Why—no—I—" laying down his knife and fork, and taking a long breath. "I declare—I've clean forgotten the old gentleman!"

"The old gentleman?"

"In the cart," said John. "He was asleep, among the straw, the last time I saw him. I've very nearly remembered him, twice, since I came in; but he went out of my head again. Halloa! Yahip there! rouse up! That's my hearty!"

John said these latter words outside the door, whither he had hurried with the candle in his hand.

Miss Slowboy, conscious of some mysterious reference

to The Old Gentleman, was so disturbed, that hastily rising from the low chair by the fire to seek protection near her mistress, and coming into contact as she crossed the doorway with an ancient Stranger, she instinctively made a charge at him with the only offensive instrument within her reach. This instrument happening to be the Baby, great commotion and alarm ensued, which the sagacity of Boxer rather tended to increase; for that good dog, more thoughtful than his master, had, it seemed, been watching the old gentleman in his sleep lest he should walk off with a few young poplar trees that were tied up behind the cart; and he still attended on him very closely; worrying his gaiters, in fact, and making dead sets at the buttons.

“You’re such an undeniable good sleeper, Sir,” said John, when tranquillity was restored; in the mean time the old gentleman had stood, bareheaded and motionless, in the centre of the room; “that I have half a mind to ask you where the other six are: only that would be a joke, and I know I should spoil it. Very near, though,” murmured the Carrier, with a chuckle; “very near!”

The Stranger, who had long white hair; good features, singularly bold and well defined for an old man; and dark, bright, penetrating eyes; looked round with a smile, and saluted the Carrier’s wife by gravely inclining his head.

His garb was very quaint and odd—a long, long way behind the time. Its hue was brown all over. In his hand he held a great brown club or walking-stick; and

striking this upon the floor, it fell asunder, and became a chair. On which he sat down quite composedly.

"There!" said the Carrier, turning to his wife. "That's the way I found him, sitting by the roadside! upright as a milestone. And almost as deaf."

"Sitting in the open air, John!"

"In the open air," replied the Carrier, "just at dusk. 'Carriage Paid,' he said; and gave me eighteenpence. Then he got in. And there he is."

"He's going, John, I think!"

Not at all. He was only going to speak.

"If you please, I was to be left till called for," said the Stranger, mildly. "Don't mind me."

With that, he took a pair of spectacles from one of his large pockets, and a book from another; and leisurely began to read. Making no more of Boxer than if he had been a house lamb!

The Carrier and his wife exchanged a look of perplexity. The Stranger raised his head; and glancing from the latter to the former, said:

"Your daughter, my good friend?"

"Wife," returned John.

"Niece?" said the Stranger.

"Wife," roared John.

"Indeed?" observed the Stranger. "Surely? Very young!"

He quietly turned over, and resumed his reading. But, before he could have read two lines, he again interrupted himself, to say:

"Baby, yours?"

John gave him a gigantic nod.

"Girl?"

"Bo-o-oy!" roared John.

"Also very young, eh?"

Mrs. Peerybingle instantly struck in. "Two months and three da-ays! Vaccinated just six weeks ag-o! Took very fine-ly! Considered by the doctor, a remarkably beautiful chi-ild! Equal to the general run of children at five months o-old! Takes notice in a way quite won-der-ful! May seem impossible to you, but feels his legs al-ready!"

Here the breathless little mother, who had been shrieking these short sentences into the old man's ear until her pretty face was crimsoned, held up the Baby before him as a stubborn and triumphant fact.

"Hark! He's called for, sure enough," said John. "There's somebody at the door. Open it, Tilly."

Before she could reach it, however, it was opened from without; being a primitive sort of door, with a latch that any one could lift if he chose—and a good many people did choose, for all kinds of neighbors liked to have a cheerful word or two with the Carrier. Being opened, it gave admission to a little, meagre, thoughtful, dingy-faced man who seemed to have made himself a great-coat from the sack-cloth covering of some old box, for when he turned to shut the door and keep the weather out, he disclosed upon the back of that garment, the in-

scription G & T in large black capitals. Also the word GLASS in bold characters.

"Good evening, John!" said the little man. "Good evening, Mam. Good evening, Tilly. Good evening, Unbeknown. How's Baby, Mum? Boxer's pretty well, I hope?"

"All thriving, Caleb," replied Dot. "I am sure you need only look at the dear child, for one, to know that."

"And I'm sure I need only look at you for another," said Caleb.

He didn't look at her, though; for he had a wandering and thoughtful eye which seemed to be always projecting itself into some other time and place, no matter what he said; a description which will equally apply to his voice.

"Or at John for another," said Caleb. "Or at Tilly, as far as that goes. Or certainly at Boxer."

"Busy just now, Caleb?" asked the Carrier.

"Why, pretty well, John," he returned, with the distraught air of a man who was casting about for the Philosopher's stone at least. "Pretty much so. There's rather a run on Noah's Arks at present. I could have wished to improve upon the Family, but I don't see how it's to be done at the price. It would be a satisfaction to one's mind to make it clearer which was Shems and Hams, and which was Wives. Flies an't on that scale neither, as compared with elephants, you know. Ah! well! Have you got anything in the parcel line for me, John?"

The Carrier put his hand into a pocket of the coat he had taken off; and brought out, carefully preserved in moss and paper, a tiny flower-pot.

"There it is!" he said, adjusting it with great care. "Not so much as a leaf damaged. Full of Buds!"

Caleb's dull eye brightened as he took it, and thanked him.

"Dear, Caleb," said the Carrier. "Very dear at this season."

"Never mind that. It would be cheap to me, whatever it cost," returned the little man. "Anything else, John?"

"A small box," replied the Carrier. "Here you are!"

"For Caleb Plummer," said the little man, spelling out the direction. "'With Cash.' With Cash, John? I don't think it's for me."

"With Care," returned the Carrier, looking over his shoulder. "Where do you make out cash?"

"Oh! To be sure!" said Caleb. "It's all right. With care! Yes, yes; that's mine. It might have been with cash, indeed, if my dear Boy in the Golden South Americas had lived, John. You loved him like a son, didn't you? You needn't say you did. I know, of course. 'Caleb Plummer. With care.' Yes, yes, it's all right. It's a box of dolls' eyes for my daughter's work. I wish it was her own sight in a box, John."

"I wish it was, or could be!" cried the Carrier.

"Thankee," said the little man. "You speak very hearty. To think that she should never see the Dolls;

and them a-staring at her, so bold, all day long! That's where it cuts. What's the damage, John?"

"I'll damage you," said John, "if you inquire."

"Well! it's like you to say so," observed the little man. "It's your kind way. Let me see. I think that's all."

"I think not," said the Carrier. "Try again."

"Something for our Governor, eh?" said Caleb, after pondering a little while. "To be sure. That's what I came for; but my head's so running on them Arks and things! He hasn't been here, has he?"

"Not he," returned the Carrier. "He's too busy courting."

"He's coming round, though," said Caleb; "for he told me to keep on the near side of the road going home, and it was ten to one he'd take me up. I had better go, by-the-by.—You couldn't have the goodness to let me pinch Boxer's tail, Mum, for half a moment, could you!"

"Why, Caleb! what a question!"

"Oh, never mind, Mum," said the little man. "He mightn't like it perhaps. There's a small order just come in, for barking dogs; and I should wish to go as close to Natur' as I could, for sixpence. That's all. Never mind, Mum."

It happened opportunely that Boxer, without receiving the proposed stimulus, began to bark with great zeal. But as this implied the approach of some new visitor, Caleb, postponing his study from the life to a more convenient season, shouldered the round box, and took a

hurried leave. He might have spared himself the trouble, for he met the visitor upon the threshold.

"Oh! You are here, are you? Wait a bit. I'll take you home. John Peerybingle, my service to you. More of my service to your pretty wife. Handsomer every day! Better too, if possible! And younger," mused the speaker, in a low voice; "that's the Devil of it."

"I should be astonished at your paying compliments, Mr. Tackleton," said Dot, not with the best grace in the world; "but for your condition."

"You know all about it, then?"

"I have got myself to believe it, somehow," said Dot.

"After a hard struggle, I suppose?"

"Very."

Tackleton, the Toy merchant, pretty generally known as Gruff and Tackleton—for that was the firm, though Gruff had been bought out long ago; only leaving his name, and as some said his nature, according to its Dictionary meaning, in the business—Tackleton, the Toy merchant, was a man whose vocation had been quite misunderstood by his Parents. If they had made him a Money-Lender, or a sharp Attorney, or a Sheriff's Officer, or a Broker, he might have sown his discontented seeds in his youth, and after having had the full run of himself in ill-natured transactions, might have turned out amiable, at last, for the sake of a little freshness and novelty. But, cramped and chafing in the peaceable pursuit of toy-making, he was a domestic Ogre, who had been living on children all his life, and was their im-

placable enemy. He despised all toys; wouldn't have bought one for the world; delighted, in his malice, in appalling masks; hideous, hairy, red-eyed Jacks in Boxes; Vampire Kites; demoniacal Tumblers who wouldn't lie down, and were perpetually flying forward, to stare infants out of countenance. They were his only relief and safety-valve. He was great in such inventions. Anything suggestive of a Pony-nightmare was delicious to him. What he was in toys, he was in all other things. You may easily suppose, therefore, that within the great green cape, which reached down to the calves of his legs, there was buttoned up to the chin an uncommonly pleasant fellow; and that he was about as choice a spirit and as agreeable a companion as ever stood in a pair of bull-headed looking boots with mahogany-colored tops.

Still, Tackleton, the Toy merchant, was going to be married. And to a young wife too; a beautiful young wife.

He didn't look much like a Bridegroom, as he stood in the Carrier's kitchen, with a twist in his dry face, and his hat jerked over the bridge of his nose, and his hands stuck down into the bottoms of his pockets, and his whole ill-conditioned self peering out of one little corner of one little eye, like the concentrated essence of any number of ravens. But a Bridegroom he designed to be.

"In three days' time. Next Thursday. The last day of the first month in the year. That's my wedding-day," said Tackleton, rattling his money.

"Why, it's our wedding-day too," exclaimed the Carrier.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tackleton. "Odd! You're just such another couple. Just!"

The indignation of Dot at this presumptuous assertion is not to be described. What next? His imagination would compass the possibility of just such another Baby, perhaps. The man was mad.

"I say! A word with you," murmured Tackleton, nudging the Carrier with his elbow, and taking him a little apart. "You'll come to the wedding? We're in the same boat, you know."

"How in the same boat?" inquired the Carrier.

"A little disparity, you know," said Tackleton, with another nudge. "Come and spend an evening with us, beforehand."

"Why?" demanded John, astonished at this pressing hospitality.

"Why?" returned the other. "That's a new way of receiving an invitation. Why, for pleasure; sociability, you know, and all that!"

"I thought you were never sociable," said John, in his plain way.

"Tchah! It's of no use to be anything but free with you, I see," said Tackleton. "Why, then, the truth is you have a—what tea-drinking people call a sort of a comfortable appearance together; you and your wife. We know better, you know, but——"

"No, we don't know better," interposed John. "What are you talking about?"

"Well! We *don't* know better, then," said Tackleton. "We'll agree that we don't. As you like; what does it matter? I was going to say, as you have that sort of appearance, your company will produce a favorable effect on Mrs. Tackleton that will be. You'll say you'll come?"

"We have arranged to keep our wedding-day at home," said John. "We have made the promise to ourselves these six months. We think, you see, that home——"

"Bah! what's home?" cried Tackleton. "Four walls and a ceiling! (why don't you kill that Cricket? I would! I always do. I hate their noise). There are four walls and a ceiling at my house. Come to me!"

"You kill your Crickets, eh?" said John.

"Scrunch 'em, sir," returned the other, setting his heel heavily on the floor. "You'll say you'll come? It's as much your interest as mine, you know, that the women should persuade each other that they're quiet and contented, and couldn't be better off. I know their way. Whatever one woman says, another woman is determined to clinch, always. There's that spirit of emulation among 'em, sir, that if your wife says to my wife, 'I'm the happiest woman in the world, and mine's the best husband in the world, and I dote on him,' my wife will say the same to yours, or more, and half believe it."

"Do you mean to say she don't, then?" asked the Carrier.

"Don't!" cried Tackleton, with a short, sharp laugh. "Don't what?"

The Carrier had had some faint idea of adding, "dote upon you." But happening to meet the half-closed eye, as it twinkled upon him over the turned-up collar of the cape, which was within an ace of poking it out, he felt it such an unlikely part and parcel of anything to be doted on, that he substituted, "that she don't believe it?"

"Ah, you dog! you're joking," said Tackleton. But the Carrier, though slow to understand the full drift of his meaning, eyed him in such a serious manner, that he was obliged to be a little more explanatory.

"I have the humor," said Tackleton, holding up the fingers of his left hand, and tapping the forefinger, to imply, "there I am, Tackleton to wit:" "I have the humor, Sir, to marry a young wife and a pretty wife:" here he rapped his little finger, to express the Bride; not sparingly, but sharply; with a sense of power. "I'm able to gratify that humor, and I do. It's my whim. But—now look there."

He pointed to where Dot was sitting, thoughtfully, before the fire; leaning her dimpled chin upon her hand, and watching the bright blaze. The Carrier looked at her, and then at him.

"She honors and obeys, no doubt, you know," said Tackleton; "and that, as I am not a man of sentiment,

is quite enough for *me*. But do you think there's anything more in it?"

"I think," observed the Carrier, "that I should chuck any man out of the window who said there wasn't."

"Exactly so," returned the other, with an unusual alacrity of assent. "To be sure! Doubtless you would. Of course. I'm certain of it. Good-night. Pleasant dreams!"

The good Carrier was puzzled, and made uncomfortable and uncertain, in spite of himself. He couldn't help showing it in his manner.

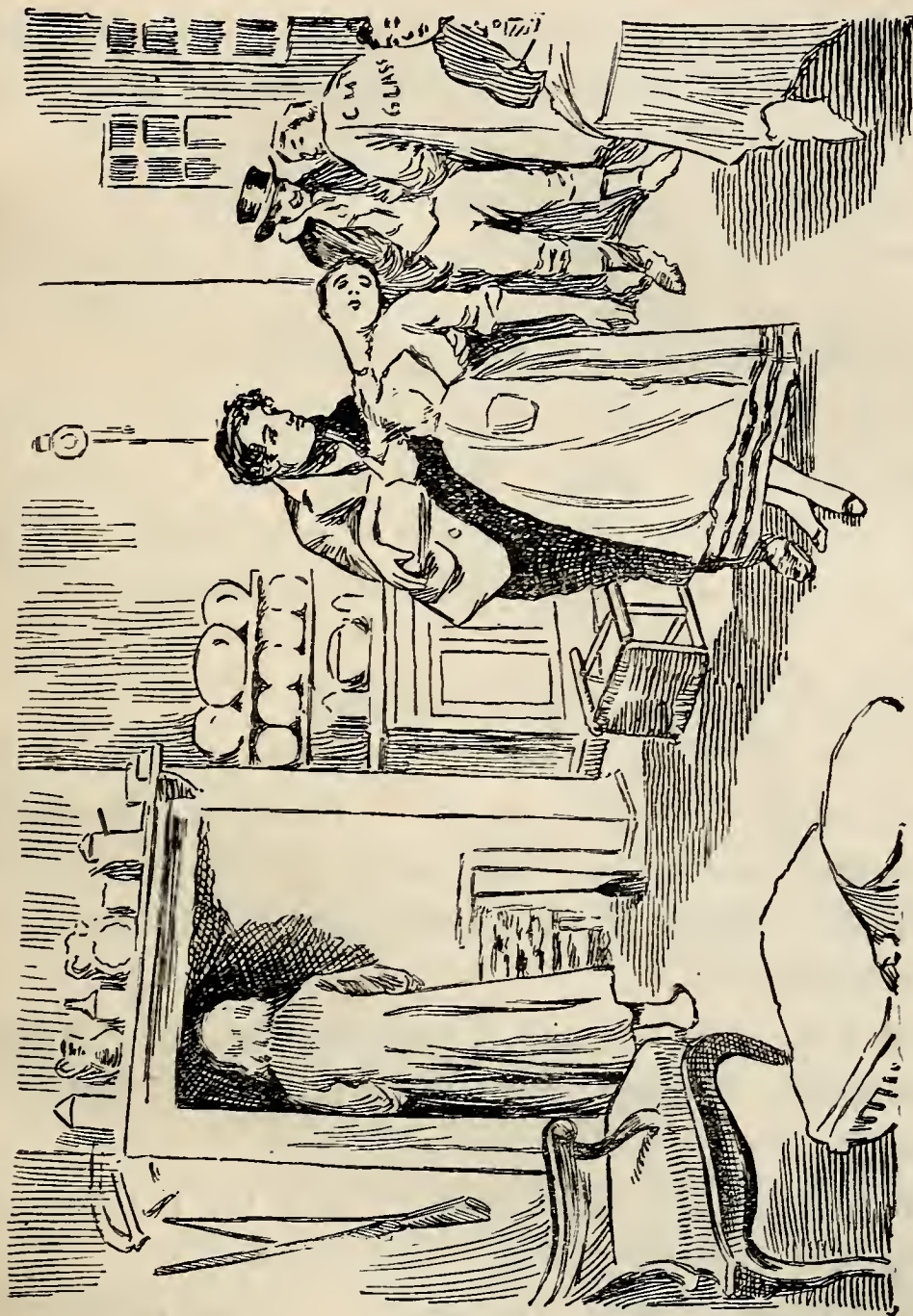
"Good-night, my dear friend!" said Tackleton, compassionately. "I'm off. We're exactly alike, in reality, I see. You won't give us to-morrow evening! Well! Next day you go out visiting, I know. I'll meet you there, and bring my wife that is to be. It'll do her good. You're agreeable? Thankee. What's that?"

It was a loud cry from the Carrier's wife; a loud, sharp, sudden cry, that made the room ring like a glass vessel. She had risen from her seat, and stood like one transfixed by terror and surprise. The Stranger had advanced toward the fire, to warm himself, and stood within a short stride of her chair. But quite still.

"Dot!" cried the Carrier. "Mary! Darling! what's the matter? Are you ill? what is it? Tell me, dear!"

She only answered by beating her hands together, and falling into a wild fit of laughter. Then, sinking from his grasp upon the ground, she covered her face with her apron, and wept bitterly. And then, she laughed

again; and then, she cried again; and then, she said how cold it was, and suffered him to lead her to the fire, where she sat down as before. The old man standing, as before; quite still.



"I'm better, John," she said. "I'm quite well now—I——"

John! But John was on the other side of her. Why turn her face toward the strange old gentleman, as if addressing him! Was her brain wandering?

"Only a fancy, John, dear, a kind of shock—a something coming suddenly before my eyes—I don't know what it was. It's quite gone; quite gone."

"I'm glad it's gone," muttered Tackleton, turning the expressive eye all round the room. "I wonder where it's gone, and what it was. Humph! Caleb, come here! Who's that with the gray hair?"

"I don't know, Sir," returned Caleb in a whisper. "Never see him before, in all my life. A beautiful figure for a nut-cracker; quite a new model. With a screw-jaw opening down into his waistcoat, he'd be lovely."

"Not ugly enough," said Tackleton.

"Or for a firebox, either," observed Caleb, in deep contemplation, "what a model! Unscrew his head to put the matches in; turn him heels up'ard for the light; and what a firebox for a gentleman's mantle-shelf, just as he stands!"

"Not half ugly enough," said Tackleton. "Nothing in him at all. Come! Bring that box! All right now, I hope?"

"Oh, quite gone! Quite gone!" said the little woman, waving him hurriedly away. "Good-night!"

"Good-night," said Tackleton. "Good-night, John

Peerybingle! Take care how you carry that box, Caleb. Let it fall, and I'll murder you! Dark as pitch, and weather worse than ever, eh? Good-night!"

So, with another sharp look round the room, he went out at the door; followed by Caleb with the wedding-cake on his head.

The Carrier had been so much astounded by his little wife, and so busily engaged in soothing and tending her, that he had scarcely been conscious of the Stranger's presence, until now, when he again stood there, their only guest.

"He don't belong to them, you see," said John. "I must give him a hint to go."

"I beg your pardon, friend," said the old gentleman, advancing to him; "the more so, as I fear your wife has not been well; but the Attendant whom my infirmity," he touched his ears and shook his head, "renders almost indispensable, not having arrived, I fear there must be some mistake. Would you, in your kindness, suffer me to rent a bed here?"

"Yes, yes," cried Dot. "Yes! Certainly!"

"Oh!" said the Carrier, surprised by the rapidity of this consent. "Well! I don't object; but still I'm not quite sure that——"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Dear John!"

"Why, he's stone deaf," urged John.

"I know he is, but—Yes, Sir, certainly. Yes! certainly! I'll make him up a bed, directly, John."

As she hurried off to do it, the flutter of her spirits,

and the agitation of her manner, were so strange, that the Carrier stood looking after her, quite confounded. "What frightened Dot, I wonder!" mused the Carrier, pacing to and fro.

He scouted, from his heart, the insinuations of the Toy merchant, and yet they filled him with a vague, indefinite uneasiness; for Tackleton was quick and sly; and he had that painful sense, himself, of being a man of slow perception, that a broken hint was always worrying to him. He certainly had no intention in his mind of linking anything that Tackleton had said, with the unusual conduct of his wife; but the two subjects of reflection came into his mind together, and he could not keep them asunder.

The bed was soon made ready; and the visitor, declining all refreshment but a cup of tea, retired. Then Dot, quite well again, she said, arranged the great chair in the chimney corner for her husband; filled his pipe and gave it him; and took her usual little stool beside him on the hearth.

She always *would* sit on that little stool; I think she must have had a kind of notion that it was a coaxing, wheedling, little stool.

She was, out and out, the very best filler of a pipe, I should say, in the four quarters of the globe. To see her put that chubby little finger in the bowl, and then blow down the pipe to clear the tube; and when she had done so, affect to think that there was really something in the tube; and blow a dozen times, and hold it to her

eye like a telescope, with a most provoking twist in her little face, as she looked down it; was quite a brilliant thing. As to the tobacco, she was perfect mistress of the subject; and her lighting of the pipe, with a wisp of paper, when the Carrier had it in his mouth—going so very near his nose, and yet not scorching it—was Art: high Art, Sir.

And the Cricket and the Kettle, tuning up again, acknowledged it! The bright fire, blazing up again, acknowledged it! The little Mower on the clock, in his unheeded work, acknowledged it! The Carrier, in his smoothing forehead and expanding face, acknowledged it, the readiest of all.

And as he soberly and thoughtfully puffed at his old pipe; and as the Dutch clock ticked; and as the red fire gleamed; and as the Cricket chirped; that Genius of his Hearth and Home (for such the Cricket was) came out, in fairy shape, into the room and summoned many forms of Home about him. Dots of all ages, and all sizes, filled the chamber. Dots who were merry children, running on before him, gathering flowers, in the fields; coy Dots, half shrinking from, half yielding to, the pleading of his own rough image; newly-married Dots alighting at the door, and taking wondering possession of the household keys; motherly little Dots, attended by fictitious Slowboys, bearing babies to be christened; matronly Dots, still young and blooming, watching Dots of daughters, as they danced at rustic balls; fat Dots, encircled and beset by troops of rosy grandchildren;

withered Dots, who leaned on sticks, and tottered as they crept along. Old Carriers, too, appeared, with blind old Boxers lying at their feet; and newer carts with younger drivers ("Peerybingle Brothers" on the tilt); and sick old Carriers, tended by the gentlest hands; and graves of dead and gone old Carriers, green in the churchyard. And as the Cricket showed him all these things—he saw them plainly, though his eyes were fixed upon the fire—the Carrier's heart grew light and happy, and he thanked his Household Gods with all his might, and cared no more for Gruff and Tackleton than you do.

CHIRP THE SECOND.

CALEB PLUMMER and his Blind Daughter lived all alone by themselves, as the Story-Books say, in a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house. You might have knocked down Caleb Plummer's dwelling with a hammer or two, and carried off the pieces in a cart; and if any one had done the house the honor to miss it after such an inroad, it would have been, no doubt, to commend its demolition as a vast improvement. It stuck to the premises of Gruff and Tackleton, like a barnacle to a ship's keel, or a little bunch of toadstools to the stem of a tree. But it was the germ from which the full-grown trunk of Gruff and Tackleton had sprung.

I have said that Caleb and his poor Blind Daughter lived here; but I should have said that Caleb lived here,

and his poor Blind Daughter somewhere else; in an enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not and trouble never entered. Caleb



was no Sorcerer, but in the only magic art that still remains to us: the magic of devoted, deathless love: Nature had been the mistress of his study; and from her teaching, all the wonder came.

The Blind Girl never knew that ceilings were discolored; walls blotched, and bare of plaster here and there; high crevices unstopped, and widening every day; beams mouldering and tending downward. The Blind Girl never knew that ugly shapes of delf and earthenware were on the board; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning grayer and more gray before her sightless face. The Blind Girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and uninterested: never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton, in short; but lived in the belief of an eccentric humorist who loved to have his jest with them; and while he was the Guardian Angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness.

And all was Caleb's doing. But he too had a Cricket on his Hearth; and listening sadly to its music when the motherless Blind Child was very young, that Spirit had inspired him with the thought that even her great deprivation might be almost changed into a blessing, and the girl made happy by these little means. For all the Cricket Tribe are potent Spirits, even though the people who hold converse with them do not know it.

Caleb and his daughter were at work together in their usual working-room, which served them for their ordinary living room as well; and a strange place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for Dolls of all stations in life. Suburban tenements for Dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for Dolls of the lower classes; capital town residence for Dolls of high estate. Some of these establish-

ments were already furnished according to estimate, with a view to the convenience of Dolls, of limited income; others could be fitted on the most expensive scale, at a moment's notice, from whole shelves of chairs and tables, sofas, bedsteads, and upholstery. The nobility and gentry and public in general, for whose accommodation these tenements were designed, lay here and there, in baskets, staring straight up at the ceiling; but in denoting their degrees in society, and confining them to their respective stations, the makers of these Dolls had far improved on Nature, who is often froward and perverse; for they, not resting on such arbitrary marks as satin, cotton-print, and bits of rag, had superadded striking personal differences which allowed of no mistake. Thus, the Doll-lady of Distinction had wax limbs of perfect symmetry, the next grade in the social scale being made of leather and the next of coarse linen stuff. As to the common-people, they have just so many matches out of tinder-boxes for their arms and legs, and there they were—established in their sphere at once, beyond the possibility of getting out of it.

There were various other samples of his handicraft, besides Dolls, in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's Arks, in which the Birds and Beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in, anyhow, at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass. There were many small fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears, and guns.

There were little tumblers in red breeches, incessantly swarming up high obstacles of red-tape, and coming down head-first upon the other side; and there were innumerable old gentlemen of respectable appearance, insanely flying over horizontal pegs, inserted for the purpose, in their own street doors. There were beasts of all sorts; horses, in particular, of every breed.

In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work. The Blind Girl busy as a Doll's dress-maker; and Caleb painting and glazing the front of a desirable family mansion. The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner, which would have sat well on some alchemist or abstruse student, were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation, and the trivialities about him.

"So you were out in the rain, last night, father, in your beautiful new great-coat," said Caleb's daughter.

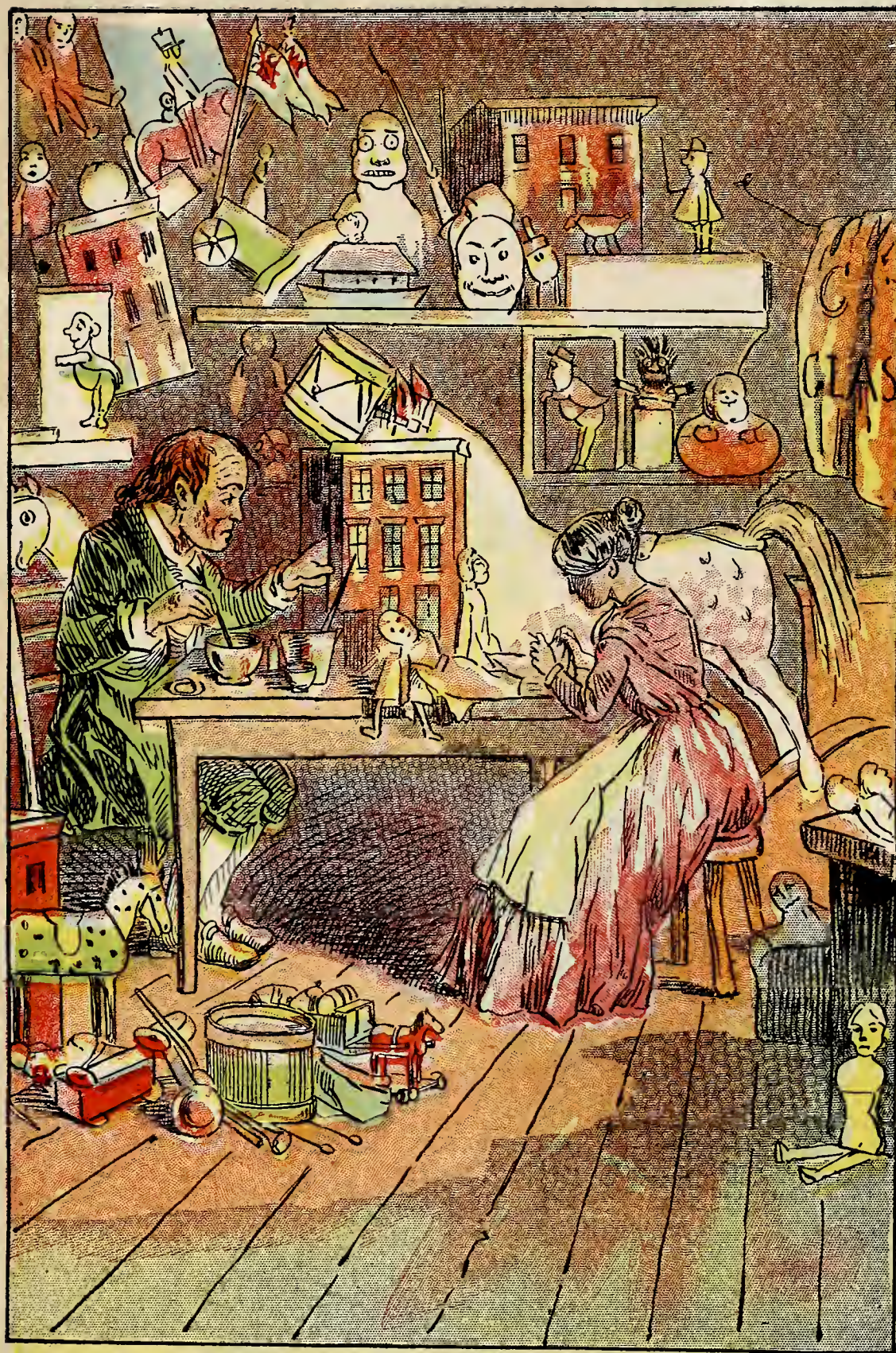
"In my beautiful new great-coat," answered Caleb, glancing toward a clothes-line in the room, on which the sack-cloth garment previously described was carefully hung up to dry.

"How glad I am you bought it, father!"

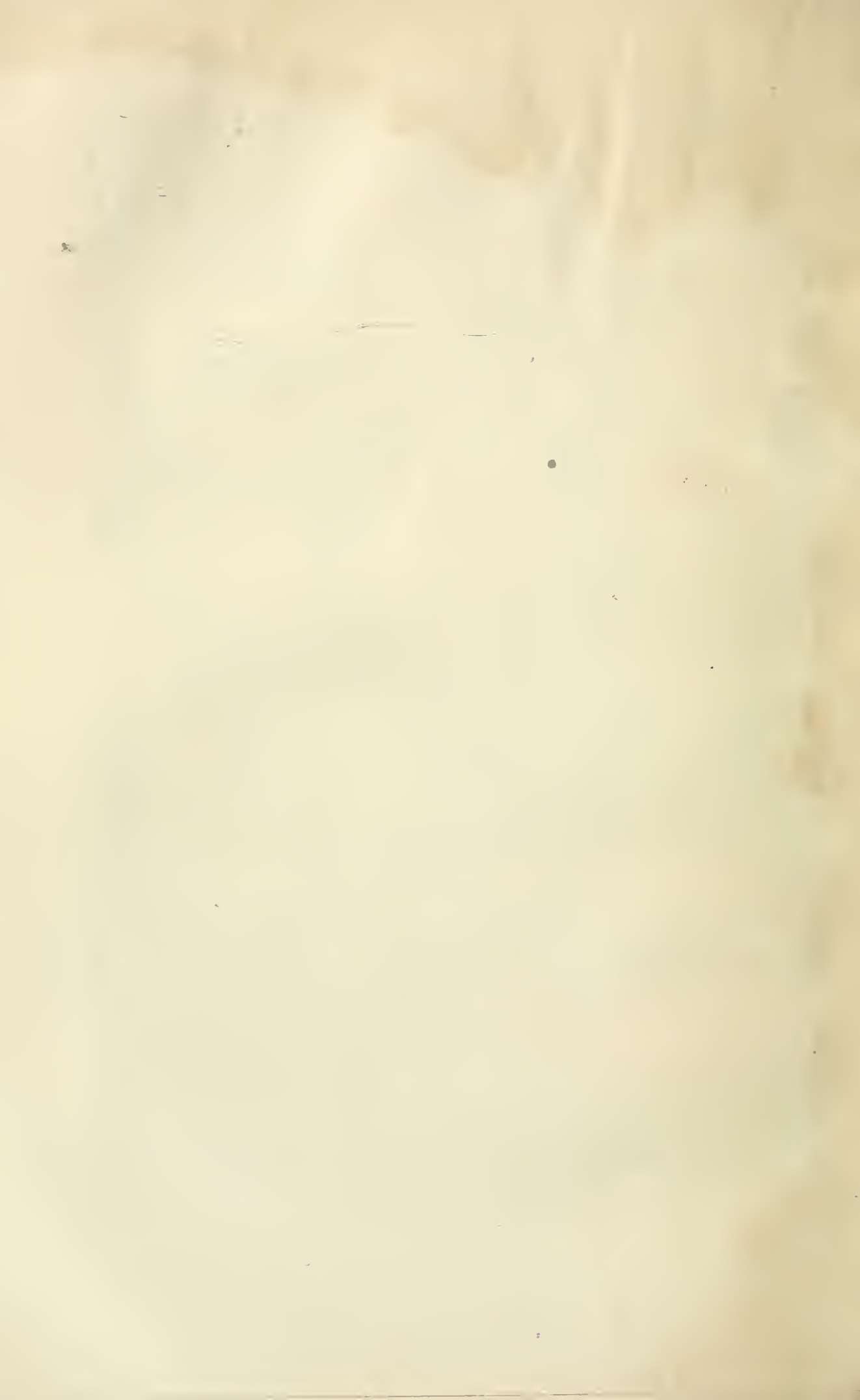
"And of such a tailor, too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

The Blind Girl rested from her work, and laughed with delight. "Too good, father! What can be too good for you?"

"I'm half ashamed to wear it, though," said Caleb, watching the effect of what he said upon her brightening



CALEB PLUMMER AND HIS DAUGHTER. PAGE 46.



face; "upon my word. When I hear the boys and people say behind me, 'Hal-loa! Here's a swell!' I don't know which way to look. And when the beggar wouldn't go away last night; and, when I said I was a very common man, said 'No, your Honor! Bless your Honor, don't say that!' I was quite ashamed. I really felt as if I hadn't a right to wear it."

Happy Blind Girl! How merry she was in her exultation!

"I see you, father," she said, clasping her hands, "as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. A blue coat——"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

"Yes, yes! Bright blue!" exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the color I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before! A bright blue coat——"

"Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes! loose to the figure!" cried the Blind Girl, laughing heartily; "and in it you, dear father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair: looking so young and handsome!"

"Halloa! Halloa!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain, presently."

"I think you are, already," cried the Blind Girl, pointing at him in her glee. "I know you, father! Ha, ha, ha! I've found you out, you see!"

How different the picture in her mind, from Caleb, as he sat observing her! She had spoken of his free step.

She was right in that. For years and years, he never once had crossed that threshold at his own slow pace, but with a footfall counterfeited for her ear; and never had he, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render hers so cheerful and courageous!

"There we are," said Caleb, falling back a pace or two to form the better judgment of his work; "as near the real thing as sixpenn'orth of halfpence is to sixpence. What a pity that the whole front of the house opens at once! If there was only a staircase in it now, and regular doors to the rooms to go in it! But that's the worst of my calling, I'm always deluding myself, and swindling myself."

"You are speaking quite softly. You are not tired, father?"

"Tired," echoed Caleb, with a great burst of animation, "what should tire me, Bertha? *I* was never tired. What does it mean?"

To give the greater force to his words, he hummed a fragment of a song, something about a Sparkling Bowl.

"What! you're singing, are you?" said Tackleton, putting his head in at the door. "Go it! *I* can't sing. I can't afford to sing. I'm glad you can. I hope you can afford to work too. Hardly time for both, I should think?"

"If you could only see him, Bertha, how he's winking at me!" whispered Caleb. "Such a man to joke! you'd

think if you didn't know him, he was in earnest—wouldn't you now?"

The Blind Girl smiled, and nodded. "Always merry and light-hearted with us!" cried she.

"Oh! you're there, are you?" answered Tackleton. "Poor Idiot! Well! and being there—how are you?"

"Oh! well; quite well. And as happy as even you can wish me to be. As happy as you would make the whole world if you could!"

"Poor Idiot!" muttered Tackleton. "No gleam of reason. Not a gleam!"

The Blind Girl took his hand and kissed it. There was such unspeakable affection and such fervent gratitude in the act, that Tackleton himself was moved to say, in a milder growl than usual:

"What's the matter now?"

"I stood it close beside my pillow when I went to sleep last night, and remembered it in my dreams. And when the day broke, and the glorious red sun—the *red* sun, father?"

"Red in the mornings and the evenings, Bertha," said poor Caleb, with a woeful glance at his employer.

"When it rose, and the bright light I almost fear to strike myself against in walking, came into the room, I turned the little tree toward it, and blessed Heaven for making things so precious, and blessed you for sending them to cheer me!"

"Bedlam broke loose!" said Tackleton under his

breath. "We shall arrive at the strait-waistcoat and mufflers soon. We're getting on!"

Caleb, with his hands hooked loosely in each other, stared vacantly before him while his daughter spoke, as if he really were uncertain whether Tackleton had done anything to deserve her thanks, or not. Yet Caleb knew that with his own hands he had brought the little rose tree home for her, so carefully; and that with his own lips he had forged the innocent deception which should help to keep her from suspecting how much, how very much, he every day denied himself that she might be the happier.

"Bertha!" said Tackleton, assuming, for the nonce, a little cordiality. "Come here. Shall I tell you a secret, Bertha?"

"If you will!" she answered, eagerly.

How bright the darkened face! How adorned with light, the listening head!

"This is the day on which little what's-her-name, the spoilt child, Peerybingle's wife, pays her regular visit to you—makes her fantastic Pic-Nic here; an't it?" said Tackleton, with a strong expression of distaste for the whole concern.

"Yes," replied Bertha. "This is the day."

"I thought so!" said Tackleton. "I should like to join the party."

"Do you hear that, father?" cried the Blind Girl in an ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, I hear it," murmured Caleb, with the fixed

look of a sleep-walker; "but I don't believe it. It's one of my lies, I've no doubt."

"You see I—I want to bring the Peerybingles a little more into company with May Fielding," said Tackleton.

"I am going to get married to May."

"Married?" cried the Blind Girl, starting from him.

"She's such a con-founded idiot," muttered Tackleton, "that I was afraid she'd never comprehend me. Ah, Bertha! Married! Church, parson, clerk, beadle, glass-coach, bells, breakfast, bride-cake, favors, marrow-bones, cleavers, and all the rest of the tom-foolery. A wedding you know; a wedding. Don't you know what a wedding is?"

"I know," replied the Blind Girl, in a gentle tone. "I understand!"

"Do you?" muttered Tackleton. "It's more than I expected. Well! on that account I want to join the party, and to bring May and her mother. I'll send in a little something or other, before the afternoon. A cold leg of mutton, or some comfortable trifle of that sort. You'll expect me?"

"Yes," she answered.

She had drooped her head, and turned away; and so stood, with her hands crossed, musing.

"I don't think you will," muttered Tackleton, looking at her; "for you seem to have forgotten all about it already. Caleb! Take care she don't forget what I've been saying to her."

"*She* never forgets," returned Caleb. "It's one of the few things she an't clever in."

"Every man thinks his own geese, swans," observed the Toy merchant, with a shrug. "Poor devil!"

Having delivered himself of which remark, with infinite contempt, old Gruff and Tackleton withdrew.

Bertha remained where he had left her, lost in meditation. The gayety had vanished from her downcast face, and it was very sad. Three or four times she shook her head, as if bewailing some remembrance or some loss; but her sorrowful reflections found no vent in words.

It was not until Caleb had been occupied, some time, in yoking a team of horses to a wagon by the summary process of nailing the harness to the vital parts of their bodies, that she drew near to his working-stool, and sitting down beside him said:

"Father, I am lonely in the dark. I want my eyes: my patient, willing eyes."

"Here they are," said Caleb. "Always ready. They are more yours than mine, Bertha, any hour in the four-and-twenty. What shall your eyes do for you, dear?"

"Look round the room, father."

"All right," said Caleb. "No sooner said than done, Bertha."

"Tell me about it."

"It's much the same as usual," said Caleb. "Homely, but very snug. The gay colors on the walls; the bright flowers on the plates and dishes; the shining wood, where there are beams or panels; the general cheerful-

ness and neatness of the building; make it very pretty."

Cheerful and neat it was, wherever Bertha's hands could busy themselves. But nowhere else were cheerfulness and neatness possible, in the old crazy shed which Caleb's fancy so transformed.

"Father," said the Blind Girl, drawing close to his side, and stealing one arm round his neck, "tell me something about May. She is very fair?"

"She is indeed," said Caleb. And she was indeed. It was quite a rare thing to Caleb, not to have to draw on his invention.

"Her hair is dark," said Bertha, pensively, "darker than mine. Her voice is sweet and musical, I know. I have often loved to hear it. Her shape——"

"There's not a Doll's in all the room to equal it," said Caleb.

"And her eyes!——"

He stopped; for Bertha had drawn closer round his neck; and, from the arm that clung about him came a warning pressure which he understood too well.

He coughed a moment, hammered for a moment, and then fell back upon the song about the Sparkling Bowl; his infallible resource in all such difficulties.

"Our friend, father; our benefactor. I am never tired, you know, of hearing about him.—Now was I, ever?" she said, hastily.

"Of course not," answered Caleb. "And with reason."

"Then, tell me again about him, dear father," said Bertha. "Many times again! His face is benevolent, kind, and tender. Honest and true, I am sure it is. The manly heart that tries to cloak all favors with a show of roughness and unwillingness, beats in its every look and glance."

"And makes it noble," added Caleb in his quiet desperation.

"And makes it noble," cried the Blind Girl. "He is older than May, father."

"Ye-es," said Caleb, reluctantly. "He's a little older than May. But that don't signify."

"Oh father, yes! To be his patient companion in infirmity and age; to be his gentle nurse in sickness, and his constant friend in suffering and sorrow; to watch him, tend him; sit beside his bed; what privileges these would be! Would she do all this, dear father?"

"No doubt of it," said Caleb.

"I love her, father; I can love her from my soul!" exclaimed the Blind Girl. And saying so, she laid her poor blind face on Caleb's shoulder, and so wept and wept, that he was almost sorry to have brought that tearful happiness upon her.

In the mean time, there had been a pretty sharp commotion at John Peerybingle's; for little Mrs. Peerybingle naturally couldn't think of going anywhere without the Baby; and to get the Baby under weigh, took time. Not that there was much of the Baby, but there was a vast deal to do about and about it, and it all had

to be done by easy stages. For instance: when the Baby was got, by hook and by crook, to a certain point of dressing, and you might have rationally supposed that another touch or two would finish him off, and turn him out a tip-top Baby, challenging the world, he was unexpectedly extinguished in a flannel cap, and hustled off to bed; where he simmered between two blankets for the best part of an hour. Mrs. Peerybingle took advantage of this interval, to make herself as smart in a small way as ever you saw anybody in all your life. The Baby, being all alive again, was invested, by the united efforts of Mrs. Peerybingle and Miss Slowboy, with a cream-colored mantle for its body, and a sort of nankeen raised-pie for its head; and so in course of time they all three got down to the door, where the old horse had already taken more than the full value of his day's toll out of the Turnpike Trust, by tearing up the road with his impatient autographs—and whence Boxer might be dimly seen in the remote perspective, standing looking back, and tempting him to come on without orders.

As to a chair, or anything of that kind for helping Mrs. Peerybingle into the cart, you know very little of John, I flatter myself, if you think *that* was necessary. Before you could have seen him lift her from the ground, there she was in her place, fresh and rosy, saying "John! How can you! Think of Tilly!"

"John? You've got the basket with the Veal and Ham-Pie and things; and the bottles of Beer?" said Dot.

"If you haven't, you must turn round again, this very minute."

"You're a nice little article," returned the Carrier, "to be talking about turning round, after keeping me a full quarter of an hour behind my time."

"I am sorry for it, John," said Dot in a great bustle, "but I really could not think of going to Bertha's—I wouldn't do it, John, on any account—without the Veal and Ham-Pie and things, and the bottles of Beer. Way!"

This monosyllable was addressed to the Horse, who didn't mind it at all.

"Oh *do* Way, John!" said Mrs. Peerybingle. "Please!"

"It'll be time enough to do that," returned John, "when I begin to leave things behind me. The basket's here, safe enough."

"What a hard-hearted monster you must be, John, not to have said so, at once, and saved me such a turn! I declare I wouldn't go to Bertha's without the Veal and Ham-Pie and things, and the bottles of Beer, for any money. Regularly once a fortnight ever since we have been married, John, have we made our little Pic-Nic there. If anything was to go wrong with it, I should almost think we were never to be lucky again."

"It was a kind thought in the first instance," said the Carrier; "and I honor you for it, little woman."

"My dear John!" replied Dot, turning very red. "Don't talk about honoring *me*. Good Gracious!"

“By-the-bye—” observed the Carrier. “That old gentleman,”——

Again so visibly, and instantly embarrassed.

“He’s an odd fish,” said the Carrier, looking straight along the road before them. “I can’t make him out. I don’t believe there’s any harm in him.”

“None at all. I’m—I’m sure there’s none at all.”

“Yes?” said the Carrier, with his eyes attracted to her face by the great earnestness of her manner. “I am glad you feel so certain of it, because it’s a confirmation to me. It’s curious that he should have taken it into his head to ask leave to go on lodging with us; an’t it? Things come about so strangely.”

“So very strangely,” she rejoined in a low voice: scarcely audible.

“However, he’s a good-natured old gentleman,” said John, “and pays as a gentleman, and I think his word is to be relied upon, like a gentleman’s. I had quite a long talk with him this morning: he can hear me better already, he says, as he gets more used to my voice. He told me a great deal about himself, and I told him a good deal about myself, and a rare lot of questions he asked me. I gave him information about my having two beats, you know, in my business; one day to the right from our house and back again; another day to the left from our house and back again (for he’s a stranger and don’t know the names of places about here); and he seemed quite pleased. ‘Why, then I shall be returning home to-night your way,’ he says,

‘when I thought you’d be coming in an exactly opposite direction. That’s capital. I may trouble you for another lift, perhaps, but I’ll engage not to fall so sound asleep again.’ He *was* sound asleep, surely!—Dot! what are you thinking of?”

“Thinking of, John? I—I was listening to you.”

“Oh! That’s all right!” said the honest Carrier. “I was afraid, from the look of your face, that I had gone rambling on so long, as to set you thinking about something else. I was very near it, I’ll be bound.”

Dot making no reply, they jogged on, for some little time in silence. But it was not easy to remain silent very long in John Peerybingle’s cart, for everybody on the road had something to say; and though it might only be “How are you!” and indeed it was very often nothing else, still, to give that back again in the right spirit of cordiality, required, not merely a nod and a smile, but as wholesome an action of the lungs withal as a long-winded Parliamentary speech. Sometimes passengers on foot, or horseback, plodded on a little way beside the cart, for the express purpose of having a chat; and then there was a great deal to be said, on both sides.

Then, Boxer gave occasion to more good-natured recognitions of and by the Carrier, than half a dozen Christians could have done! Wherever he went, somebody or other might have been heard to cry, “Halloa! Here’s Boxer!” And out came that somebody forthwith, accompanied by at least two or three other somebodies, to give John Peerybingle and his pretty wife, Good Day

The packages and parcels for the errand-cart were numerous; and there were many stoppages to take them in and give them out; which were not by any means the worst parts of the journey. Likewise, there were articles to carry, which required to be considered and discussed, and in reference to the adjustment and disposition of which councils had to be holden by the Carrier and the senders: at which Boxer usually assisted, in short fits of the closest attention, and long fits of tearing round and round the assembled sages and barking himself hoarse. Of all these little incidents, Dot was the amused and open-eyed spectatress from her chair in the cart; and as she sat there, looking on: there was no lack of nudgings and glancings and whisperings and envyings among the younger men, I promise you. And this delighted John the Carrier, beyond measure; for he was proud to have his little wife admired; knowing that she didn't mind it—that, if anything, she rather liked it perhaps.

The trip was a little foggy, to be sure, in the January weather; and was raw and cold. But who cared for such trifles? Not Dot, decidedly. Not Tilly Slowboy, for she deemed sitting in a cart, on any terms, to be the highest point of human joys; the crowning circumstance of earthly hopes. Not the Baby, I'll be sworn; for it's not in Baby nature to be warmer or more sound asleep, though its capacity is great in both respects, than that blessed young Peerybingle was, all the way.

You couldn't see very far in the fog, of course; but you could see a great deal. It's astonishing how much

you may see, in a thicker fog than that, if you will only take the trouble to look for it. Why, even to sit watching for the Fairy-rings in the fields, and for the patches of hoar-frost still lingering in the shade, near hedges and by trees, was a pleasant occupation: to make no mention of the unexpected shapes in which the trees themselves came starting out of the mist, and glided into it again.

In one place, there was a great mound of weeds or stubble burning; and they watched the fire, flaring through the fog, with only here and there a dash of red in it, until, in consequence as she observed of the smoke "getting up her nose," Miss Slowboy choked and woke the Baby, who wouldn't go to sleep again. But Boxer, who was in advance some quarter of a mile or so, had already passed the outposts of the town, and gained the corner of the street where Caleb and his daughter lived; and long before they reached the door, he and the Blind Girl were on the pavement waiting to receive them.

Boxer, by the way, made certain delicate distinctions of his own, in his communication with Bertha, which persuades me fully that he knew her to be blind. He never sought to attract her attention by looking at her, as he often did with other people, but touched her invariably. Therefore he had hold of Bertha, by the skirt, and kept hold, until Mrs. Peerybingle and the Baby, and Miss Slowboy, and the basket, were all got safely within doors.

May Fielding was already come; and so was her mother—a little querulous chip of an old lady with a

peevish face, who, in right of having preserved a waist like a bedpost, was supposed to be a most transcendent figure; and who, in consequence of having once been better off, was very genteel and patronizing indeed.



Gruff and Tackleton was also there, doing the agreeable; with the evident sensation of being as perfectly at home as a fresh young salmon on the top of the Great Pyramid.

“May! My dear old friend!” cried Dot, running up to meet her. “What a happiness to see you!”

Her old friend was, to the full, as hearty and as glad as she; and it really was a pleasant sight to see them embrace. Tackleton was a man of taste, beyond all question. May was very pretty.

Tackleton had brought his leg of mutton, and, wonderful to relate, a tart besides, and in addition to these dainties, there were the Veal and Ham-Pie, and “things,” as Mrs. Peerybingle called them; which were chiefly nuts and oranges, and cakes, and such small deer. When the repast was set forth on the board, flanked by Caleb’s contribution, which was a great wooden bowl of smoking potatoes, Tackleton led his intended mother-in-law to the Post of Honor.

Caleb sat next his daughter; Dot and her old school-fellow were side by side; the good Carrier took care of the bottom of the table. Miss Slowboy was isolated, for the time being, from every article of furniture but the chair she sat on, that she might have nothing else to knock the Baby’s head against.

As Tilly stared about her at the Dolls and Toys they stared at her and at the company. The venerable old gentlemen at the street doors (who were all in full action) showed especial interest in the party: pausing

occasionally before leaping, as if they were listening to the conversation: and then plunging wildly over and over, a great many times, without halting for breath,—as in a frantic state of delight with the whole proceedings.

Certainly, if these old gentlemen were inclined to have a fiendish joy in the contemplation of Tackleton's discomfiture, they had good reason to be satisfied. Tackleton couldn't get on at all; and the more cheerful his intended Bride became in Dot's society, the less he liked it, though he had brought them together for that purpose.

"Ah, May!" said Dot. "Dear, dear, what changes! To talk of those merry school-days makes one young again."

"Why, you an't particularly old, at any time; are you?" said Tackleton.

"Look at my sober, plodding husband there," returned Dot. "He adds Twenty years to my age at least. Don't you, John?"

"Forty," John replied.

"How many *you*'ll add to May's, I am sure I don't know," said Dot, laughing. "But she can't be much less than a hundred years of age on her next birthday."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tackleton. Hollow as a drum, that laugh, though. And he looked as if he could have twisted Dot's neck comfortably.

"Dear, dear!" said Dot. "Only to remember how *we* used to talk, at school, about the husbands we would

choose. I don't know how young, and how handsome, and how gay, and how lively, mine was not to be! and as to May's!—Ah dear! I don't know whether to laugh or cry, when I think what silly girls we were.”

May seemed to know which to do; for the color flashed into her face, and tears stood in her eyes.

“Even the very persons themselves—real live young men—we fixed on sometimes,” said Dot. “We little thought how things would come about. I never fixed on John, I'm sure; I never so much as thought of him. And if I had told you, you were ever to be married to Mr. Tackleton, why you'd have slapped me. Wouldn't you, May?”

Though May didn't say yes, she certainly didn't say no, or express no, by any means.

Tackleton laughed—quite shouted, he laughed so loud. John Peerybingle laughed too, in his ordinary good-natured and contented manner; but his was a mere whisper of a laugh to Tackleton's.

“You couldn't help yourselves, for all that. You couldn't resist us, you see,” said Tackleton. “Here we are! Here we are! Where are your gay young bridegrooms now?”

“Some of them are dead,” said Dot; “and some of them forgotten. Some of them, if they could stand among us at this moment, would not believe we were the same creatures; would not believe that what they saw and heard was real, and we *could* forget them so. No! they would not believe one word of it!”

"Why, Dot!" exclaimed the Carrier. "Little woman!"

She had spoken with such earnestness and fire, that she stood in need of some recalling to herself, without doubt. Her husband's check was very gentle, for he merely interfered, as he supposed, to shield old Tackleton; but it proved effectual, for she stopped, and said no more. There was an uncommon agitation, even in her silence, which the wary Tackleton, who had brought his half-shut eye to bear upon her, noted closely.

May uttered no word good or bad, but sat quite still, with her eyes cast down; and made no sign of interest in what had passed. The good lady her mother now interposed: observing, in the first instance, that girls were girls, and bygones bygones, and that so long as young people were young and thoughtless, they would probably conduct themselves like young and thoughtless persons: with two or three other positions of a no less sound and incontrovertible character. She then remarked that she would not allude to the past, and would not mention that her daughter had for some time rejected the suit of Mr. Tackleton; and that she would not say a great many other things which she did say, at great length. Finally, she delivered it as the general result of her observation and experience, that those marriages in which there was least of what was romantically and sillily called love, were always the happiest; and that she anticipated the greatest possible amount of bliss—not rapturous bliss; but the solid, steady-going article—from the approach-

ing nuptials. She concluded by informing the company that to-morrow was the day she had lived for, expressly; and that when it was over, she would desire nothing better than to be packed up and disposed of, in any genteel place of burial.

As these remarks were quite unanswerable, they changed the current of the conversation, and diverted the general attention to the Veal and Ham-Pie, the cold mutton, the potatoes, and the tart. In order that the bottled beer might not be slighted, John Peerybingle proposed To-morrow: the Wedding-Day; and called upon them to drink a bumper to it, before he proceeded on his journey.

For you ought to know that he only rested there, and gave the old horse a bait. He had to go some four or five miles farther on; and when he returned in the evening, he called for Dot, and took another rest on his way home. This was the order of the day on all the Pic-Nic occasions, and had been ever since their institution.

There were two persons present, besides the bride and bridegroom elect, who did but indifferent honor to the toast. One of these was Dot, too flushed and discomposed to adapt herself to any small occurrence of the moment; the other, Bertha, who rose up hurriedly, before the rest, and left the table.

“Good-bye!” said stout John Peerybingle, pulling on his dreadnought coat. “I shall be back at the old time. Good-bye, all!”

“Good-bye, John,” returned Caleb.

He seemed to say it by rote, and to wave his hand in the same unconscious manner; for he stood observing Bertha with an anxious wondering face, that never altered its expression.

“Good-bye, young shaver!” said the jolly Carrier, bending down to kiss the child; which Tilly Slowboy, now intent upon her knife and fork, had deposited asleep (and strange to say, without damage) in a little cot of Bertha’s furnishing; “good-bye! Time will come, I suppose, when *you*’ll turn out into the cold, my little friend, and leave your old father to enjoy his pipe and his rheumatics in the chimney-corner; eh? Where’s Dot?”

“I’m here, John!” she said, starting.

“Come, come!” returned the Carrier, clapping his sounding hands. “Where’s the Pipe?”

“I quite forgot the Pipe, John.”

Forgot the Pipe! Was such a wonder ever heard of! She! Forgot the Pipe!

“I’ll—I’ll fill it directly. It’s soon done.”

But it was not so soon done, either. It lay in the usual place; the Carrier’s dreadnought pocket; with the little pouch, her own work; from which she was used to fill it; but her hand shook so, that she entangled it and bungled terribly. During the whole process, Tackleton stood looking on with the half-closed eye; which, whenever it met hers, augmented her confusion in a most remarkable degree.

“Why, what a clumsy Dot you are, this afternoon!”

said John. "I could have done it better myself, I verily believe!"

With these good-natured words he strode away; and presently was heard, in company with Boxer, and the old horse, and the cart, making lively music down the road. What time the dreamy Caleb still stood, watching his Blind Daughter, with the same expression on his face.

"Bertha!" said Caleb, softly. "What has happened? How changed you are, my Darling, in a few hours—since this morning. You silent and dull all day! What is it? Tell me!"

"Oh, father, father!" cried the Blind Girl, bursting into tears. "Oh my hard, hard Fate!"

Caleb drew his hand across his eyes before he answered her.

"But think how cheerful and how happy you have been, Bertha! How good, and how much loved, by many people."

"That strikes me to the heart, dear father! Always so mindful of me! Always so kind to me!"

Caleb was very much perplexed to understand her.

"To be—to be blind, Bertha, my poor dear," he faltered, "is a great affliction; but——"

"I have never felt it!" cried the Blind Girl. "I have never felt it, in its fulness. Never! I have sometimes wished that I could see you, or could see him; only once, dear father; only for one little minute; that I might know what it is I treasure up," she laid her hands upon

her breast, "and hold here! That I might be sure I have it right! And sometimes (but then I was a child) I have wept, in my prayers at night, to think that when your images ascended from my heart to Heaven, they might not be the true resemblance of yourselves. But I have never had these feelings long. They have passed away, and left me tranquil and contented."

"And they will again," said Caleb.

"But, father! Oh, my good, gentle father, bear with me, if I am wicked!" said the Blind Girl. "This is not the sorrow that so weighs me down!"

Her father could not choose but let his moist eyes overflow; she was so earnest and pathetic. But he did not understand her yet.

"Bring her to me," said Bertha. "I cannot hold it closed and shut within myself. Bring her to me, father!"

She knew he hesitated, and said, "May. Bring May."

May heard the mention of her name, and coming quietly toward her, touched her on the arm. The Blind Girl turned immediately, and held her by both hands.

"Look into my face, Dear heart, Sweet heart!" said Bertha. "Read it with your beautiful eyes, and tell me if the Truth is written on it."

"Dear Bertha, Yes!"

The Blind Girl still, upturning the blank sightless face, down which the tears were coursing fast, addressed her in these words:

"There is not, in my Soul, a wish or thought that is

not for your good, bright May! There is not, in my Soul, a grateful recollection stronger than the deep remembrance which is stored there, of the many, many times when, in the full pride of Sight and Beauty, you have had consideration for Blind Bertha, even when we two were children, or when Bertha was as much a child as ever blindness can be! Every blessing on your head! Light upon your happy course! Not the less, my dear May;" and she drew toward her, in a closer grasp; "not the less, my Bird, because, to-day, the knowledge that you are to be His wife has wrung my heart almost to breaking! Father, May, Mary! Oh, forgive me that it is so, for the sake of all he has done to relieve the weariness of my dark life: and for the sake of the belief you have in me, when I call Heaven to witness that I could not wish him married to a wife more worthy of his Goodness!"

While speaking, she had released May Fielding's hands, and clasped her garments in an attitude of mingled supplication and love. Sinking lower and lower down, as she proceeded in her strange confession, she dropped at last at the feet of her friend, and hid her blind face in the folds of her dress.

"Great Power!" exclaimed her father, smitten at one blow with the truth, "have I deceived her from her cradle, but to break her heart at last!"

It was well for all of them that Dot, that beaming, useful, busy little Dot, was there: or where this would have ended, it were hard to tell. But Dot, recovering

her self-possession, interposed, before May could reply, or Caleb say another word.

“Come, come, dear Bertha! come away with me! Give her your arm, May. So! How composed she is, you see, already; and how good it is of her to mind us,” said the cheery little woman, kissing her upon the forehead. “Come away, dear Bertha! Come! and here’s her good father will come with her; won’t you, Caleb? To—be—sure!”

Well, well! she was a noble little Dot, in such things, and it must have been an obdurate nature that could have withstood her influence. When she had got poor Caleb and his Bertha away that they might comfort and console each other, as she knew they only could, she presently came bouncing back, to mount guard over that bridling little piece of consequence in the cap and gloves, and prevent the dear old creature from making discoveries.

“So bring me the precious Baby, Tilly,” said she, drawing a chair to the fire; “and while I have it in my lap, here’s Mrs. Fielding, Tilly, will tell me all about the management of Babies, and put me right in twenty points where I’m as wrong as can be. Won’t you, Mrs. Fielding?”

Not even the Welsh Giant fell half so readily into the Snare prepared for him, as the old lady into this artful Pitfall. The fact of Tackleton having walked out; and furthermore, of two or three people having been talking together at a distance, for two minutes, leaving her to

her own resources; was quite enough to have put her on her dignity. But this becoming deference to her experience, on the part of the young mother, was so irresistible, that after a short affectation of humility, she began to enlighten her with the best grace in the world; and sitting bolt upright before the wicked Dot, she did, in half an hour, deliver more infallible domestic recipes and precepts, than would have utterly destroyed that Young Peerybingle, though he had been an Infant Samson.

To change the theme, Dot did a little needlework—she carried the contents of a whole workbox in her pocket—then did a little nursing; then a little more needlework; then had a little whispering chat with May, while the old lady dozed; and so in little bits of bustle, which was quite her manner always, found it a very short afternoon. Then, as it grew dark, and as it was a solemn part of this Institution of the Pic-Nic that she should perform all Bertha's household tasks, she trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, and set the teaboard out, and drew the curtain, and lighted a candle. Then she played an air or two on a rude kind of harp, which Caleb had contrived for Bertha, and played them very well; for Nature had made her delicate little ear as choice a one for music as it would have been for jewels, if she had had any to wear. By this time it was the established hour for having tea; and Tackleton came back again to share the meal and spend the evening.

Caleb and Bertha had returned some time before, and

Caleb had sat down to his afternoon's work. But he couldn't settle to it, poor fellow, being anxious and remorseful for his daughter. It was touching to see him sitting idle on his working-stool, regarding her so wistfully; and always saying in his face, "Have I deceived her from her cradle but to break her heart!"

When it was night, and tea was done, and Dot had nothing more to do in washing up the cups and saucers; in a word, when the time drew nigh for expecting the Carrier's return, her manner changed again; her color came and went; and she was very restless.

Wheels heard. A horse's feet. The barking of a dog. The gradual approach of all the sounds. The scratching paw of Boxer at the door!

"Whose step is that!" cried Bertha, starting up.

"Whose step?" returned the Carrier, standing in the portal, with his brown face ruddy as a winter berry from the keen night air. "Why, mine."

"The other step," said Bertha. "The man's tread behind you?"

"She is not to be deceived," observed the Carrier, laughing. "Come along, Sir. You'll be welcome, never fear!"

He spoke in a loud tone; and as he spoke, the deaf old gentleman entered.

"He's not so much a stranger, that you haven't seen him once, Caleb," said the Carrier. "You'll give him house-room till we go?"

"Oh surely, John; and take it as an honor."

"He's the best company on earth, to talk secrets in," said John. "I have reasonable good lungs, but he tries 'em, I can tell you. Sit down, Sir. All friends here, and glad to see you!"

When he had imparted this assurance in a voice that amply corroborated what he had said about his lungs, he added in his natural tone, "A chair in the chimney-corner, and leave to sit quite silent and look pleasantly about him, is all he cares for. He's easily pleased."

Bertha had been listening intently. She called Caleb to her side, when he had set the chair, and asked him, in a low voice, to describe their visitor. When he had done so (truly now, with scrupulous fidelity), she moved, for the first time since he had come in, and sighed; and seemed to have no further interest concerning him.

The Carrier was in high spirits, good fellow that he was; and fonder of his little wife than ever.

"A clumsy Dot she was, this afternoon!" he said, encircling her with his rough arm, as she stood, removed from the rest; "and yet I like her somehow. See yonder, Dot!"

He pointed to the old man. She looked down. I think she trembled.

"He's—ha, ha, ha!—he's full of admiration for you!" said the Carrier. "Talked of nothing else, the whole way here. Why, he's a brave old boy. I like him for it!"

"I wish he had had a better subject, John;" she said, with an uneasy glance about the room; at Tackleton especially.

"A better subject!" cried the jovial John. "There's no such thing. Come! off with the great-coat, off with the thick shawl, off with the heavy wrappers! and a cosy half-hour by the fire! My humble service, Mistress. A game of cribbage, you and I? That's hearty. The cards and board, Dot. And a glass of beer here, if there's any left, small wife!"

His challenge was addressed to the old lady, who accepting it with gracious readiness, they were soon engaged upon the game. At first, the Carrier looked about him sometimes, with a smile, or now and then called Dot to peep over his shoulder at his hand, and advise him on some knotty point. But his adversary being a rigid disciplinarian, and subject to an occasional weakness in respect of pegging more than she was entitled to, required such vigilance on his part, as left him neither eyes nor ears to spare. Thus his whole attention gradually became absorbed upon the cards; and he thought of nothing else, until a hand upon his shoulder restored him to a consciousness of Tackleton.

"I am sorry to disturb you—but a word, directly."

"I'm going to deal," returned the Carrier. "It's a crisis."

"It is," said Tackleton. "Come here, man!"

There was that in his pale face which made the other rise immediately, and ask him, in a hurry, what the matter was.

"Hush! John Peerybingle," said Tackleton. "I am

sorry for this. I am indeed. I have been afraid of it. I have suspected it from the first."

"What is it?" asked the Carrier, with a frightened aspect.

"Hush! I'll show you, if you'll come with me."

The Carrier accompanied him, without another word. They went across a yard, where the stars were shining; and by a little side door, into Tackleton's own counting-house, where there was a glass-window, commanding the ware-room, which was closed for the night. There was no light in the counting-house itself, but there were lamps in the long narrow ware-room: and consequently the window was bright.

"A moment," said Tackleton. "Can you bear to look through that window, do you think?"

"Why not?" returned the Carrier.

"A moment more," said Tackleton. "Don't commit any violence. It's no use. It's dangerous too. You're a strong-made man; and you might do murder before you know it."

The Carrier looked him in the face, and recoiled a step as if he had been struck. In one stride he was at the window, and he saw——

He saw her with the old man; old no longer, but erect and gallant: bearing in his hand the false white hair that had won his way into their home. He saw her listening to him, as he bent his head to whisper in her ear; and suffering him to clasp her round the waist, as they moved slowly down the dim wooden gallery toward the

door by which they had entered it. He saw them stop, and saw her turn—to have the face, the face he loved so, so presented to his view!—and saw her with her own hands, adjust the Lie upon his head, laughing, as she did it, at his unsuspecting nature!

He clenched his strong right hand at first, as if it would have beaten down a lion. But opening it immediately again, he spread it out before the eyes of Tackleton (for he was tender of her, even then), and so, as they passed out, fell down upon a desk, and was as weak as any infant.

He was wrapped up to the chin, and busy with his horse and parcels, when she came into the room, prepared for going home.

“Now John, dear! Good night, May! Good night, Bertha!”

Could she kiss them? Could she be blithe and cheerful in her parting? Could she venture to reveal her face to them without a blush? Yes. Tackleton observed her closely; and she did all this.

“Now Tilly, give me the Baby. Good night, Mr. Tackleton. Where’s John, for Goodness’ sake?”

“He’s going to walk, beside the horse’s head,” said Tackleton; who helped her to her seat.

“My dear John. Walk? To-night?”

The muffled figure of her husband made a hasty sign in the affirmative; and the false Stranger and the little nurse being in their places, the old horse moved off. Boxer, the unconscious Boxer, running on before, run-

ning back, running round and round the cart, and barking as triumphantly and merrily as ever.

When Tackleton had gone off likewise, escorting May and her mother home, poor Caleb sat down by the fire beside his daughter; anxious and remorseful at the core; and still saying in his wistful contemplation of her, "Have I deceived her from her cradle, but to break her heart at last!"

The toys that had been set in motion for the Baby, had all stopped and run down long ago. In the faint light and silence, the imperturbably calm dolls; the agitated rocking-horses with distended eyes and nostrils; the old gentlemen at the street doors, standing, half doubled up, upon their failing knees and ankles; the wry-faced nutcrackers; the very Beasts upon their way into the Ark, in twos, like a Boarding-School out walking; might have been imagined to be stricken motionless with fantastic wonder, at Dot being false, or Tackleton beloved, under any combination of circumstances.

CHIRP THE THIRD.

THE Dutch clock in the corner struck Ten, when the Carrier sat down by his fireside. So troubled and grief-worn, that he seemed to scare the Cuckoo, who, having cut his ten melodious announcements as short as possible, plunged back into the Moorish Palace again, and

clapped his little door behind him, as if the unwonted spectacle were too much for his feelings.

If the little Haymaker had been armed with the sharpest of scythes, and had cut at every stroke into the Carrier's heart, he never could have gashed and wounded it, as Dot had done.

It was a heart so full of love for her; so bound up and held together by innumerable threads of winning remembrance, spun from the daily working of her many qualities of endearment; it was a heart in which she had enshrined herself so gently and so closely; a heart so single and so earnest in its Truth: so strong in right, so weak in wrong: that it could cherish neither passion nor revenge at first, and had only room to hold the broken image of its Idol.

But slowly, slowly; as the Carrier sat brooding on his hearth, now cold and dark; other and fiercer thoughts began to rise within him, as an angry wind comes rising in the night. The Stranger was beneath his outraged roof. Three steps would take him to his chamber door. One blow would beat it in. "You might do Murder before you know it," Tackleton had said. How could it be Murder if he gave the Villain time to grapple with him hand to hand! He was the younger man.

It was an ill-timed thought, bad for the dark mood of his mind. It was an angry thought, goading him to some avenging act, that should change the cheerful house into a haunted place which lonely travellers would dread to pass by night; and where the timid would see

shadows struggling in the ruined windows when the moon was dim, and hear wild noises in the stormy weather.

He was the younger man! Yes, yes; some lover who had won the heart that *he* had never touched. Some lover of her early choice; of whom she had thought and dreamed; for whom she had pined and pined; when he had fancied her so happy by his side.

She had been above stairs with the Baby, getting it to bed. As he sat brooding on the hearth, she came close beside him, without his knowledge, and put her little stool at his feet. He only knew it, when he felt her hand upon his own, and saw her looking up into his face.

With wonder? No. It was his first impression, and he was fain to look at her again, to set it right. No, not with wonder. With an eager and inquiring look; but not with wonder. At first it was alarmed and serious; then it changed into a strange, wild, dreadful smile of recognition of his thoughts; then there was nothing but her clasped hands on her brow, and her bent head, and falling hair.

He could not bear to see her crouching down upon the little seat where he had often looked on her, with love and pride, so innocent and gay; and when she rose and left him, sobbing as she went, he felt it a relief to have the vacant place beside him rather than her so long cherished presence. This in itself was anguish keener than all: reminding him how desolate he was become, and how the great bond of his life was rent asunder.

The more he felt this, the higher and the stronger rose his wrath against his enemy. He looked about him for a weapon.

There was a Gun hanging on the wall. He took it down, and moved a pace or two toward the door of the perfidious Stranger's room. He knew the Gun was loaded. Some shadowy idea that it was just to shoot this man like a Wild Beast, seized him; and dilated in his mind until it grew into a monstrous demon in complete possession of him, casting out all milder thoughts and setting up its undivided empire.

He reversed the Gun to beat the stock upon the door; he already held it lifted in the air; when, suddenly, the struggling fire illumined the whole chimney with a glow of light; and the Cricket on the Hearth began to chirp!

No sound he could have heard; no human voice, not even hers, could so have moved and softened him. The artless words in which she had told him of her love for this same Cricket, were once more freshly spoken, her trembling, earnest manner at the moment, was again before him; her voice—oh, what a voice it was, for making household music—thrilled through and through his better nature, and awoke it into life and action.

He recoiled from the door, like a man walking in his sleep, awakened from a frightful dream; and put the Gun aside. Claspings his hands before his face, he then sat down again beside the fire, and found relief in tears.

The Cricket on the Hearth came out into the room, and stood in Fairy shape before him.

“‘ I love it,’ ” said the Fairy Voice, repeating what he well remembered, “‘ for the many times I have heard it, and the many thoughts its harmless music has given me.’ ”

“She said so!” cried the Carrier. “True!”

“‘ This has been a happy Home, John; and I love the Cricket for its sake!’ ”

“It has been, Heaven knows,” returned the Carrier. “She made it happy always,—until now.”

“So gracefully sweet-tempered; so domestic, joyful, busy, and light-hearted,” said the Voice.

“Otherwise I never could have loved her as I did,” returned the Carrier.

The Voice, correcting him, said “Do.”

The Carrier repeated “as I did.” But not firmly. His faltering tongue resisted his control, and would speak in its own way, for itself and him.

The Figure, in an attitude of invocation, raised its hand and said:

“Upon your own hearth. The hearth she has—how often!—blessed and brightened, the hearth which, but for her, were only a few stones and bricks and rusty bars, but which has been, through her, the Altar of your Home; on which you have nightly sacrificed some petty passion, selfishness, or care, and offered up the homage of a tranquil mind, a trusting nature, and an overflowing heart; your own hearth; in its quiet sanctuary; hear her! Hear me! Hear everything that speaks the language of your hearth and home!”

“And pleads for her?” inquired the Carrier.

“All things that speak the language of your hearth and home, *must* plead for her!” returned the Cricket. “For they speak the Truth.”

And while the Carrier, with his head upon his hands, continued to sit meditating in his chair, the Presence stood beside him; suggesting his reflections by its power, and presenting them before him, as in a Glass or Picture. It was not a solitary Presence. From the hearth-stone, from the chimney; from the clock, the pipe, the kettle, and the cradle; from the floor, the walls, the ceiling, and the stairs; from the cart without, and the cupboard within, and the household implements; from everything and every place with which she had ever been familiar; Fairies came trooping forth. Not to stand beside him as the Cricket did, but to busy and bestir themselves. To do all honor to her image. To pull him by the skirts, and point to it when it appeared. To cluster round it, and embrace it, and strew flowers for it to tread on. To try to crown its fair head with their tiny hands. To show that they were very fond of it and loved it; and that there was not one ugly, wicked creature to claim knowledge of it—none but their playful and approving selves.

His thoughts were constant to her Image. It was always there.

She sat plying her needle before the fire, and singing to herself. Such a blithe, thriving, steady little Dot! The fairy figures turned upon him all at once, by one

consent, with one prodigious concentrated stare; and seemed to say "Is this the light wife you are mourning for?"

There were sounds of gayety outside: musical instruments, and noisy tongues, and laughter. A crowd of young merry-makers came pouring in; among whom were May Fielding and a score of pretty girls. Dot was the fairest of them all; as young as any of them too. They came to summon her to join their party. It was a dance. If ever little foot were made for dancing, hers was, surely. But she laughed, and shook her head, and pointed to her cookery on the fire, and her table ready spread: with an exulting defiance that rendered her more charming than she was before. And so she merrily dismissed them: nodding to her would-be partners, one by one, as they passed out, with a comical indifference. And yet indifference was not her character. Oh, no! For presently, there came a certain Carrier to the door; and, bless her, what a welcome she bestowed upon him!

Again the staring figures turned upon him all at once and seemed to say "Is this the wife who has forsaken you!"

A shadow fell upon the mirror or the picture: call it what you will. A great shadow of the Stranger, as he first stood underneath their roof; covering its surface, and blotting out all other objects. But the nimble fairies worked like Bees to clear it off again; and Dot again was there. Still bright and beautiful.

Rocking her little Baby in its cradle; singing to it

softly; and resting her head upon a shoulder which had its counterpart in the musing figure by which the Fairy Cricket stood.

The night—I mean the real night: not going by Fairy clocks—was wearing now; and in this stage of the Carrier's thoughts, the moon burst out, and shone brightly in the sky. Perhaps some calm and quiet light had risen also in his mind; and he could think more soberly of what had happened.

Although the shadow of the Stranger fell at intervals upon the glass—always distinct, and big, and thoroughly defined—it never fell so darkly as at first. Whenever it appeared, the Fairies uttered a general cry of consternation, and plied their little arms and legs, with inconceivable activity, to rub it out. And whenever they got at Dot again, and showed her to him once more, bright and beautiful, they cheered in the most inspiring manner.

They never showed her, otherwise than beautiful and bright, for they were Household Spirits to whom Falsehood is annihilation; and being so, what Dot was there for them, but the one active, beaming, pleasant little creature who had been the light and sun of the Carrier's Home!

The Fairies were prodigiously excited when they showed her, with the Baby, gossiping among a knot of sage old matrons, and affecting to be wondrous old and matronly herself, and leaning in a staid, demure old way upon her husband's arm, attempting—she! such a

bud of a little woman—to convey the idea of having abjured the vanities of the world in general, and of being the sort of person to whom it was no novelty at all to be a mother; yet in the same breath, they showed her, laughing at the Carrier for being awkward, and pulling up his shirt-collar to make him smart, and mincing merrily about that very room to teach him how to dance!

They turned, and stared immensely at him when they showed her with the Blind Girl; for though she carried cheerfulness and animation with her, wheresoever she went, she bore those influences into Caleb Plummer's home, heaped up and running over. The Blind Girl's love for her, and trust in her, and gratitude to her; her own good busy way of setting Bertha's thanks aside; her dextrous little arts for filling up each moment of the visit in doing something useful to the house, and really working hard while feigning to make holiday; her bountiful provision of those standing delicacies, the Veal and Ham-Pie and the bottles of Beer; her radiant little face arriving at the door, and taking leave; all this the Fairies revelled in, and loved her for. And once again they looked upon him all at once, appealingly; and seemed to say, while some among them nestled in her dress and fondled her, "Is this the wife who has betrayed your confidence!"

More than once, or twice, or thrice, in the long thoughtful night, they showed her to him sitting on her favorite seat, with her bent head, her hands clasped on her brow, her falling hair: as he had seen her last. And

when they found her thus, they neither turned nor looked upon him, but gathered close round her, and comforted and kissed her: and pressed on one another to show sympathy and kindness to her: and forgot him altogether.

Thus the night passed. The moon went down; the stars grew pale; the cold day broke; the sun rose. The Carrier still sat, musing, in the chimney corner. He had sat there, with his head upon his hands, all night. All night the faithful Cricket had been Chirp, Chirp, Chirping on the Hearth. All night he had listened to its voice. All night, the household Fairies had been busy with him. All night, she had been amiable and blameless in the Glass, except when that one shadow fell upon it.

He rose up when it was broad day, and washed and dressed himself. He couldn't go about his customary cheerful avocations; he wanted spirit for them; but it mattered the less, that it was Tackleton's wedding-day, and he had arranged to make his rounds by proxy. He had thought to have gone merrily to church with Dot. But such plans were at an end. It was their own wedding-day too. Ah! how little he had looked for such a close to such a year!

The Carrier expected that Tackleton would pay him an early visit; and he was right. He had not walked to and fro before his own door many minutes, when he saw the Toy Merchant coming in his chaise along the road. As the chaise drew nearer, he perceived that Tackleton

was dressed out sprucely for his marriage: and had decorated his horse's head with flowers and favors.

The horse looked much more like a Bridegroom than Tackleton; whose half-closed eye was more disagreeably expressive than ever. But the Carrier took little heed of this. His thoughts had other occupation.

"John Peerybingle!" said Tackleton, with an air of condolence. "My good fellow, how do you find yourself this morning?"

"I have had but a poor night, Master Tackleton," returned the Carrier, shaking his head: "for I have been a good deal disturbed in my mind. But it's over now! Can you spare me half an hour or so for some private talk?"

"I came on purpose," returned Tackleton, alighting. "Never mind the horse. He'll stand quiet enough, with the reins over this post, if you'll give him a mouthful of hay."

The Carrier having brought it from his stable and set it before him, they turned into the house.

"You are not married before noon?" he said, "I think?"

"No," answered Tackleton. "Plenty of time. Plenty of time."

When they entered the kitchen, Tilly Slowboy was rapping at the Stranger's door; which was only removed from it by a few steps. One of her very red eyes (for Tilly had been crying all night long, because her mistress cried) was at the keyhole; and she was knocking very loud; and seemed frightened.

"If you please I can't make nobody hear," said Tilly, looking round. "I hope nobody an't gone and been and died if you please!"

Tackleton went to Tilly Slowboy's relief; and he kicked and knocked; and he too failed to get the least reply. But he thought of trying the handle of the door; and as it opened easily, he peeped in, and soon came running out again.

"John Peerybingle," said Tackleton, in his ear. "I hope there has been nothing—nothing rash in the night."

The Carrier turned upon him quickly.

"Because he's gone!" said Tackleton; "and the window's open. I don't see any marks—to be sure it's almost on a level with the garden: but I was afraid there might have been some—some scuffle. Eh?"

"Make yourself easy," said the Carrier. "He went into that room last night, without harm in word or deed from me; and no one has entered it since. He is away of his own free will. He has come and gone. And I have done with him!"

"Oh!—Well, I think he has got off pretty easily," said Tackleton, taking a chair.

The sneer was lost upon the Carrier, who sat down too, and shaded his face with his hand, for some little time before proceeding.

"You showed me last night," he said at length, "my wife; my wife that I love; secretly conniving at that man's disguise, and giving him opportunities of meeting

her alone. I think there's no sight I wouldn't have rather seen than that."

"I confess to having had my suspicions always," said Tackleton. "And that has made me objectionable here, I know."

"But as you did show it me," pursued the Carrier, not minding him; "and as you saw her; my wife; my wife that I love"—his voice, and eye, and hand grew steadier and firmer as he repeated these words: evidently in pursuance of a steadfast purpose—"as you saw her at this disadvantage, it is right and just that you should also see with my eyes, and look into my breast, and know what my mind is, upon the subject. For it's settled," said the Carrier, regarding him attentively. "And nothing can shake it now."

Tackleton muttered a few general words of assent, about its being necessary to vindicate something or other; but he was overawed by the manner of his companion. Plain and unpolished as it was, it had a something dignified and noble in it, which nothing but the soul of generous honor dwelling in the man could have imparted.

"I am a plain, rough man," pursued the Carrier, "with very little to recommend me. I am not a clever man, as you very well know. I am not a young man. I loved my little Dot, because I had seen her grow up, from a child, in her father's house; because I knew how precious she was; because she had been my Life, for years. There's many men I can't compare with, who

never could have loved my little Dot like me, I think!"

He paused, and softly beat the ground a short time with his foot, before resuming:

"I often thought that though I wasn't good enough for her, I should make her a kind husband, and perhaps know her value better than another; and in this way I reconciled it to myself, and came to think it might be possible that we should be married. And in the end it came about, and we *were* married."

"Hah!" said Tackleton, with a significant shake of his head.

"I had studied myself; I had had experience of myself; I knew how much I loved her, and how happy I should be," pursued the Carrier. "But I had not—I feel it now—sufficiently considered her."

"To be sure," said Tackleton. "Giddiness, frivolity, fickleness, love of admiration! Not considered! All left out of sight! Hah!"

"You had best not interrupt me," said the Carrier, with some sternness, "till you understand me; and you're wide of doing so. If, yesterday, I'd have struck that man down at a blow, who dared to breathe a word against her; to-day I'd set my foot upon his face, if he was my brother!"

The Toy Merchant gazed at him in astonishment. He went on in a softer tone:

"Did I consider," said the Carrier, "that I took her; at her age, and with her beauty; from the young com-

panions, and the many scenes of which she was the ornament; to shut her up from day to day in my dull house, and keep my tedious company? Did I consider how little suited I was to her sprightly humor, and how wearisome a plodding man like me must be, to one of her quick spirit? Did I consider that it was no merit in me, or claim in me, that I loved her, when everybody must who knew her? Never. I took advantage of her hopeful nature and her cheerful disposition; and I married her. I wish I never had! For her sake; not for mine!"

The Toy Merchant gazed at him without winking. Even the half-shut eye was open now.

"Heaven bless her!" said the Carrier, "for the cheerful constancy with which she has tried to keep the knowledge of this from me! and Heaven help me, that in my slow mind, I have not found it out before! Poor child! Poor Dot! That I could ever hope she would be fond of me! That I could ever believe she was!"

"She made a show of it," said Tackleton. "She made such a show of it, that to tell you the truth it was the origin of my misgivings."

And here he asserted the superiority of May Fielding, who certainly made no sort of show of being fond of *him*.

"She has tried," said the poor Carrier, with greater emotion than he had exhibited yet; "I only now begin to know how hard she has tried; to be my dutiful and zealous wife. How good she has been; how much she has done; how brave and strong a heart she has; let the

happiness I have known under this roof bear witness! It will be some help and comfort to me when I am here alone."

"Here alone?" said Tackleton. "Oh! Then you do mean to take some notice of this?"

"I mean," returned the Carrier, "to do her the greatest kindness, and make her the best reparation in my power. I can release her from the daily pain of an unequal marriage, and the struggle to conceal it. She shall be as free as I can render her."

"Make *her* reparation!" exclaimed Tackleton, twisting and turning his great ears with his hands. "There must be something wrong here. You didn't say that, of course."

The Carrier set his grip upon the collar of the Toy Merchant, and shook him like a reed.

"Listen to me!" he said. "And take care that you hear me right. Listen to me. Do I speak plainly?"

"Very plainly indeed," answered Tackleton.

"As if I meant it?"

"Very much as if you meant it."

"I sat upon that hearth, last night, all night," exclaimed the Carrier. "On the spot where she has often sat beside me, with her sweet face looking into mine. I called up her whole life, day by day; I had her dear self, in its every passage, in review before me. And upon my soul she is innocent, if there is One to judge the innocent and guilty! Passion and distrust have left me, and nothing but my grief remains. In an unhappy

moment, some old lover, better suited to her tastes and years than I; forsaken, perhaps, for me, against her will; returned. In an unhappy moment: taken by surprise, and wanting time to think of what she did, she made herself a party to his treachery, by concealing it. Last night she saw him, in the interview we witnessed. It was wrong. But otherwise than this, she is innocent if there is Truth on earth!"

"If that is your opinion——" Tackleton began.

"So, let her go!" pursued the Carrier. "Go, with my blessing for the many happy hours she has given me, and my forgiveness for any pang she has caused me. Let her go, and have the peace of mind I wish her! She'll never hate me. She'll learn to like me better, when I'm not a drag upon her, and she wears the chain I have riveted, more lightly. This is the day on which I took her, with so little thought for her enjoyment, from her home. To-day she shall return to it; and I will trouble her no more. Her father and mother will be here to-day—we had made a little plan for keeping it together—and they shall take her home. I can trust her there, or anywhere. She leaves me without blame, and she will live so, I am sure. If I should die—I may perhaps while she is still young; I have lost some courage in a few hours—she'll find that I remembered her and loved her to the last! This is the end of what you showed me. Now, it's over!"

"Oh no, John, not over. Do not say it's over yet! Not quite yet. I have heard your noble words. I could

not steal away, pretending to be ignorant of what has affected me with such deep gratitude. Do not say it's over, till the clock has struck again!"

She had entered shortly after Tackleton; and had remained there. She never looked at Tackleton, but fixed her eyes upon her husband. But she kept away from him, setting as wide a space as possible between them; and though she spoke with most impassioned earnestness, she went no nearer to him even then. How different is this, from her old self!

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone," replied the Carrier, with a faint smile. "But let it be so, if you will, my dear. It will strike soon. It's of little matter what we say. I'd try to please you in a harder case than that."

"Well!" muttered Tackleton. "I must be off; for when the clock strikes again, it'll be necessary for me to be upon my way to church. Good morning, John Peerybingle. I'm sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of your company. Sorry for the loss, and the occasion of it too!"

"I have spoken plainly?" said the Carrier, accompanying him to the door.

"Oh, quite!"

"And you'll remember what I have said?"

"Why, if you compel me to make the observation," said Tackleton; previously taking the precaution of getting into his chaise; "I must say that it was so very unexpected, that I'm far from being likely to forget it."

"The better for us both," returned the Carrier. "Good-bye. I give you joy!"

"I wish I could give it to *you*," said Tackleton. "As I can't; thank 'ee. Between ourselves (as I told you before, eh?) I don't much think I shall have the less joy in my married life, because May hasn't been too officious about me, and too demonstrative. Good-bye! Take care of yourself."

The Carrier stood looking after him until he was smaller in the distance than his horse's flowers and favors near at hand; and then, with a deep sigh, went strolling among some neighboring elms; unwilling to return until the clock was on the eve of striking.

His little wife, being left alone, sobbed piteously; but often dried her eyes and checked herself, to say how good he was, how excellent he was! and once or twice she laughed; so heartily, triumphantly, and incoherently (still crying all the time), that Tilly was quite horrified.

"Ow if you please don't!" said Tilly. "It's enough to dead and bury the Baby, so it is, if you please."

"Will you bring him sometimes, to see his father, Tilly," inquired her mistress; drying her eyes; "when I can't live here, and have gone to my old home?"

"Ow if you please don't!" cried Tilly, throwing back her head, and bursting out into a howl; she looked at the moment uncommonly like Boxer; "Ow if you please don't! Ow, what has everybody gone and been and done with everybody, making everybody else so wretched! Ow-w-w-w!"

The soft-hearted Slowboy trailed off into such a deplorable howl that she must infallibly have awakened the Baby, if her eyes had not encountered Caleb Plummer, leading in his daughter. This spectacle restoring her to a sense of the proprieties, she stood for some few moments silent, with her mouth wide open.

"Mary!" said Bertha. "Not at the marriage!"

"I told her you would not be there, Mum," whispered Caleb. "I heard as much last night. But bless you," said the little man, taking her tenderly by both hands, "*I don't care for what they say; I don't believe them. There an't much of me, but that little should be torn to pieces sooner than I'd trust a word against you!*"

He put his arms about her neck and hugged her, as a child might have hugged one of his own dolls.

"Bertha couldn't stay at home this morning," said Caleb. "She was afraid, I know, to hear the Bells ring: and couldn't trust herself to be so near them on their wedding-day. So we started in good time, and came here. I have been thinking of what I have done," said Caleb, after a moment's pause; "I have been blaming myself till I hardly knew what to do or where to turn, for the distress of mind I have caused her; and I've come to the conclusion that I'd better, if you'll stay with me, Mum, the while, tell her the truth. You'll stay with me the while?" he inquired, trembling from head to foot. "I don't know what effect it may have upon her; I don't know what she'll think of me; I don't know that she'll ever care for her poor father afterward. But

it's best for her that she should be undeceived; and I must bear the consequences as I deserve!"

"Mary," said Bertha, "where is your hand? Ah! Here it is; here it is!" pressing it to her lips, with a smile, and drawing it through her arm. "I heard them speaking softly among themselves, last night, of some blame against you. They were wrong."

The Carrier's Wife was silent. Caleb answered for her.

"They were wrong," he said.

"I knew it!" cried Bertha, proudly. "I told them so. I scorned to hear a word! Blame *her* with justice!" she pressed the hand between her own, and the soft cheek against her face. "No! I am not so blind as that."

Her father went on one side of her, while Dot remained upon the other: holding her hand.

"I know you all," said Bertha, "better than you think. But none so well as her. Not even you, father. There is nothing half so real and so true about me, as she is. If I could be restored to sight this instant, and not a word were spoken, I could choose her from a crowd! My Sister!"

"Bertha, my dear!" said Caleb, "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. Hear me kindly! I have a confession to make to you, my Darling."

"A confession, father?"

"I have wandered from the Truth and lost myself,

my child," said Caleb, with a pitiable expression in his bewildered face. "I have wandered from the Truth, intending to be kind to you; and have been cruel."

She turned her wonder-stricken face toward him, and repeated "Cruel!"

"He accuses himself too strongly, Bertha," said Dot. "You'll say so, presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

"Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been; though I never suspected it, till yesterday. My dear Blind Daughter, hear me and forgive me! The world you live in, heart of mine, doesn't exist as I have represented it. The eyes you have trusted in, have been false to you."

She turned her wonder-stricken face toward him still; but drew back, and clung closer to her friend.

"Your road in life was rough, my poor one," said Caleb, "and I meant to smoothe it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make you happier. I have had concealments from you, put deceptions on you, God forgive me! and surrounded you with fancies."

"But living people are not fancies?" she said, hurriedly, and turning very pale, and still retiring from him. "You can't change them."

"I have done so, Bertha," pleaded Caleb. "There is one person that you know, my Dove——"

"Oh, father! why do you say, I know?" she answered, in a tone of keen reproach. "What and whom do *I* know? I who have no leader! I so miserably blind!"

In the anguish of her heart, she stretched out her hands, as if she were groping her way; then spread them, in a manner most forlorn and sad, upon her face.

"The marriage that takes place to-day," said Caleb, "is with a stern, sordid, grinding man. A hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years. Ugly in his looks, and in his nature. Cold and callous always. Unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child. In everything."

"Oh, why," cried the Blind Girl, tortured, as it seemed, almost beyond endurance, "why did you ever do this! Why did you ever fill my heart so full, and then come in like Death, and tear away the objects of my love! Oh, Heaven, how blind I am! How helpless and alone!"

Her afflicted father hung his head, and offered no reply but in his penitence and sorrow.

She had been but a short time in this passion of regret, when the Cricket on the Hearth, unheard by all but her, began to chirp. Not merrily, but in a low, faint, sorrowing way. It was so mournful, that her tears began to flow; and when the Presence which had

been beside the Carrier all night, appeared behind her, pointing to her father, they fell down like rain.

She heard the Cricket-voice more plainly soon; and was conscious, through her blindness, of the Presence hovering about her father.

"Mary," said the Blind Girl, "tell me what my Home is. What it truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha; very poor and bare indeed. The house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter. It is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha," Dot continued in a low, clear voice, "as your poor father in his sackcloth coat."

The Blind Girl, greatly agitated, rose, and led the Carrier's little wife aside.

"Those presents that I took such care of, that came almost at my wish, and were so dearly welcome to me," she said, trembling; "where did they come from? Did you send them?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

Dot saw she knew, already; and was silent. The Blind Girl spread her hands before her face again. But in quite another manner now.

"Dear Mary, a moment. One moment! More this way. Speak softly to me. You are true, I know You'd not deceive me now; would you?"

"No, Bertha, indeed!"

"No, I am sure you would not. You have too much pity for me. Mary, look across the room to where we

were just now; to where my father is—my father, so compassionate and loving to me—and tell me what you see.”

“I see,” said Dot, who understood her well; “an old man sitting in a chair, and leaning sorrowfully on the back, with his face resting on his hand. As if his child should comfort him, Bertha.”

“Yes, yes. She will. Go on.”

“He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, dejected, thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing. But Bertha, I have seen him many times before; and striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object. And I honor his gray head, and bless him!”

The Blind Girl broke away from her; and throwing herself upon her knees before him, took the gray head to her breast.

“It is my sight restored. It is my sight!” she cried. “I have been blind, and now my eyes are open. I never knew him! To think I might have died, and never truly seen the father who has been so loving to me!”

There were no words for Caleb’s emotion.

“There is not a gallant figure on this earth,” exclaimed the Blind Girl, holding him in her embrace, “that I would love so dearly, and would cherish so devotedly, as this! The grayer, and more worn, the dearer, father! Never let them say I am blind again. There’s not a furrow in his face, there’s not a hair upon

his head, that shall be forgotten in my prayers and thanks to Heaven!"

Caleb managed to articulate "My Bertha!"

"And in my Blindness, I believed him," said the girl, caressing him with tears of exquisite affection, "to be so different! And having him beside me, day by day, so mindful of me always, never dreamed of this!"

"The fresh, smart father in the blue coat, Bertha," said poor Caleb. "He's gone!"

"Nothing is gone," she answered. "Dearest father, no! Everything is here—in you. The father that I loved so well; the father that I never loved enough, and never knew; the Benefactor whom I first began to reverence and love, because he had such sympathy for me. All are here in you. Nothing is dead to me. The Soul of all that was most dear to me is here—here, with the worn face, and the gray head. And I am NOT blind, father, any longer!"

Dot's whole attention had been concentrated, during this discourse, upon the father and daughter; but looking, now, toward the little Haymaker in the Moorish meadow, she saw that the clock was within a few minutes of striking; and fell, immediately, into a nervous and excited state.

"Father," said Bertha, hesitating. "Mary."

"Yes, my dear," returned Caleb. "Here she is."

"There is no change in *her*. You never told me anything of *her* that was not true?"

"I should have done it, my dear, I am afraid," re-

turned Caleb, "if I could have made her better than she was. But I must have changed her for the worse, if I changed her at all. Nothing could improve her, Bertha."

Confident as the Blind Girl had been when she asked the question, her delight and pride in the reply, and her renewed embrace of Dot, were charming to behold.

"More changes than you think for may happen, though, my dear," said Dot. "Changes for the better, I mean; changes for great joy to some of us. You mustn't let them startle you too much, if any such should ever happen, and affect you! Are those wheels upon the road? You've a quick ear, Bertha. Are they wheels?"

"Yes. Coming very fast."

"I—I—I know you have a quick ear," said Dot, placing her hand upon her heart, and evidently talking on, as fast as she could, to hide its palpitating state, "because I have noticed it often, and because you were so quick to find out that strange step last night. Though why you should have said, as I very well recollect you did say, Bertha, 'whose step is that!' and why you should have taken any greater observation of it than of any other step, I don't know. Though, as I said just now, there are great changes in the world: great changes: and we can't do better than prepare ourselves to be surprised at hardly anything."

Caleb wondered what this meant; perceiving she spoke to him, no less than to his daughter. He saw her, with astonishment, so fluttered and distressed that she could

scarcely breathe; and holding to a chair, to save herself from falling.

“They are wheels indeed!” she panted, “coming nearer! Nearer! Very close! And now you hear them stopping at the garden gate! And now you hear a step outside the door—the same step, Bertha, is it not!—and now!——”

She uttered a wild cry of uncontrollable delight; and running up to Caleb put her hands upon his eyes, as a young man rushed into the room, and flinging away his hat into the air, came sweeping down upon them.

“Is it over?” cried Dot.

“Yes!”

“Happily over?”

“Yes!”

“Do you recollect the voice, dear Caleb? Did you ever hear the like of it before?” cried Dot.

“If my boy in the Golden South Americas was alive——” said Caleb, trembling.

“He is alive!” shrieked Dot, removing her hands from his eyes, and clapping them in ecstasy; “look at him! See where he stands before you, healthy and strong! Your own dear son! Your own dear living, loving brother, Bertha!”

All honor to the little creature for her transports! All honor to her tears and laughter, when the three were locked in one another’s arms! All honor to the heartiness with which she met the sunburnt Sailor-fellow, with his dark streaming hair, half way, and never turned her

rosy little mouth aside, but suffered him to kiss it, freely, and to press her to his bounding heart!

And honor to the Cuckoo, too—why not!—for bursting out of the trap-door in the Moorish Palace like a housebreaker, and hiccoughing twelve times on the assembled company, as if he had got drunk for joy!

The Carrier, entering, started back; and well he might: to find himself in such good company.

“Look, John!” said Caleb, exultingly, “look here! My own boy from the Golden South Americas! My own son! Him that you fitted out, and sent away yourself; him that you were always such a friend to!”

The Carrier advanced to seize him by the hand; but recoiling, as some feature in his face awakened a remembrance of the Deaf Man in the Cart, said:

“Edward! Was it you?”

“Now tell him all!” cried Dot. “Tell him all, Edward; and don’t spare me, for nothing shall make me spare myself in his eyes, ever again.”

“I was the man,” said Edward.

“And could you steal, disguised, into the house of your old friend?” rejoined the Carrier. “There was a frank boy once—how many years is it, Caleb, since we heard that he was dead, and had it proved, we thought?—who never would have done that.”

“There was a generous friend of mine, once; more a father to me than a friend,” said Edward, “who never would have judged me, or any other man, unheard. You were he. So I am certain you will hear me now.”

The Carrier, with a troubled glance at Dot, who still kept far away from him, replied, "Well! that's but fair. I will."

"You must know that when I left here, a boy," said Edward, "I was in love; and my love was returned. She was a very young girl, who perhaps (you may tell me) didn't know her own mind. But I knew mine; and I had a passion for her."

"You had!" exclaimed the Carrier. "You!"

"Indeed I had," returned the other. "And she returned it. I have ever since believed she did; and now I am sure she did."

"Heaven help me!" said the Carrier. "This is worse than all." "Constant to her," said Edward, "and returning, full of hope, after many hardships and perils, to redeem my part of our old contract, I heard, twenty miles away, that she was false to me; that she had forgotten me; and had bestowed herself upon another and a richer man. I had no mind to reproach her; but I wished to see her, and to prove beyond dispute that this was true. I hoped she might have been forced into it, against her own desire and recollection. It would be small comfort, but it would be some, I thought: and on I came. That I might have the truth, the real truth, I dressed myself unlike myself—you know how; and waited on the road—you know where. You had no suspicion of me; neither had—had she," pointing to Dot, "until I whispered in her ear at that fireside, and she so nearly betrayed me."

“But when she knew that Edward was alive, and had come back,” sobbed Dot, now speaking for herself, as she had burned to do, all through this narrative; “and when she knew his purpose, she advised him by all means to keep his secret close; for his old friend John Peerybingle was too open in his nature, and too clumsy in all artifice—being a clumsy man in general,” said Dot, half laughing and half crying—“to keep it for him. And when she—that’s me, John,” sobbed the little woman—“told him all, and how his sweetheart had believed him to be dead; and how she had at last been over-persuaded by her mother into a marriage which the silly dear old thing called advantageous; and when she—that’s me again, John—told him they were not yet married (though close upon it), and that it would be nothing but a sacrifice if it went on, for there was no love on her side; and when he went nearly mad with joy to hear it; then she—that’s me again—said she would go between them, as she had often done before in old times, John, and would sound his sweetheart and be sure that



what she—me again, John—said and thought was right. And it WAS right, John. And they were brought together, John! And they were married, John, an hour ago! And here's the Bride! And Gruff and Tackleton may die a bachelor! And I'm a happy little woman, May, God bless you!"

She was an irresistible little woman, if that be anything to the purpose; and never so completely irresistible as in her present transports. There never were congratulations so endearing and delicious, as those she lavished on herself and on the Bride.

Amid the tumult of emotions in his breast the honest Carrier had stood, confounded. Flying, now, toward her, Dot stretched out her hand to stop him, and retreated as before.

"No, John, no! Hear all! Don't love me any more, John, till you've heard every word I have to say. It was wrong to have a secret from you, John. I'm very sorry. I didn't think it any harm, till I came and sat down by you on the little stool last night; but when I knew by what was written in your face, that you had seen me walking in the gallery with Edward: and knew what you thought; I felt how giddy and how wrong it was. But oh, dear John, how could you, could you, think so!"

Little woman, how she sobbed again! John Peerybingle would have caught her in his arms. But no; she wouldn't let him.

"Don't love me yet, please, John! Not for a long

time yet! When I was sad about this intended marriage, dear, it was because I remembered May and Edward such young lovers, and knew that her heart was far away from Tackleton. You believe that, now. Don't you, John?"

John was going to make another rush at this appeal; but she stopped him again.

"No; keep there, please, John! When I laugh at you, as I sometimes do, John; and call you clumsy, and a dear old goose, and names of that sort, it's because I love you, John, so well; and take such pleasure in your ways; and wouldn't see you altered in the least respect to have you made a King to-morrow."

"Hooroar!" said Caleb, with unusual vigor. "My opinion!"

"And when I speak of people being middle-aged and steady, John, and pretend that we are a humdrum couple, going on in a jogtrot sort of way, it's only because I'm such a silly little thing, John, that I like, sometimes, to act a kind of Play with Baby, and all that: and make believe."

She saw that he was coming; and stopped him again. But she was very nearly too late.

"No, don't love me for another minute or two, if you please, John! What I want most to tell you, I have kept to the last. My dear, good, generous John; when we were talking the other night about the Cricket, I had it on my lips to say, that at first I did not love you quite so dearly as I do now; that when I first came home here,

I was half afraid I mightn't learn to love you every bit as well as I hoped and prayed I might—being so very young, John. But, dear John, every day and hour, I loved you more and more. And if I could have loved you better than I do, the noble words I heard you say this morning would have made me. But I can't. All the affection that I had (it was a great deal, John) I gave you, as you well deserve, long, long ago, and I have no more left to give. Now, my dear Husband, take me to your heart again! That's my home, John; and never, never think of sending me to any other!"

You may be sure the Carrier was in a state of perfect rapture; and you may be sure Dot was likewise: and you may be sure they all were, inclusive of Miss Slow-boy.

But now the sound of wheels was heard again outside the door; and somebody exclaimed that Gruff and Tackleton was coming back. Speedily that worthy gentleman appeared; looking warm and flustered.

"Why, what the Devil's this, John Peerybingle?" said Tackleton. "There's some mistake. I appointed Mrs. Tackleton to meet me at the church; and I'll swear I passed her on the road, on her way here. Oh! here she is! I beg your pardon, Sir; I haven't the pleasure of knowing you; but if you can do me the favor to spare this young lady, she has rather a particular engagement this morning."

"But I can't spare her," returned Edward. "I couldn't think of it."

"What do you mean, you vagabond!" said Tackleton.

"I mean, that as I can make allowance for your being vexed," returned the other, with a smile, "I am as deaf to harsh discourse this morning, as I was to all discourse last night. I am sorry, Sir," said Edward, holding out May's left hand, and especially the third finger, "that the young lady can't accompany you to church; but as she has been there once, this morning, perhaps you'll excuse her."

Tackleton looked hard at the third finger; and took a little piece of silver paper, apparently containing a ring, from his waistcoat pocket.

"Miss Slowboy," said Tackleton. "Will you have the kindness to throw that in the fire? Thank'ee."

"It was a previous engagement: quite an old engagement; that prevented my wife from keeping her appointment with you, I assure you," said Edward.

"Mr. Tackleton will do me the justice to acknowledge that I revealed it to him faithfully; and that I told him, many times, I never could forget it," said May, blushing.

"Oh, certainly!" said Tackleton. "Oh, to be sure. Oh, it's all right. It's quite correct. Mrs. Edward Plummer, I infer?"

"That's the name," returned the bridegroom.

"Ah! I shouldn't have known you, Sir," said Tackleton: scrutinizing his face narrowly, and making a low bow. "I give you joy, Sir!"

"Thank'ee."

“Mrs. Peerybingle,” said Tackleton, turning suddenly to where she stood with her husband: “I am sorry. You haven’t done me a very great kindness, but upon my life I am sorry. You are better than I thought you. John Peerybingle, I am sorry. You understand me; that’s enough. It’s quite correct, ladies and gentlemen all, and perfectly satisfactory. Good morning!”

With these words he carried it off, and carried himself off too: merely stopping at the door, to take the flowers and favors from his horse’s head, and to kick that animal once in the ribs, as a means of informing him that there was a screw loose in his arrangements.

Of course it became a serious duty now, to make such a day of it, as should mark these events for a high Feast and Festival in the Peerybingle Calendar for evermore. Accordingly, Dot went to work to produce such an entertainment, as should reflect undying honor on the house and every one concerned; and in a very short space of time she was up to her dimpled elbows in flour, and whitening the Carrier’s coat, every time he came near her, by stopping him to give him a kiss. That good fellow washed the greens, and peeled the turnips, and broke the plates, and upset iron pots full of cold water on the fire, and made himself useful in all sorts of ways: while a couple of professional assistants, hastily called in from somewhere in the neighborhood, as on a point of life or death, ran against each other in all the doorways and round all the corners; and everybody tumbled over Tilly Slowboy and the Baby, everywhere.

Then, there was a great Expedition set on foot to go and find out Mrs. Fielding; and to be dismally penitent to that excellent gentlewoman; and to bring her back, by force if needful, to be happy and forgiving. And when the Expedition first discovered her, she would listen to no terms at all, but said, an unspeakable number of times, that ever she should have lived to see the day! and couldn't be got to say anything else, except "Now carry me to the grave"; which seemed absurd, on account of her not being dead, or anything at all like it. After a time, she lapsed into a state of dreadful calmness. From this mood, she passed into an angry one, and after that, she yielded to a soft regret, and said, if they had only given her their confidence, what might she not have had it in her power to suggest! Taking advantage of this crisis in her feelings, the Expedition embraced her; and she very soon had her gloves on, and was on her way to John Peerybingle's in a state of unimpeachable gentility; with a paper parcel at her side containing a cap of state, almost as tall, and quite as stiff, as a Mitre.

Then, there were Dot's father and mother to come, in another little chaise; and they were behind their time; and there was much looking out for them down the road. At last they came, a chubby little couple, jogging along in a snug and comfortable little way that quite belonged to the Dot family; and Dot and her mother, side by side, **were wonderful** to see. They were so like each other.

I wouldn't have missed Dot doing the honors in her wedding-gown for any money. No! nor the good Carrier, so jovial and so ruddy, at the bottom of the table. Nor the brown, fresh sailor-fellow, and his handsome wife. Nor any one among them. To have missed the dinner would have been to miss as jolly a meal as man need eat; and to have missed the overflowing cups in which they drank *The Wedding Day*, would have been the greatest miss of all.

After dinner, Caleb sang the song about the Sparkling Bowl! And, by-the-by, a most unlooked-for incident occurred, just as he finished the last verse.

There was a tap at the door; and a man came staggering in, without saying by your leave, with something heavy on his head. Setting this down in the middle of the table, symmetrically in the centre of the nuts and apples, he said, "Mr. Tackleton's compliments, and as he hasn't got no use for the cake himself, p'raps you'll eat it."

And with those words, he walked off.

There was some surprise among the company, as you may imagine; but the cake was cut by May, with much ceremony and rejoicing.

I don't think any one had tasted it, when there came another tap at the door; and the same man appeared again, having under his arm a vast brown paper parcel.

"Mr. Tackleton's compliments, and he's sent a few toys for the Babby. They ain't ugly."

After the delivery of which expressions, he retired again.



The whole party would have experienced great difficulty in finding words for their astonishment, even if they had had ample time to seek them. But they had none at all; for the messenger had scarcely shut the door behind him, when there came another tap, and Tackleton himself walked in.

“Mrs. Peerybingle!” said the Toy Merchant, hat in hand. “I’m sorry. I’m more sorry than I was this morning. I

have had time to think of it. John Peerybingle! I’m sour by disposition; but I can’t help being sweetened, more or less, by coming face to face with such

a man as you. Caleb! This unconscious little nurse gave me a broken hint last night, of which I have found the thread. I blush to think how easily I might have bound you and your daughter to me; and what a miserable idiot I was, when I took her for one! Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to-night. I have not so much as a Cricket on my Hearth. I have scared them all away. Let me join this happy party!"

He was at home in five minutes. You never saw such a fellow. What *had* he been doing with himself all his life, never to have known, before, his great capacity of being jovial! Or what had the Fairies been doing with him, to have effected such a change!

"John! you won't send me home this evening; will you?" whispered Dot.

There wanted but one living creature to make the party complete; and, in the twinkling of an eye there he was: very thirsty with hard running, and engaged in hopeless endeavors to squeeze his head into a narrow pitcher. He had gone with the cart to its journey's-end, very much disgusted with the absence of his master, and stupendously rebellious to the Deputy. After lingering about the stable for some little time, vainly attempting to incite the old horse to the mutinous act of returning on his own account, he had walked into the tap-room and laid himself down before the fire. But suddenly yielding to the conviction that the Deputy was a humbug, and must be abandoned, he had got up again, turned tail and came home.

There was a dance in the evening. With which general mention of that recreation, I should have left it alone, if I had not some reason to suppose that it was quite an original dance, and one of a most



uncommon figure. It was formed in an odd way; in this way.

Edward, that sailor-fellow—a good free dashing sort of a fellow he was—had been telling them various marvels concerning parrots, and mines, and Mexicans, and gold dust, when all at once he took into his head to jump up from his seat and propose a dance; for Bertha's harp was there, and she had such a hand upon it as you seldom hear. Dot (sly little piece of affectation when she chose) said her dancing days were over; *I* think because the Carrier was smoking his pipe, and she liked sitting by him, best. Mrs. Fielding had no choice, of course, but to say her dancing days were over, after that; and everybody said the same, except May; May was ready.

So, May and Edward get up, amid great applause, to dance alone; and Bertha plays her liveliest tune.

Well! if you'll believe me, they have not been dancing five minutes, when suddenly the Carrier flings his pipe away, takes Dot round the waist, dashes out into the room, and starts off with her, toe and heel, quite wonderfully. Tackleton no sooner sees this, than he skims across to Mrs. Fielding, takes her round the waist, and follows suit. Old Dot no sooner sees this, than up he is, all alive, whisks off Mrs. Dot into the middle of the dance, and is the foremost there. Caleb no sooner sees this, than he clutches Tilly Slowboy by both hands and goes off at score.

Hark! how the Cricket joins the music with its Chirp, Chirp, Chirp; and how the kettle hums!

* * * * *

But what is this! Even as I listen to them, blithely, and turn toward Dot, for one last glimpse of a little figure very pleasant to me, she and the rest have vanished into air, and I am left alone. A Cricket sings upon the Hearth; a broken child's toy lies upon the ground; and nothing else remains.

CAPTAIN RICHARD DOUBLEDICK.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town, because if anybody present knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a poor traveller, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night in a bed that will be occupied to-night by some one here.

My relative came down to Chatham to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was to get shot; but he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age, twenty-two; height, five foot ten; native place, Exmouth, which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty feet, so he enlisted into a regi-

ment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong, and run wild. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl, whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but in an evil hour he had given her cause to say to him solemnly, “Richard, I will never marry another man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall’s lips”—her name was Mary Marshall—“never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!” This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment; he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now the Captain of Richard Doubledick’s company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes,—what are called laughing eyes generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe,—but they were the only eyes now

left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street like any other officer. He was reproached and confused,—troubled by the mere possibility of the captain's looking at him. In his worst moments, he would rather turn back, and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the squalid state of a man just out of the Black hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were; twisting and breaking in his hands, as he went along, a bit of straw.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was grad-

ually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the Devil, sir?" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast-table turning crooked.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain, with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider, knowing that I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment and the world together will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked.

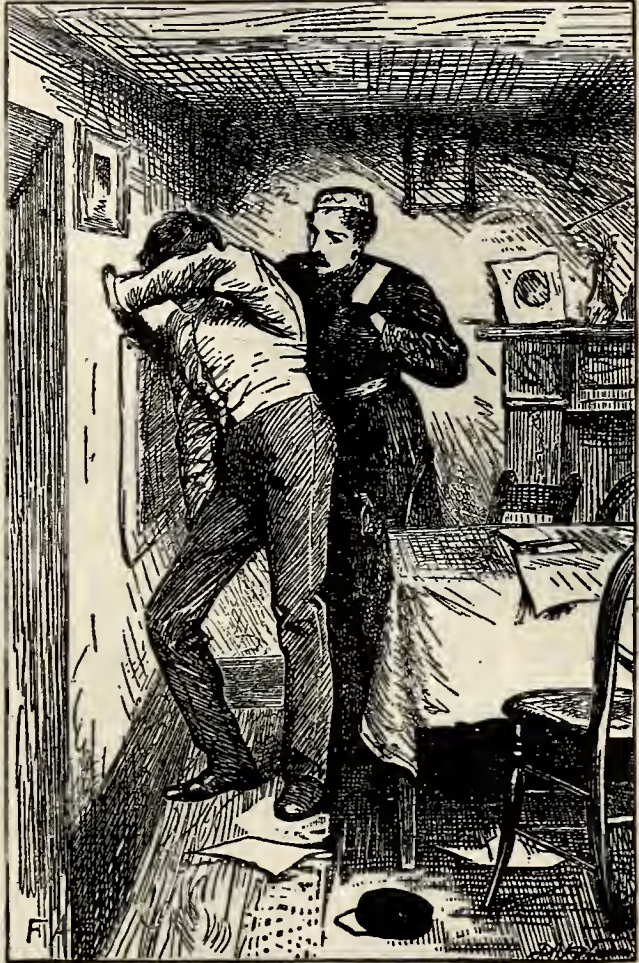
Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say, with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have



always had, I know ; but not—" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend—" began the Captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that, after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that

officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and **ninety-nine**, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it,—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led, there, close to him, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment, which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded Captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabers, —saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-

Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men,—for the fame of following the



old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts,—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through

the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice, so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day at Badajos—not in the great storming but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way—the two officers found themselves hurrying forward face to face against a party of French infantry who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men,—a courageous handsome gallant officer of five-and-thirty whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

“Dear Doubledick,” said he, “I am dying.”

“For the love of Heaven, no!” exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. “Taunton! My preserver,

my guardian angel! Truest, kindest of human beings: Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright, dark eyes smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see Home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment toward his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and, gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life,—one to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other—until the Battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home appeared these words:

“Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.”

At Midsummer-time in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen Lieutenant Richard Doubledick now a browened soldier seven-and-thirty years of age came home to England invalided. He brought the hair with him near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen since that day; many a dreadful night in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling voice. He heard the words: “Young man, I say unto thee, arise!”

He had to pass the window; and the bright, dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door quickly, and fell upon his neck.

“He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O, God for ever bless him! As He will!”

“He will!” the lady answered. “I know he is in Heaven!” Then she piteously cried, “But, O my darling boy, my darling boy!”

Never from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant,

Sergeant-Major, Ensign, or Lieutenant breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear except his reclamer's. That previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offences; to let it be revealed, when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him it would be time enough!

But that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking, was this indeed the first time he had ever turned his face toward the old colors with a woman's blessing!

He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together—to Quatre Bras and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it swept on



to avenge him, and left behind it no such creature in the world of consciousness as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted

among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive—the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo: and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives, came thronging thither and departed; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth,—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern,—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life; to the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond, again, the clear

sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his, his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak, too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But as it went, and the sun—O the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and in a little while he fell asleep, she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time, he recovered—slowly, for he had been

desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body, but making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "It comforts her."

One day he awoke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name—"

He cried out her name, "Mary," and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears. "Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought, dying, here, into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me Wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night—"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank Heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words were fulfilled. I see Home again!"

They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when those three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But even then it became necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhône, within a ride of the old town of Avignon, and within view of its broken bridge; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton, growing old after three years, and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own château near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child, a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family

were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and at last enclosed a polite note, from the head of the château, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of cet homme si justement célèbre, Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a hardy, handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, despatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Travelling through all that extent of country after three years of Peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed; and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old château near Aix upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large château with round towers and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. The entrance doors stood open, as

doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a Southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer—the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved, and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face, much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick! Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the

French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe, how much more as my friend! I also am a soldier."



"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as

I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden and presented him to his wife, an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in an old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the château were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had soothed the Captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went up-stairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider, What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and

French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking, and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. "His mother, above all," the Captain thought. "How shall I tell her?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If He had been spared he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked, first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee these better thoughts are rising in my mind? Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time? Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand? Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst,—and as I did,

through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me here on earth,—and that he did no more?”

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life,—that neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul, while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.



THE HOLLY-TREE. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUEST.

I HAVE kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. I might greatly move the reader by some account of the innumerable places I have not been to, or the innumerable social evasions I have been guilty of, solely because I am a bashful man. But I will leave the reader unmoved, and proceed with the object before me.

That object is to give a plain account of my travels and discoveries in the Holly-Tree Inn; in which place of good entertainment for man and beast I was once snowed up.

It happened in the memorable year when I parted forever from Angela Leath, whom I was shortly to have married, on making the discovery that she preferred my bosom friend. It was under these circumstances that I resolved to go to America—on my way to the Devil.

Communicating my discovery neither to Angela nor

to Edwin, but resolving to write each of them an affecting letter conveying my blessing and forgiveness, I



quietly left all I held dear, and started on the desolate journey I have mentioned.

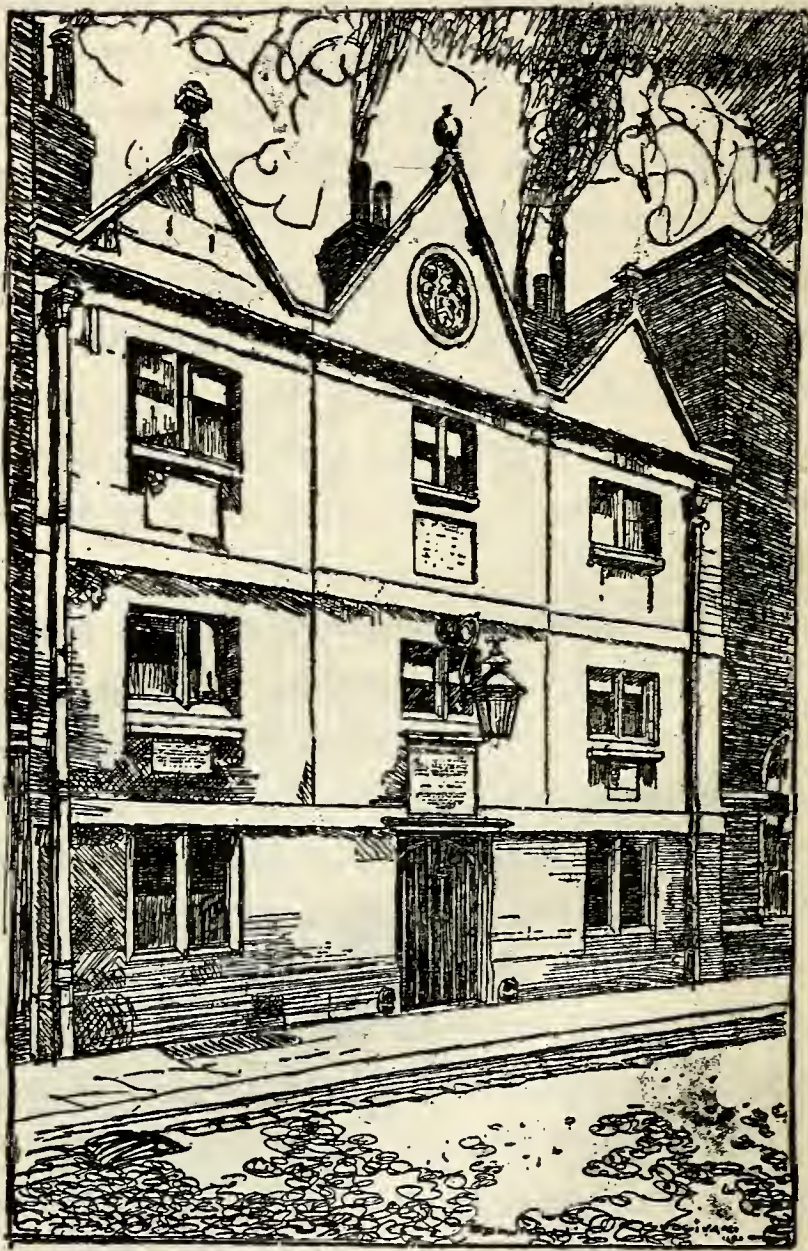
The dead winter-time was in full dreariness when I left my chambers forever, at five o'clock in the morning.

It wanted nine days to the end of the month, and end of the year. The Post-office packet for the United States was to depart from Liverpool, weather permitting, on the first of the ensuing month, and I had the intervening time on my hands. I had taken this into consideration, and had resolved to make a visit to a certain spot on the farther borders of Yorkshire. It was endeared to me by my having first seen Angela at a farm-house in that place, and my melancholy was gratified by the idea of taking a wintry leave of it before my expatriation.

There was no Northern Railway at that time, and in its place there were stage-coaches. I had secured the box-seat on the fastest of these, but when one of our Temple watchmen, who carried my portmanteau into Fleet-street for me, told me about the huge blocks of ice that had for some days past been floating in the river, having closed up in the night, and made a walk from the Temple Gardens over to the Surrey shore, I began to ask myself the question, whether the box-seat would not be likely to put a sudden and a frosty end to my unhappiness. I was heart-broken, it is true, and yet I was not quite so far gone as to wish to be frozen to death.

When I got up to the Peacock,—where I found everybody drinking hot purl, in self-preservation,—I asked if there were an inside seat to spare. I then discovered

that, inside or out, I was the only passenger. This gave me a still livelier idea of the great inclemency of the weather, since that coach always loaded particularly well.



It was still dark when we left the Peacock. For a little while, pale, uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black, frozen

day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on. I don't know when the snow began to set in; but I know that we were changing horses somewhere when I heard the guard remark, "That the old lady up in the sky was picking her geese pretty hard to-day." Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it out, as a lonely traveller does. The coach and horses seemed to execute in chorus Auld Lang Syne, without a moment's intermission.

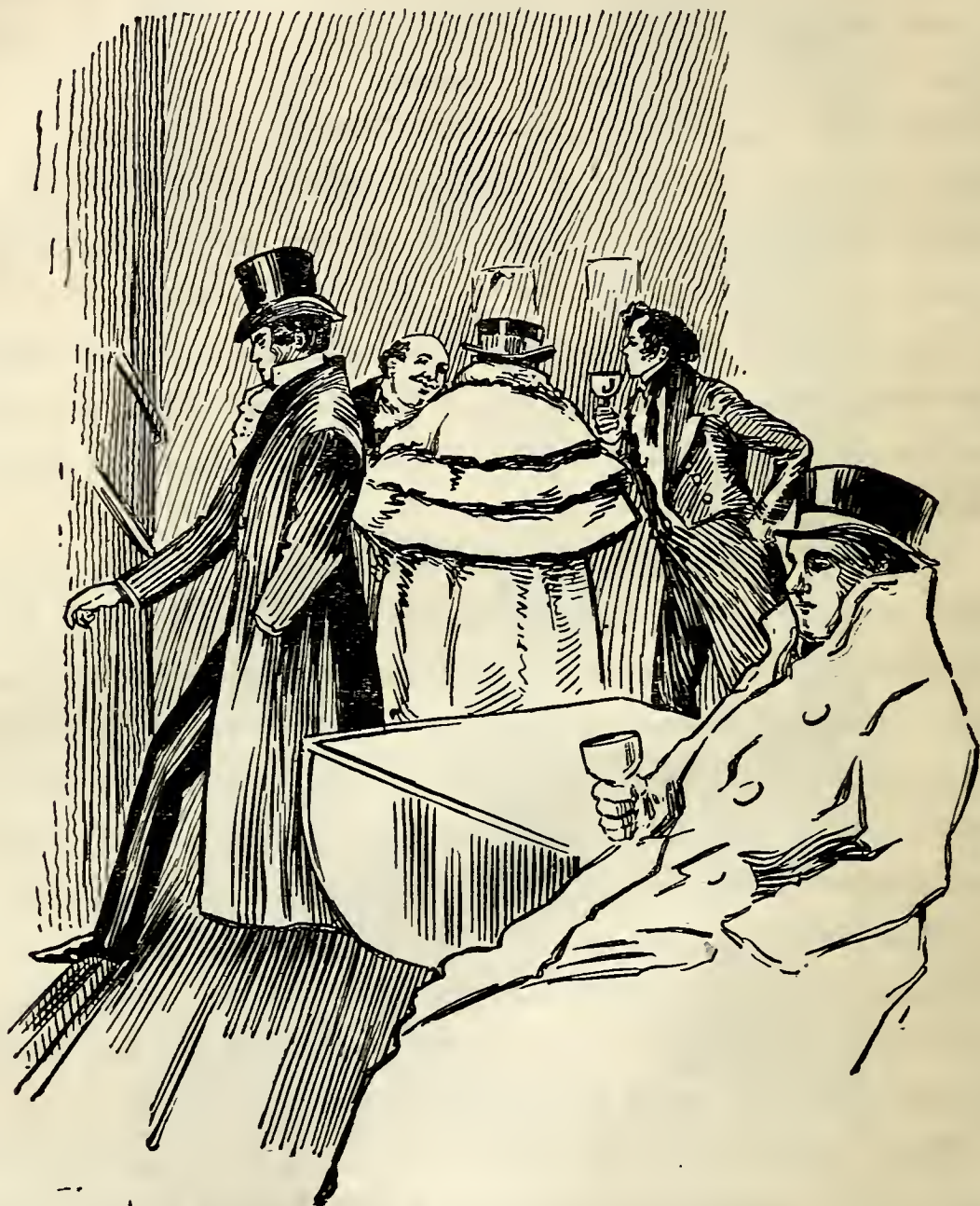
I forget now where we were at noon on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but I know that we were scores of miles behindhand, and that our case was growing worse every hour. We performed Auld Lang Syne the whole day; seeing nothing, out of towns and villages, but the track of stoats, hares, and foxes, and sometimes of birds. At nine o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moor, a cheerful burst from our horn, and a welcome sound of talking, with a glimmering and moving about of lanterns, roused me from my drowsy state. I found that we were going to change.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute, "What Inn is this?"

"The Holly-Tree, sir," said he.

“Upon my word, I believe,” said I, apologetically, to the guard and coachman, “that I must stop here.”

I thought I had never seen such a large room as that



into which they showed me. It had five windows, with dark red curtains that would have absorbed the light of a general illumination; and there were complications of drapery at the top of the curtains, that went wandering about the wall in a most extraordinary manner. I asked for a smaller room, and they told me there was no smaller room. They could screen me in, however, the landlord said. They brought a great old japanned screen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose) engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits all over it; and left me roasting whole before an immense fire.

My bedroom was some quarter of a mile off, up a great staircase at the end of a long gallery. It was the grimmest room I have ever had the nightmare in; and all the furniture, from the four posts of the bed to the two old silver candlesticks, was tall, high-shouldered, and spindle-waisted. Below, in my sitting-room, if I looked round my screen, the wind rushed at me like a mad bull; if I stuck to my armchair, the fire scorched me to the color of a new brick.

In the morning I found that it was snowing still, that it had snowed at night, and that I was snowed up. Nothing could get out of that spot on the moor, or could come at it, until the road had been cut out by laborers from the market-town. When they might cut their way to the Holly-Tree nobody could tell me.

Trying to settle down in my solitude, I first of all asked what books there were in the house. The waiter brought me a *Book of Roads*, two or three old Newspa-

pers, a little Song-Book, terminating in a collection of Toasts and Sentiments, a little Jest-Book, an odd volume of *Peregrine Pickle*, and the *Sentimental Journey*. I knew every word of the last already, but I read them through again, then tried to hum all the songs (Auld Lang Syne was among them); went entirely through the jokes,—in which I found a fund of melancholy adapted to my state of mind; proposed all the toasts, enunciated all the sentiments, and mastered the papers. The latter had nothing in them but stock advertisements, a meeting about a county rate, and a highway robbery. As I am a greedy reader, I could not make this supply hold out until night; it was exhausted by tea-time. Being then entirely cast upon my own resources, I got through an hour in considering what to do next. Ultimately a desperate idea came into my head. Under any other circumstances I should have rejected it; but, in the strait at which I was, I held it fast. Could I so far overcome the inherent bashfulness which withheld me from the landlord's table and the company I might find there, as to call up the Boots, and ask him to take a chair,—and something in a liquid form,—and talk to me? I could. I would. I did.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOOTS.

WHERE had he been in his time? he repeated, when I asked him the question. Lord, he had been everywhere! And what had he been?

Bless you, he had been everything you could mention a'most!

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. I should say so, he could assure me, if I only knew about a twentieth part of what had come in *his* way.

Why, it would be easier for him, he expected, to tell what he hadn't seen than what he had.

What was the curiouesest thing he had seen? Well! He didn't know. He couldn't momentarily name what was the curiouesest thing he had seen,—unless it was a Unicorn,—and he see *him* once at a Fair. But suppos-

ing a young gentleman not eight year old was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start?



Certainly. Then that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on, and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so little that he couldn't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers' father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill there, six or seven miles from Lunnon. He was a gentleman of spirit, and good-looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call Fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he crick-eted, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he didn't spoil him neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy-books, and was never tired of hearing him say my name is Norval, or hearing him sing his songs about "Young May Moons is beaming love," and "When he as adores thee has left but the name," and that; still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course he couldn't be under-gardener, and be always about, in the summer-time, near the windows on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family.

Even supposing Master Harry hadn't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then began cutting it in print all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but really it was pretty to see them two mites a going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a Lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one, and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says, speaking up, "Cobbs," he says, "I like *you*." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure." "Because Norah likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Gratifying, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds to be liked by Norah." "Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes, sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I shouldn't object, if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our Head Gardener when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies, with their long, bright, curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their

beautiful light tread, a rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of the opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes they would creep under the Tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a reading about the Prince and the Dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living on milk and honey. Once he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in headforemost." And Boots made no question he would have done it if she hadn't complied.



"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers, "I am going on a visit, this present Midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire, myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I haven't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs,—Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs," returned the boy, flushing, "I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them."

"It wasn't a joke, sir," says Cobbs, with humility,—
"wasn't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us.—Cobbs!"

"Sir."

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me when I go down there?"

"I couldn't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

“A person could do a good deal with such a sum of money as that,—couldn’t a person, Cobbs?”

“I believe you, sir!”

“Cobbs,” said the boy, “I’ll tell you a secret. At Norah’s house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged,—pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!”

“Such, sir,” says Cobbs, “is the depravity of human nature.”

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face toward the sunset, and then departed with “Good night, Cobbs. I’m going in.”

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry, he went down to the old lady’s at York. What does that Infant do,—for Infant you may call him and be within the mark,—but cut away from that old lady’s with his Norah, on a expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn when, one summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The Guard says to our Governor, “I don’t quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman’s words was that they was to be brought here.” The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, “We’re to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bedrooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!” and

tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when these two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel,—much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. Cobbs,” says the Governor, “if this is so, I must set off myself to York, and quiet their friends’ minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon ’em, and humor ’em, till I come back. But before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinion is correct.” “Sir, to you,” says Cobbs, “that shall be done directly.”

So Boots goes up-stairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa,—immense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him,—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-handkecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

“It’s Cobbs! It’s Cobbs!” cries Master Harry, and comes running to him, and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t’other side and catching hold of his t’other hand, and they both jump for joy.

“I see you a getting out, sir,” says Cobbs. “I thought it was you. I thought I couldn’t be mistaken in your

height and figure. What's the object of your journey, sir?—Matrimonial?"

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank *you*, miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. *Did* you bring any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honor upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush,—seemingly a doll's. The gentleman had got about half a dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, a orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy,—which the courage of that boy was something wonderful!—"in the morning, and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "Oh, yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs. "If you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should

recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior (myself driving, if you approved), to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples,—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast-and-water. But Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at desert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, sir," says Cobbs; and away he went.

The way in which the women of that house—without exception—every one of 'em—married *and* single—took

to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at them through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the keyhole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening, Boots went into the room to see how the run-away couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, fatigued, sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs. "What was it you—?"

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself; the lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross. "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady,

in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door,



and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn't but feel with increased acuteness what

a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk-and-water, and toast and currant jelly, overnight) about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsomever, he went on a lying like a Trojan about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfortunately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he couldn't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back on it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast, Boots is inclined to consider that they drawed soldiers,—at least, he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell,—it was surprising how that there boy did carry on,—and said, in a sprightly way, “Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighborhood?”

“Yes, sir,” says Cobbs. “There's Love-lane.”

“Get out with you, Cobbs!”—that was that there boy’s expression,—“you’re joking.”

“Begging your pardon, sir,” says Cobbs, “there really is Love-lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior.”

“Norah, dear,” said Master Harry, “this is curious. We really ought to see Love-lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs.”

Boots leaves me to judge what a Beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head-gardener, on accounts of his being so true a friend to ’em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallowed him up, he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took ’em down Love-lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drowned himself in half a moment more, a getting out a water-lily for her,—but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to ’em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down on a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, and fell asleep.

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots, namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmerses, Junior’s, temper was on the move.

When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he "teased her so;" and when he says, "Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?" she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A biled fowl, and baked bread-and-butter pudding,



brought Mrs. Walmers up a little; but Boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her more sensible of the voice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry, he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry.



“COBBS, HOW SHOULD YOU SPELL NORAH?” PAGE 176.

Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and a elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then he says to Cobbs, "Ah, Cobbs, I am glad to see *you*! I understood you was here!" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps; but Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going up-stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door; "I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honor." And Boots signifies to me, that, if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then he stands looking at

it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it, and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

“Harry, my dear boy! Harry!”

Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honor of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

“I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home.”

“Yes, pa.”

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands, at last, a looking at his father: his father standing a looking at him, the quiet image of him.

“Please may I”—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down!—“please, dear pa—may I—kiss Norah before I go?”

“You may, my child.”

So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom, where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, is fast asleep. There the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, and gently draws it to him,—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, “It’s a shame to part ’em!” But this chambermaid was al-

ways, as Boots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, that was never to be (she married a Captain long afterward, and died in India), went off next day. In conclusion, Boots put it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions: firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time, and brought back separately.

CHAPTER III.

THE BILL.

I HAD been snowed up a whole week. The time had hung so lightly on my hands, that I should have been in great doubt of the fact but for a piece of documentary evidence that lay upon my table. The road had been dug out of the snow on the previous day, and the document in question was my Bill. It testified emphatically to my having eaten and drunk, and warmed myself, and slept among the sheltering branches of the Holly-Tree, seven days and nights.

I had taken leave of all my Holly-Tree friends, and was standing for half a minute at the Inn door watching the ostler as he took another turn at the cord which tied my portmanteau on the chaise, when I saw lamps coming down toward the Holly-Tree. The road was so padded with snow that no wheels were audible; but all of us who were standing at the Inn door saw lamps coming on, and at a lively rate too, between the walls of snow that had been heaped up on either side of the track. The chambermaid instantly divined how the case stood, and called to the ostler, "Tom, this is a Gretna job!" The ostler, knowing that her sex instinctively scented a marriage, or anything in that direction, rushed up the yard bawling, "Next four out!" and in a moment the whole establishment was thrown into commotion.

I had a melancholy interest in seeing the happy man who loved and was beloved; and therefore, instead of driving off at once, I remained at the Inn door when the fugitives drove up. A bright-eyed fellow, muffled in a mantle, jumped out so briskly that he almost overthrew me. He turned to apologize, and, by Heaven, it was Edwin!

"Charley!" said he, recoiling. "Gracious powers, what do you do here?"

"Edwin," said I, recoiling, "gracious powers, what do *you* do here?" I struck my forehead as I said it, and an insupportable blaze of light seemed to shoot before my eyes.

He hurried me into the little parlor (always kept with

a slow fire in it and no poker), where posting company waited while their horses were putting to, and, shutting the door, said:

“Charley, forgive me!”

“Edwin!” I returned. “Was this well? When I loved her so dearly! When I had garnered up my heart so long!” I could say no more.

He was shocked when he saw how moved I was, and made the cruel observation, that he had not thought I should have taken it so much to heart.

I looked at him. I reproached him no more. But I looked at him.

“My dear, dear Charley,” said he, “don’t think ill of me, I beseech you! I know you have a right to my utmost confidence, and, believe me, you have ever had it until now. I abhor secrecy. Its meanness is intolerable to me. But I and my dear girl have observed it for your sake.”

He and his dear girl! It steeled me.

“You have observed it for my sake, sir?” said I, wondering how his frank face could face it out so.

“Yes!—and Angela’s,” said he.

I found the room reeling round in an uncertain way, like a laboring humming-top. “Explain yourself,” said I, holding on by one hand to an armchair.

“Dear old darling Charley!” returned Edwin, in his cordial manner, “consider! When you were going on so happily with Angela, why should I compromise you with the old gentleman by making you a party to our engagement, and (after he had declined my proposals)

to our secret intention? Surely it was better that you should be able honorably to say, 'He never took counsel with me, never told me, never breathed a word of it.' If Angela suspected it, and showed me all the favor and support she could—God bless her for a precious creature and a priceless wife!—I couldn't help that. Neither I nor Emmeline ever told her, any more than we told you. And for the same good reason, Charley; trust me, for the same good reason, and no other upon earth!"

Emmeline was Angela's cousin. Lived with her. Had been brought up with her. Was her father's ward. Had property.

"Emmeline is in the chaise, my dear Edwin!" said I, embracing him with the greatest affection.

"My good fellow!" said he, "do you suppose I should be going to Gretna Green without her?"

I ran out with Edwin, I opened the chaise door, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded her to my heart. She was wrapped in soft white fur, like the snowy landscape; but was warm, and young, and lovely. I put their leaders to with my own hands, I gave the boys a five-pound note apiece, I cheered them as they drove away, I drove the other way myself as hard as I could pelt.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

TO BE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY.



I AM a Cheap Jack, and my own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to

know in a land of slavery? As to looking at the argument through the medium of the Register, Willum Marigold come into the world before Registers come up much,—and went out of it too. They wouldn't have been greatly in his line neither, if they had chanced to come up before him.

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

I am at present a middle-aged man of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat the strings of which is always gone behind. Repair them how you will, they go like fiddle-strings. You have been to the theatre, and you have seen one of the violin-players screw up his violin, after listening to it as if it had been whispering the secret to him that it feared it was out of order, and then you have heard it snap. That's as exactly similar to my waistcoat as a waistcoat and a violin can be like one another.

I am partial to a white hat, and I like a shawl round my neck wore loose and easy. Sitting down is my favorite posture. If I have a taste in point of personal jewelry, it is mother-of-pearl buttons. There you have me again, as large as life.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess

that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. It was a pretty tray. It represented a large lady going along a serpentine uphill gravel-walk, to attend a little church. Two swans had likewise come astray with the same intentions. When I call her a large lady, I don't mean in point of breadth, for there she fell below my views, but she more than made it up in height; her height and slimness was—in short THE height of both.

I often saw that tray, after I was the innocently smiling cause of the doctor's standing it up on a table against the wall in his consulting-room. Whenever my own father and mother were in that part of the country, I used to put my head in at the doctor's door, and the doctor was always glad to see me, and said, "Aha, my brother practitioner! Come in, little M.D. How are your inclinations as to sixpence?"

You can't go on forever, you'll find, nor yet could my father nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as a whole when you are about due, you're liable to go off in part, and two to one your head's the part. Gradually my father went off his, and my mother went off hers.

My father had been a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work, as his dying observations went to prove. But I top him. I don't say it because it's myself, but because it has been universally acknowledged by all that has had the means of comparison. I have worked at it. I have measured myself against other public speakers,—Members of Parliament, Platforms,

Pulpits, Counsel learned in the law,—and where I have found 'em good, I have took a bit of imagination from 'em, and where I have found 'em bad, I have let 'em alone. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that of all the callings ill used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was). "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is an article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pounds for from any man alive. Now

what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though its smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because, when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve tablespoons, and twelve teaspoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen, and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come, I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper, that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady in Threadneedle-street, London city; I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding-ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm a going to do with it. I'm not a going to offer this lot for money; but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I am ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times—which, by the bye, is

quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide; but in a cart it does come home to you, and stick to you. Wiolence in a cart is so wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is so aggrawating.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it, was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies she beat the child. This got to be so shocking, as

the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper—in a cart—without coming to a fight. It's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, "Here's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now, that I didn't go tearing mad when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by ~~this~~ hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

Such a brave child I said she was! Ah! with reason.

"Don't you mind next time, father dear," she would whisper to me, with her little face still flushed, and her bright eyes still wet; "if I don't cry out, you may know I am not much hurt. And even if I do cry out, it will only be to get mother to let go and leave off." What I have seen the little spirit bear—for me—without crying out!

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of

her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency in things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather, I consider the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say, "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, what with one thing and what with another (and not least with railroads, which will cut it all to pieces, I expect, at last), and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a deadlock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I couldn't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I hadn't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us.

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sashline, "I give you notice that I am a going to charm the money out of your pockets, and to give you so much more than your money's worth that you'll only persuade yourselves to draw your Saturday night's wages ever again arterward by the hopes of meeting me to lay 'em out with,

which you never will, and why not? Because I've made my fortune by selling my goods on a large scale for seventy-five per cent less than I give for 'em, and I am consequently to be elevated to the House of Peers next week, by the title of the Duke of Cheap Jacks and Markis Jackaloorul. Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She's a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you're going to buy a lot or leave it. Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Else here's a saw which would be a lifelong blessing to a handy man, at four shillings, at three and six, at three, at two and six, at two, at eighteen-pence. But none of you shall have it at any price, on account of your well-known awkwardness, which would make it manslaughter. The same objection applies to this set of three planes which I won't let you have neither, so don't bid for 'em. Now I am a going to ask her what you do want." (Then I whispered, "Your head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet," and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father.") "O! This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum-book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove pages—if you don't believe me, count 'em—ready ruled for your

expenses, an everlastingly pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already." (Then making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) "Why, she says you are thinking of as little as three and threepence! I couldn't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year! With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint, or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (My sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the

crowd.) "She says the good luck is the butcher's. Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket, and take the lot. The party so picked out, in general, does feel obliged to take the lot—good four times out of six. Then we had another lot, the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always very much enjoyed. Then we had the spectacles. It ain't a special profitable lot, but I put 'em on, and I see what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to take off the taxes, and I see what the sweetheart of the young woman in the shawl is doing at home, and I see what the Bishops has got for dinner, and a deal more that seldom fails to fetch 'em up in their spirits; and the better their spirits, the better their bids. Then we had the ladies' lot—the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar-basin, half-a-dozen spoons, and caudle-cup—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?" "Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so soft and green." I staggered back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick. Shut the door! Don't

let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she has flown away from you!"

Maybe those were harder words than I meant 'em; but from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed, and her eyes looking on the ground. When her furies took her (which was rather seldomer than before) they took her in a new way, and she banged herself about to that extent that I was forced to hold her. She got none the better for a little drink now and then, and through some years I used to wonder, as I plodded along at the old horse's head, whether there was many carts upon the road that held so much dreariness as mine, for all my being looked up to as the King of the Cheap Jacks. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when, as we were coming into Exeter, out of the farther West of England, we saw a woman beating a child, who screamed, "Don't beat me! O mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears, and ran away like a wild thing, and next day she was found in the river.

Me and my dog were all the company left in the cart now; and the dog learned to give a short bark when they wouldn't bid, and to give another and a nod of his head when I asked him, "Who said half a crown? Are you the gentleman, sir, that offered half a crown?" He attained to an immense height of popularity, and I shall

always believe taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any person in the crowd that bid as low as sixpence. But he got to be well on in years, and one night when I was convulsing York with the spectacles, he took a convulsion on his own account upon the very footboard by me, and it finished him.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep (not to mention keeping myself), but they got me down in private, and rolled upon me. That's often the way with us public characters. See us on the footboard, and you'd give pretty well anything you possess to be us. See us off the footboard, and you'd add a trifle to be off your bargain. It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. I might have been too high to fall into conversation with him, had it not been for my lonely feelings. For the general rule is, going round the country, to draw the line at dressing up. When a man can't trust his getting a living to his undisguised abilities, you consider him below your sort. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it, he had weak eyes and weak knees, and altogether you couldn't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind. But he was an amiable though timid young man (his mother let him out, and spent the money),

and we come acquainted when he was walking to ease the horse betwixt two fairs. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant, otherwise Pickleson, mentioned to me under the seal of confidence that, beyond his being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him by the cruelty of his master toward a stepdaughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. She travelled with his master's caravan only because there was nowhere to leave her, and this giant, otherwise Pickleson, did go so far as to believe that his master often tried to lose her. He was such a very languid young man, that I don't know how long it didn't take him to get this story out, but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant, otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I couldn't see the giant through what stood in my eyes. His master's name was Mim, a wery hoarse man, and I knew him to speak to. I went to that Fair as a mere civilian, leaving the cart outside the town, and I looked about the back of the Vans while the performing was going on, and at last, sitting dozing against a muddy cart-wheel, I come upon the poor girl who was deaf and dumb. At the first look I might almost have judged that she had escaped from the Wild Beast Show; but at the second I thought better of her, and thought that if

she was more cared for and more kindly used she would be like my child. She was just the same age that my own daughter would have been, if her pretty head had not fell down upon my shoulder that unfortunate night.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim while he was beating the gong outside betwixt two lots of Pickleson's publics, and I put it to him, "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" Mim was a most ferocious swearer. Suppressing that part of his reply which was much the longest part, his reply was, "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a going to do with you. I'm a going to fetch you naïf-a-dozen pair of the primeest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." Says Mim (again ferocious), "I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever toward me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another, through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed—or the rewerse—it's according

to your disposition—if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped—you'd never guess by what—milestones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and saying we was going to WINDSOR, I give her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that same order again, and pointed toward the abode of royalty.

Another time I give her CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. Another time I give her DOCTOR MARI-GOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. People that met us might stare a bit and laugh, but what did *I* care,



if she caught the idea? She caught it after long patience and trouble, and then we did begin to get on swimmingly, I believe you! At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty, but that soon wore off.

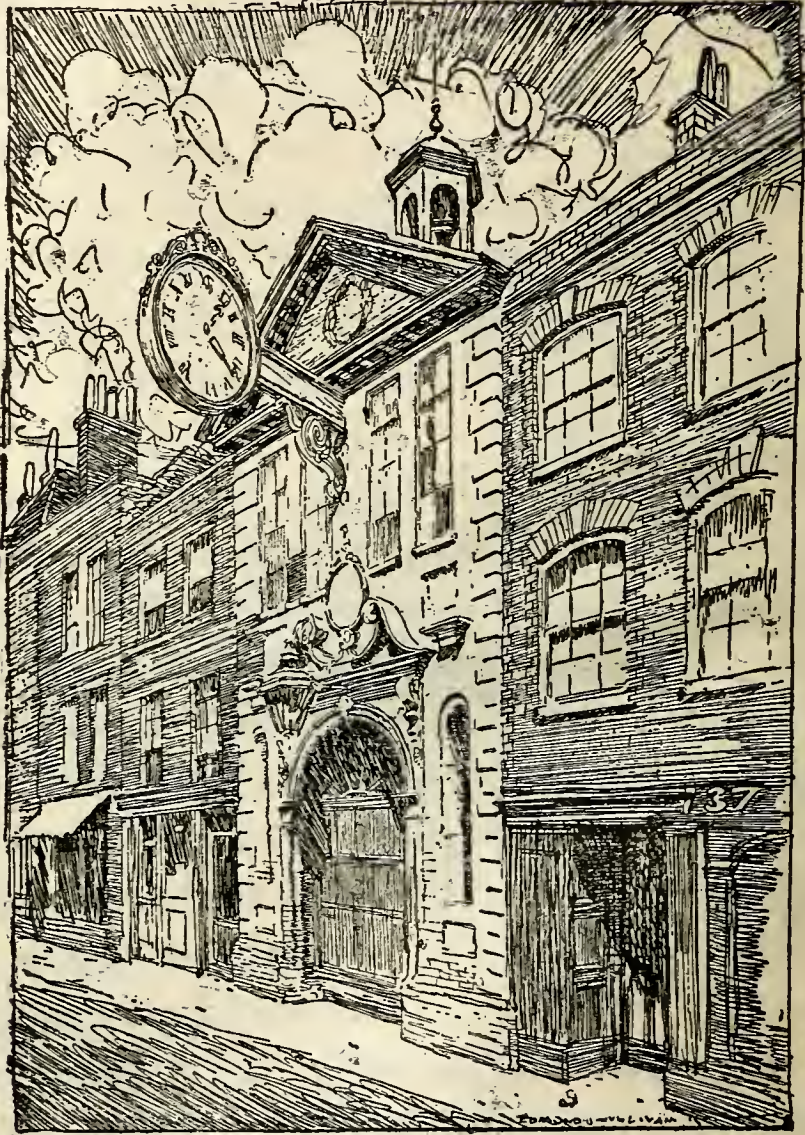
We had our signs, too, and they was hundreds in

number. Sometimes she would sit looking at me and considering hard how to communicate with me about something fresh—how to ask me what she wanted explained, — and then she was (or I thought she was) so like my child with those years added to her, that I half-believed it was herself, trying to tell me where she had been to up in the skies, and what she had seen since that unhappy night when she fled away. She had a pretty face, and now that there was no one to drag at her bright dark hair, and it was all in order, there was a something touching in her looks that made the cart most peaceful and most quiet, though not at all melancholy.

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give a eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands, and laugh for joy. And as for me, seeing her so bright, and remembering what she was when I first lighted on her, starved and beaten and ragged, leaning asleep against the muddy cart-wheel, it give me such heart that I gained a greater heighth of reputation than ever, and I put Pickleson down for a fypunnote in my will.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give

her. It drew a many tears on both sides when I commenced explaining my views to her; but what's right is right, and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character.



So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us, I says to him: "Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, sir. I



“ HE SAW HER LISTENING TO HIM ! ” PAGE 82.

am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted), and you can't produce a deafer nor a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her in the shortest separation that can be named,—state the figure for it,—and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing, sir, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learned already. How do you communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote in printed writing many names of things and so forth; and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her, and which she was able to read. "This is most extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words was never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all, and when he took down my name and asked how in the world it ever chanced to be Doctor, it come out that he was own nephew by the sister's side, if you'll believe me, to the very Doctor that I was called after. This made our footing still easier, and he says to me:

“Now, Marigold, tell me what more do you want your adopted daughter to know?”

“I want her, sir, to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote with perfect ease and pleasure.”

“My good fellow,” urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, “why *I* can’t do that myself!”

I took his joke, and gave him a laugh and I mended my words accordingly.

“What do you mean to do with her afterward?” asks the gentleman, with a sort of a doubtful eye. “To take her about the country?”

“In the cart, sir, but only in the cart. She will live a private life, you understand, in the cart. I should never think of bringing her infirmities before the public. I wouldn’t make a show of her for any money.”

The gentleman nodded, and seemed to approve.

“Well,” says he, “can you part with her for two years?”

“To do her that good—yes, sir.”

“There’s another question,” says the gentleman, looking toward her, — “can she part with you for two years?”

I don’t know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at

the door in the dark of an evening, I don't tell. But I know this; remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heartache and a swelling in the throat; and I couldn't put you up the best of lots in sight of it with my usual spirit,—no, not even the gun, nor the pair of spectacles,—for five hundred pound reward from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and throw in the honor of putting my legs under his mahogany arterward.

Still, the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it, however long to look forward to; and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. Not hurrying over the job, I had the fittings knocked together in contriving ways under my own inspection, and here was her bed in a berth with curtains, and there was her reading-table, and here was her writing-desk, and elsewhere was her books in rows upon rows, picters and no picters, bindings and no bindings, gilt-edged and plain, just as I could pick 'em up for her in lots up and down the country. And when I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold, a new scheme come into my head, which, as it

turned out, kept my time and attention a good deal employed, and helped me over the two years' stile.

Without being of an awaricious temper, I like to be the owner of things. I shouldn't wish, for instance, to go partners with yourself in the Cheap Jack cart. Well! A kind of a jealousy began to creep into my mind when I reflected that all those books would have been read by other people long before they was read by her. It seemed to take away from her being the owner of 'em like. In this way, the question got into my head: Couldn't I have a book new-made express for her, which she should be the first to read?

It pleased me, that thought did; and as I never was a man to let a thought sleep (you must wake up all the whole family of thoughts you've got and burn their nightcaps, or you won't do in the Cheap Jack line), I set to work at it. Considering that I was in the habit of changing so much about the country, and that I should have to find out a literary character here to make a deal with, and another literary character there to make a deal with, as opportunities presented, I hit on the plan that this same book should be a general miscellaneous lot,—like the razors, flat-iron, chronometer watch, dinner plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass,—and shouldn't be offered as a single individual article, like the spectacles or the gun. When I had come to that conclusion, I come to another, which shall likewise be yours.

Often had I regretted that she never had heard me on the footboard, and that she never could hear me. It

ain't that *I* am vain, but that *you* don't like to put your own light under a bushel. What's the worth of your reputation, if you can't convey the reason for it to the person you most wish to value it? Not worth a farthing. Very well, then. My conclusion was that I would begin her book with some account of myself. So that, through reading a specimen or two of me on the footboard, she might form an idea of my merits there.

Well! Having formed that resolution, then come the question of a name. How did I hammer that hot iron into shape? This way. The most difficult explanation I had ever had with her was, how I come to be called Doctor, and yet was no Doctor. After all, I felt that I had failed of getting it correctly into her mind, with my utmost pains. But trusting to her improvement in the two years, I thought that I might trust to her understanding it when she should come to read it as put down by my own hand. Then I thought I would try a joke with her and watch how it took, by which of itself I might fully judge of her understanding it. We had first discovered the mistake we had dropped into, through her having asked me to prescribe for her when she had supposed me to be a Doctor in a medical point of view; so thinks I, "Now, if I give this book the name of my Prescriptions, and if she catches the idea that my only Prescriptions are for her amusement and interest,—to make her laugh in a pleasant way, or to make her cry in a pleasant way,—it will be a delightful proof to both of us that we have got over our difficulty." It fell out

to absolute perfection. For when she saw the book, as I had it got up,—the printed and pressed book,—lying on her desk in her cart, and saw the title, DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS, she looked at me for a moment with astonishment, then fluttered the leaves, then broke out a laughing in the charmingest way, then felt her pulse and shook her head, then turned the pages pretending to read them most attentive, then kissed the book to me, and put it to her bosom with both her hands. I never was better pleased in all my life!

But let me not anticipate. (I take that expression out of a lot of romances I bought for her. I never opened a single one of 'em—and I have opened many—but I found the romancer saying "let me not anticipate.")

Which being so, I

wonder why he did anticipate, or who asked him to do it.) Let me not, I say, anticipate. This same book took up all my spare time. It was no play to get the



other articles together in the general miscellaneous lot, but when it come to my own article! There! I couldn't have believed the blotting, nor yet the buckling to at it, nor the patience over it. Which again is like the footboard. The public have no idea.

At last it was done, and the two years' time was gone. The new cart was finished,—yellow outside, relieved with wermilion and brass fittings,—the old horse was put in it, a new 'un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart,—and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her. Bright cold weather it was, cart-chimneys smoking, carts pitched private on a piece of waste ground over at Wandsworth, where you may see 'em from the Sou'western Railway when not upon the road.

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am very glad to see you."

"Yet I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long,—has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length; but——"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"I feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck, and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I didn't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

CHAPTER II.

TO BE TAKEN FOR LIFE.

So every item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Content and joy went with us as the wheels

of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped. I was as pleased and as proud as a Pug-Dog with his muzzle black-leaded for a evening party, and his tail extra curled by machinery.

But I had left something out of my calculations.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights more than fair average business in the open square there, near the end of the street where Mr. Sly's King's Arms and Royal Hotel stands. Mim's travelling giant, otherwise Pickleson, happened at the self-same time to be trying it on in the town.

I went to the Auction Room, and I found it entirely empty of everything but echoes and mouldiness, with the single exception of Pickleson on a piece of red drugget. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson. Owing much happiness to you, I put you in my will for a fypunnote; but, to save trouble, here's fourpnten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity, and made his acknowledgments in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence. He likewise did add, that, having ceased to draw as a Roman, Mim had made proposals for his going in as a converted Indian Giant worked upon by The Dairyman's Daughter.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of

the travelling giant, otherwise Pickleson, was this: "Doctor Marigold, who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?"—"The strange young *man*?" I gives him back, thinking that he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, with a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I don't know my words. I repeat them, Doctor. The strange young man."

It put me rather out of sorts. What it meant as to particulars I no more foreboded then than you forebode now, but it put me rather out of sorts. Howsoever, I made light of it, and I took leave of Pickleson, advising him to spend his legacy in getting up his stamina, and to continue to stand by his religion. Toward morning I kept a lookout for the strange young man, and—what was more—I saw the strange young man. He was well-dressed and well-looking. He loitered very nigh my carts, watching them like as if he was taking care of them, and soon after daybreak turned and went away. I sent a hail after him, but he never started or looked round, or took the smallest notice.

We left Lancaster within an hour or two, on our way toward Carlisle. Next morning, at daybreak, I looked out again for the strange young man. I did not see him. But next morning I looked out again, and there he was once more. I sent another hail after him, but as before he gave not the slightest sign of being anyways disturbed. This put a thought into my head. Acting on it I watched

him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found that this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of that establishment where she had been was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I? and where is all that I have worked and planned for?" Hoping—I must confess to the selfishness—that she might *not* favor him, I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on leaning behind a fir-tree without their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked if she didn't love him. Yes, she loved him dearly, dearly; but she could never disappoint her beloved, good, noble, generous, and I-don't-know-what-all father (meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeved waistcoat), and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him! though it was to break her heart. Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

While my mind had been in an unsettled state about her favoring this young man, I had felt that unreasonable toward Pickleson, that it was well for him he had got his legacy down. For I often thought, "If it hadn't been for this same weak-minded giant, I might never have come to trouble my head and wex my soul about the young man." But, once that I knew she loved him,—once that I had seen her weep for him,—it was a different thing. I made it right in my mind with Pickleson on the spot, and I shook myself together to do what was right by all.

She had left the young man by that time (for it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together), and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees,—of which there was a cluster,—with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in our deaf-and-dumb talk, "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend. Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A headache."

"Not a heartache?"

"I said a headache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

She took up the book of my Prescriptions, and held it up with a forced smile; but seeing me keep still and look earnest, she softly laid it down again, and her eyes were very attentive.

"The Prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only farther words to both of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's last Prescription. To be taken for life." After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat (blue, and bright buttons), for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand. There were only us three and the gentleman who had had charge of her for those two years. I give the wedding dinner of four in the Library Cart. Pigeon-pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fowls, and suitable garden stuff. The best of drinks. I give them a speech, and the gentleman give us a speech, and all our jokes told, and the whole went off like a sky-rocket. In the course of the entertainment I explained to Sophy that I should keep the Library Cart as my living-cart when not upon the road, and that I should keep all her books for her just as they stood, till she come back to claim them. So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy I had another service; and so as of old, when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone,

with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me one in an unsteady hand: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know." When I wrote back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular, through Sophy's husband being moved to another station, and through my being always on the move. But we were in one another's thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no letters.

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was still the King of the Cheap Jacks, and at a greater height of popularity than ever. I had had a first-rate autumn of it, and on the twenty-third of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, I found myself at Uxbridge, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I jogged up to London with the old horse, light and easy, to have my Christmas-eve and Christmas-day alone by the fire in the Library Cart, and then to buy a regular new stock of goods all round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas-eve dinner in the Library

Cart. I knocked up a beefsteak-pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humor with everything, except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self, that I saw her touching face quite plainly, before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf-and-dumb child in her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all through my nap. I was on the road, off the road, in all sorts of places, and still she stood silent by me, with her silent child in her arms. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sound **was on** the steps of the cart. It was the light hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that for half a moment I believed I was a going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned, and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in. **A** bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her **mite** of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about

her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice,

“Grandfather!”

“Ah, my God!” I cries out. “She can speak!”

“Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever any one that I remind you of?”

In a moment Sophy was round my neck, as well as the child, and her husband was a wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY

By

REV. J. G. WOOD

PREFACE

WORKS on Natural History are always favorite reading to the young, and this volume is an attempt to supply the juvenile population with a book which, in addition to accurate information and clear arrangement, will be attractive by its numerous illustrations. These not only give the reader a better idea of these strange creatures than mere descriptions can do, but have enabled us to be as brief as possible in our accounts of their appearance and habits. While we have studied brevity, care has been taken to give all necessary information, and especial pains has been bestowed on the descriptions of the birds and beasts of our own country. In all cases for both illustrations and descriptions the latest authorities have been consulted.

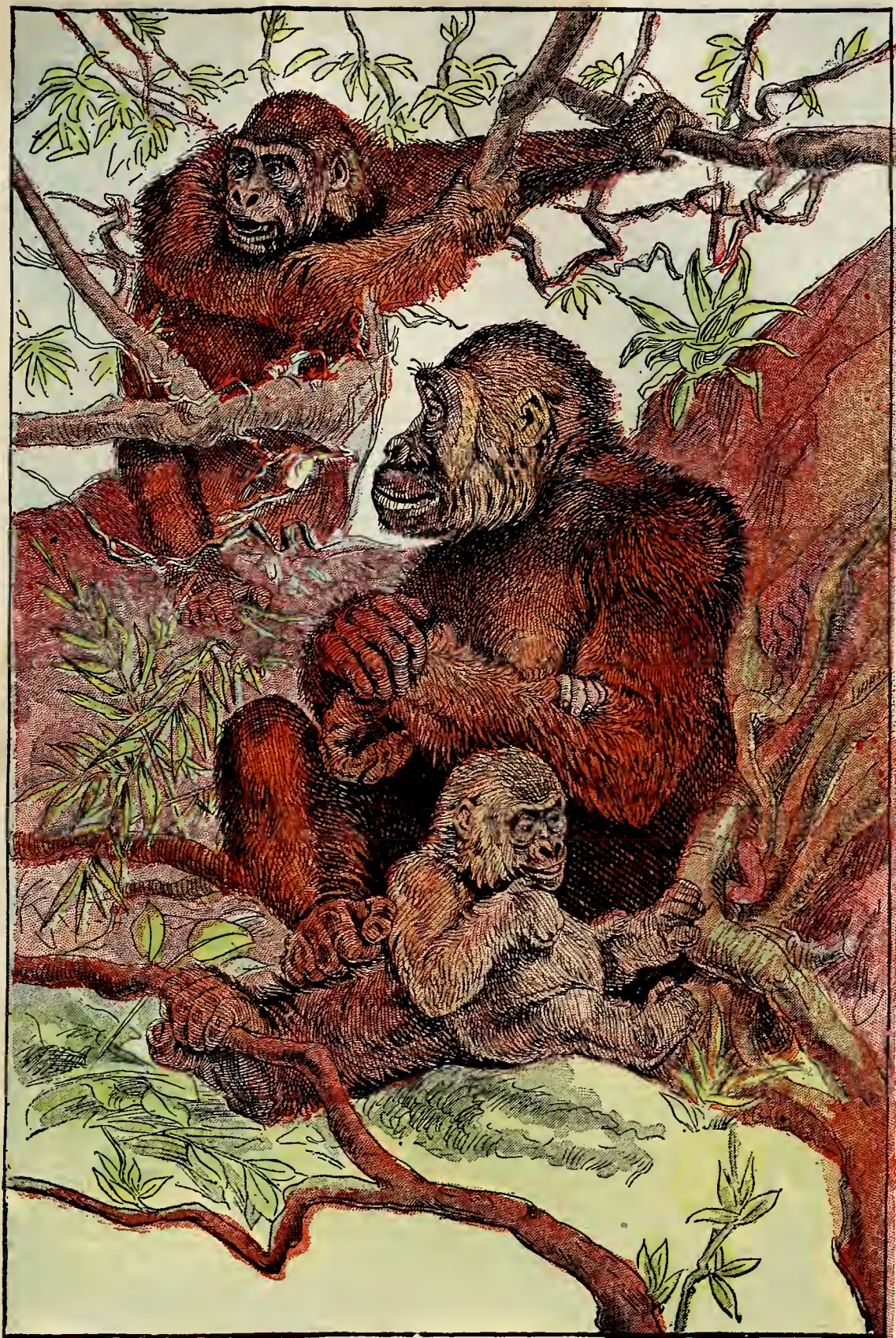
NEW YORK,

October 1, 1899.

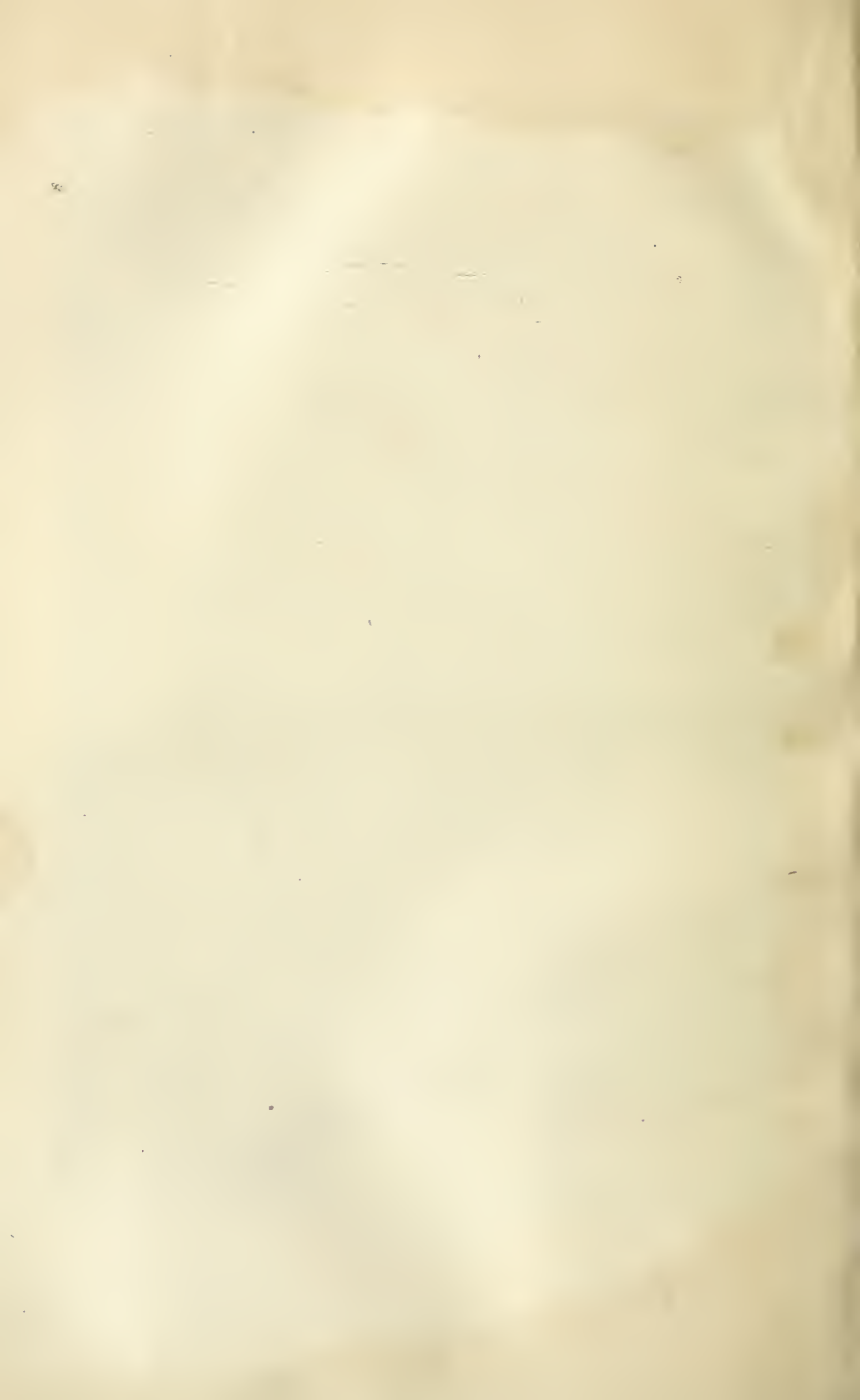


HEAD OF THE PREHISTORIC MAN (*Restored*).

The above head is drawn on the basis of the skull found in 1857 at Neanderthal, near Düsseldorf, in Germany, and supposed to be the cranium of a prehistoric man. It is dolichocephalic, and almost without a brow.



GORILLAS.



WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY

QUADRUMANA

THIS section includes the apes, baboons, and monkeys. The name of *Quadrumana*, or four-handed, is given to these animals because their feet are formed like hands and are capable of grasping the branches along which most monkeys live. Apes are placed at the head of the *Quadrumana* because their instinct is superior to that of the baboons and monkeys. The former are sullen and ferocious, when arrived at their full growth, and monkeys are volatile and mischievous.

The Gorilla, the most man-like of the apes, lives in the forests of Africa. It is shorter but broader than the average man, being about five feet and a half high and about thirty-eight inches from shoulder to shoulder. The neck is short, the forehead retreating, the nose flat, the arms very long and strong, the jaws enormous with large canine teeth. The body is covered with iron-gray hair, while the hair on the head is reddish. Its favorite food is the wild sugar-cane and nuts. When attacked by hunters, it beats its breast with its huge paws, gives terrible roars, and if not fatally wounded at once, flings itself on the hunter, crushing both the weapon and the man.

The Chimpanzee is a native of Western Africa, and large bands of these apes congregate together in repel-

ling an invader. Even the dreaded elephant and lion are chased away by their united efforts. They live principally on the ground, and as their name imports,



SIDE VIEW OF HEAD OF CHIMPANZEE

spend much of their time in caves and under rocks. Their height is from four to five feet. Several young Chimpanzees have shown themselves very docile and gentle in captivity.

The Orang-outan inhabits Borneo and Sumatra



ORANGS IN THEIR NATIVE WOODS

Next to the gorilla, this is the largest of all the apes, many being above five feet in height. The strength of this animal is tremendous. Its arms are of extraordinary length, the hands reaching the ground when it stands erect. This length of arm is admirably adapted for climbing trees, on which it principally resides.

The orangs are dull and slothful. "I never observed the slightest attempt at defence," a traveller writes; "and the wood, which sometimes rattled about our ears, was broken by their weight, and not thrown, as some persons represent. If pushed to extremity, however, they are formidable; and one unfortunate man, who was trying to catch one alive, lost two of his fingers, besides being severely bitten on the face, while the animal finally beat off his pursuers and escaped.

"The rude hut which they build in the trees is more properly a seat, or nest, for it has no roof or cover of any sort. The speed with which they form this seat is curious; a wounded female has been seen to weave the branches together, and seat herself in a minute. She afterward received the fire without moving, and died in her lofty abode, whence it cost much trouble to dislodge her.

"I saw a young Orang-outan. It had a very small and very round body, with very long and slender limbs. Its face was like that of an old miser thoroughly wearied of life. The lips appeared to express its feelings much in the same manner as do the ears of a horse. When it was alarmed or astonished at any object it would shoot out both its lips, and form its mouth into a trumpet

shape. A snail made it produce this contortion of countenance.

“The creature was very tame, and delighted in walking about the garden leaning on the arm of its keeper, and if any lady would venture to be its guide, it appeared as happy as could be.”

When young the Orang-outan is very docile, and has been taught to make its own bed, and to handle a cup and saucer, or a spoon, with propriety. It exhibited much ingenuity in stealing blankets from other beds, which it added to its own. A young Orang evinced extreme horror at the sight of a small tortoise, and when it was placed in its den, stood aghast in a most ludicrously terrified attitude, with its eyes intently fixed on the frightful object.

The Agile Gibbon is a native of Sumatra. It derives its name of Agile from the wonderful activity it displays in leaping from branch to branch. One of these creatures sprang with the greatest ease through distances of eighteen feet ; and when apples or nuts were thrown to her while in the air, she would catch them without discontinuing her course. The height of the Gibbon is about three feet, and the reach of the extended arms about six feet.

The Kahau is a native of Borneo. It derives its name from its cry, which is a repetition of the word “Kahau.” It is remarkable for the extraordinary size and shape of its nose, and the natives relate that while leaping it holds it with its paws, apparently to guard it against the branches.

The length of the animal from the head to the tip of the tail is about four feet four inches ; and its general



THE MANDRILL

color is a sandy red, relieved by yellow cheeks and a yellow stripe over the shoulders.

We now arrive at the Baboons. They are distin-



GORILLAS.

guished from the apes by their short tails. The Mandrill, the most conspicuous of the baboon tribe, is a native of Guinea and Western Africa, and is chiefly remarkable for its vivid colors. Its cheeks are of a brilliant blue, its muzzle of a bright scarlet, and a stripe of crimson runs along the centre of its nose. It lives in forests with brush wood. On this account it is much dreaded by the natives. It is excessively ferocious, and easily excited to anger.

The American Monkeys are found exclusively in South America, and are never seen north of Panama. Their tails are invariably long, and, in some genera, prehensile.

The Coaita is one of the Spider Monkeys, so called from their long slender limbs and their method of progressing among the branches. The tail answers the purpose of a fifth hand; indeed, the Spider Monkeys are said to use this member for hooking out objects where a hand could not be inserted. The tail is also of use in climbing; they coil it round the boughs to lower or raise themselves, and often will suspend themselves entirely by it, and then swing off to some distant branch. They are sensitive to cold, and when chilly wrap their tail about them, so that it answers the purpose of a boa as well as a hand. When shot, they will fasten their tail so firmly on the branches that they remain suspended after death. In walking, they cast their tail upward as high as the shoulders, and then bend it over so as to form a counterbalance against the weight of the body. In most of the species the thumb is wanting. The Coaita inhabits Surinam and Guinea

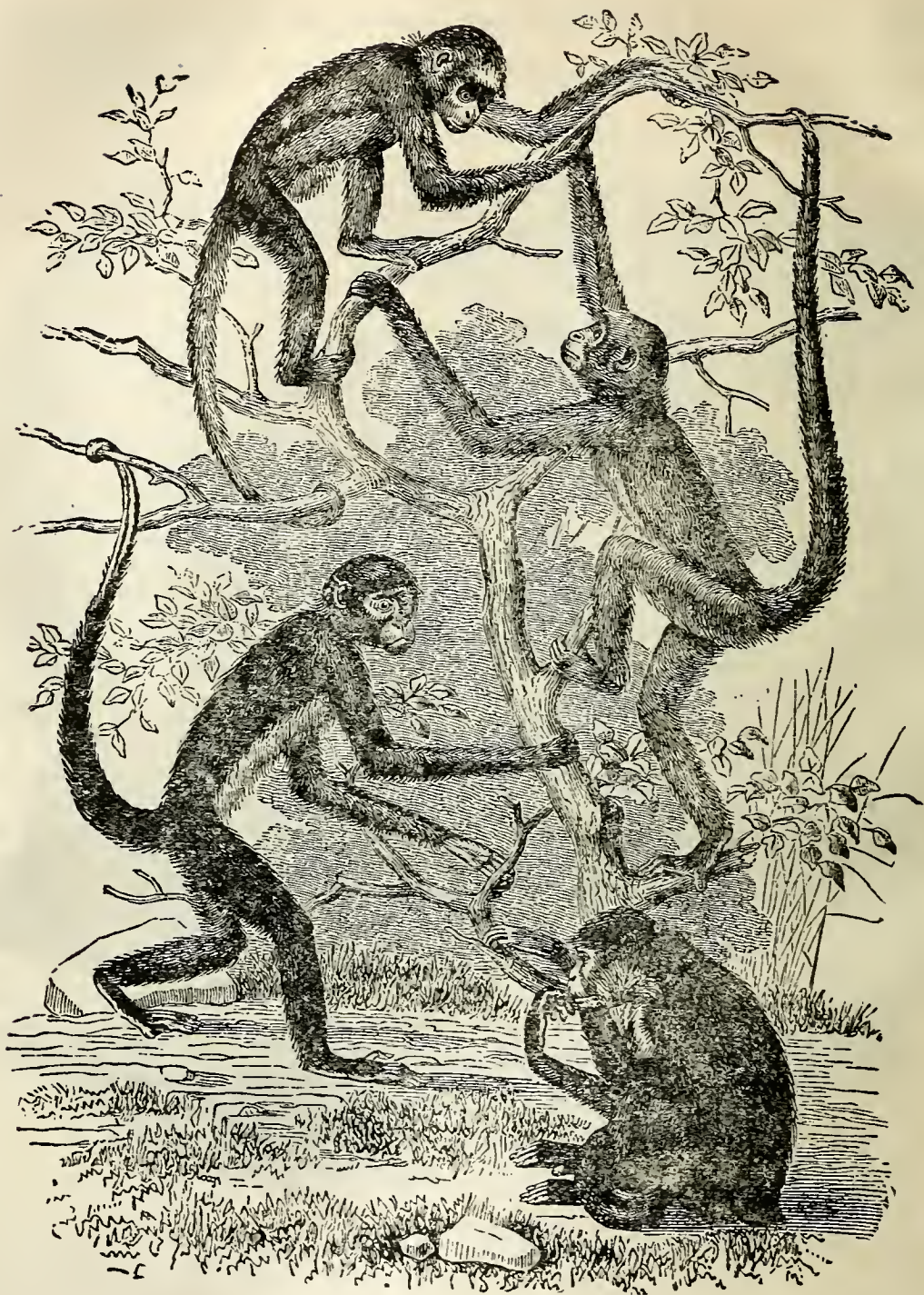
The Howling Monkeys are larger and not so agile as the Spider Monkeys, and derive their name from an



MARMOSETS

enlargement in the throat which renders their cry exceedingly loud and mournful.

They howl in concert, principally at the rising and setting of the sun ; one monkey begins the cry, which



TYPICAL SPIDER MONKEYS

is gradually taken up by the rest. They are in great request among the natives as articles of food, their slow habits rendering them an easy prey.

The Ursine Howler, or Araguato, is common in Brazil, where fifty have been observed on one tree. They generally travel in files, an old monkey taking the lead, and the others following in due order. They feed on leaves and fruit ; the tail is prehensile like that of the Spider Monkeys.

The Marmoset is a most interesting little creature. It is exceedingly sensitive to cold, and usually nestles among the materials for its bed. It will eat almost any article of food, but is very fond of insects. It will also eat fruits.

This pretty little Monkey is also called the Ouistiti, from its peculiar whistling cry when alarmed or provoked.

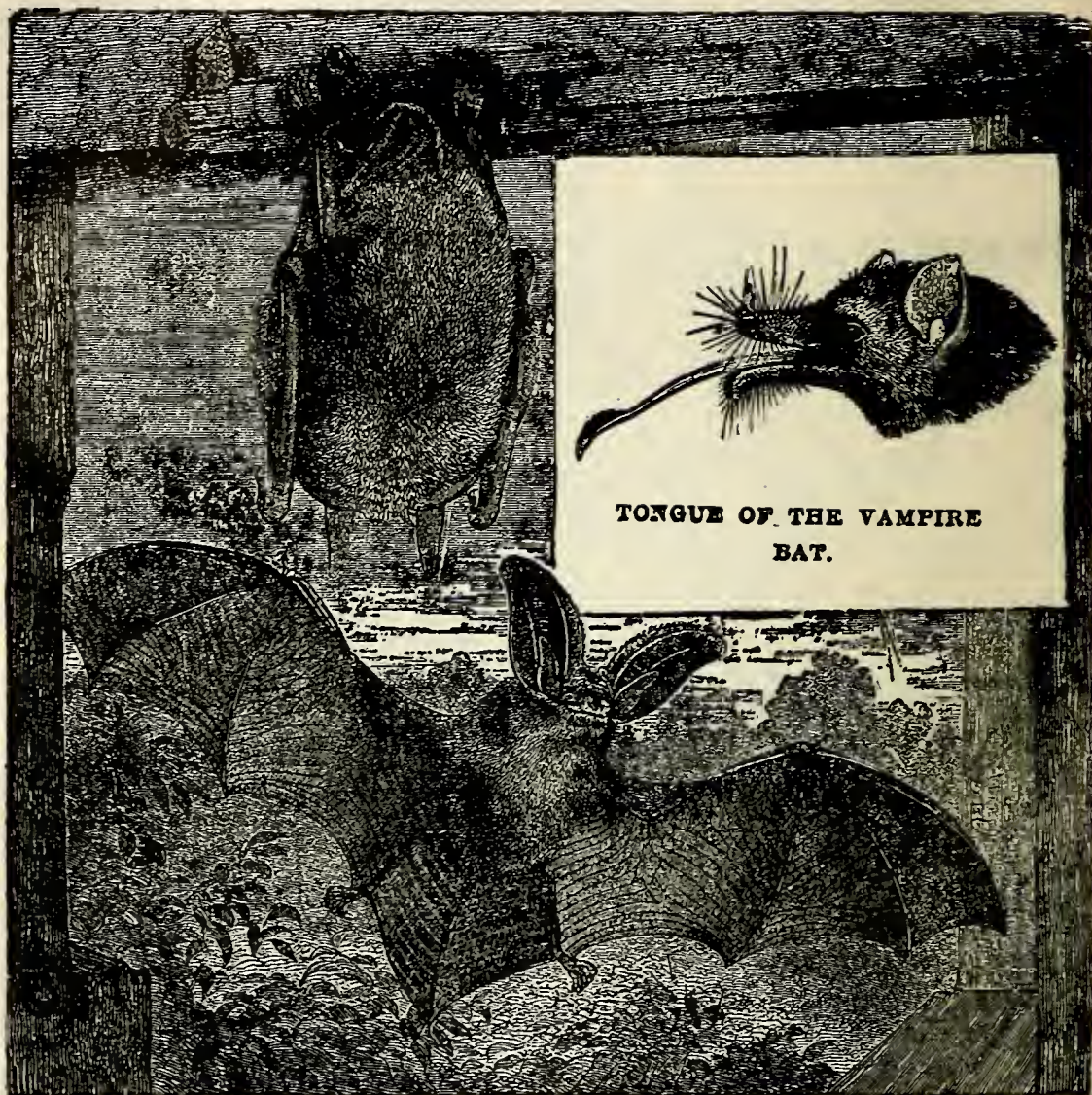
The Lemurs derive their name from their nocturnal habits and their noiseless movements. The Ruffed Lemur is a native of Madagascar. It lives in the depths of the forests, and only moves by night, the entire day being spent in sleep. Its food consists of fruits, insects, and small birds, which latter it takes while they are sleeping. This is the largest of the Lemurs, being rather larger than a cat.

The Slender Loris is a native of India, Ceylon, etc. It, like the Lemur, seldom moves by day, but prowls about at night in search of food.

WING-HANDED ANIMALS

WE now arrive at the Bats, or Cheiroptêra, whose fore-paws, or hands, are developed into wings by a thin membrane.

The usual food of Bats is insects, which they mostly capture on the wing; but some, as the Vampires, suck



LONG-EARED BAT

blood from other animals, and a few, as the Kalong or Flying Fox, live upon fruits. Even the cocoanut is not secure from their depredations.

The membrane of the wing is extremely sensitive,

and the elongation of the finger joints gives the animal the power of extending or folding it. When the Bat wishes to walk, it half folds the membrane, and assumes an attitude represented in the cut of the Long-eared Bat.

The thumb joint has no part of the wing attached to it, but is left free, and is armed with a hook at the extremity by means of which it is enabled to drag itself along.

The Vampire Bat is a native of South America. It lives on the blood of animals, and sucks usually while its victim sleeps. The extremities, where the blood flows freely, as the toe of a man, the ears of a horse, or the combs and wattles of fowls, are its favorite spots. When it has selected a subject it watches until the animal is fairly asleep. It then fans its victim with its wings while it bites a little hole in the ear, and through this small hole, into which a pin's head would scarcely pass, it sucks up a very ample meal. The victim does not discover anything until the morning, when a pool of blood betrays the visit of the Vampire.

The wound made by the teeth is no larger than that made by a needle, and the blood must be extracted by suction. The membrane on its nose resembles a leaf. The length of its body is about six inches.

The Long-eared Bat may be seen on warm evenings flying about in search of insects, and uttering its peculiar shrill cry. It is easily tamed, and will take flies and other insects from the hand. It will hang by the wing-hooks during the whole of the day, but in the evening becomes very brisk, and eagerly seizes a fly

or beetle and devours it, always rejecting the head, legs, and wings.

When it is suspended by its hinder claws, it assumes a most singular aspect. The beautiful long ears are tucked under its wings, which envelop a great part of its body

QUADRUPEDS

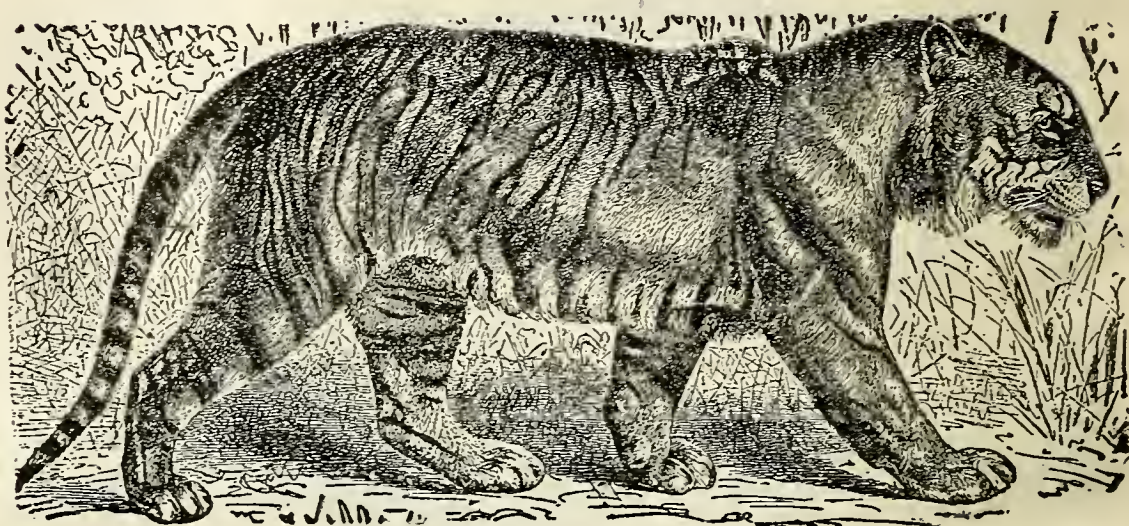
At the head of the Quadrupeds, or four-footed animals, are placed the flesh-eaters, and at the head of them the cat kind are placed, as being the most perfect and beautiful in that section. The cats all take their prey by creeping as near as they can without observation, and then springing upon their victim, which their claws and teeth dash insensible to the ground. Their jaws are powerful, and their teeth long and sharp. Their claws, too, are very long, curved, and sharp, and are drawn back, when not in use, into a sheath which guards them and keeps them sharp. There are five claws on the fore-feet, and four on the hinder feet. The tongue is very rough, as may be proved by feeling the tongue of a common cat. This roughness is occasioned by innumerable little hooks which cover the tongue, point backward, and are used for licking the flesh off the bones of their prey. The bristles of the mouth, or whiskers, are useful in indicating an obstacle when the animal prowls by night. Their eyes are adapted for night work by the pupil expanding so as to take in every ray of light.

The Lion, "king of beasts," inhabits Africa and certain parts of Asia.



FLYING SQUIRREL.

One of the most striking things connected with the Lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists, at times, of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs ; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness



THE BENGAL TIGER

to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts like persons singing a catch. Lions who have once tasted human flesh are the most to be dreaded, as they will even venture to spring in among a company of men and seize their victim. These lions are called Man-eaters.

The Lioness is much smaller than the Lion, and is

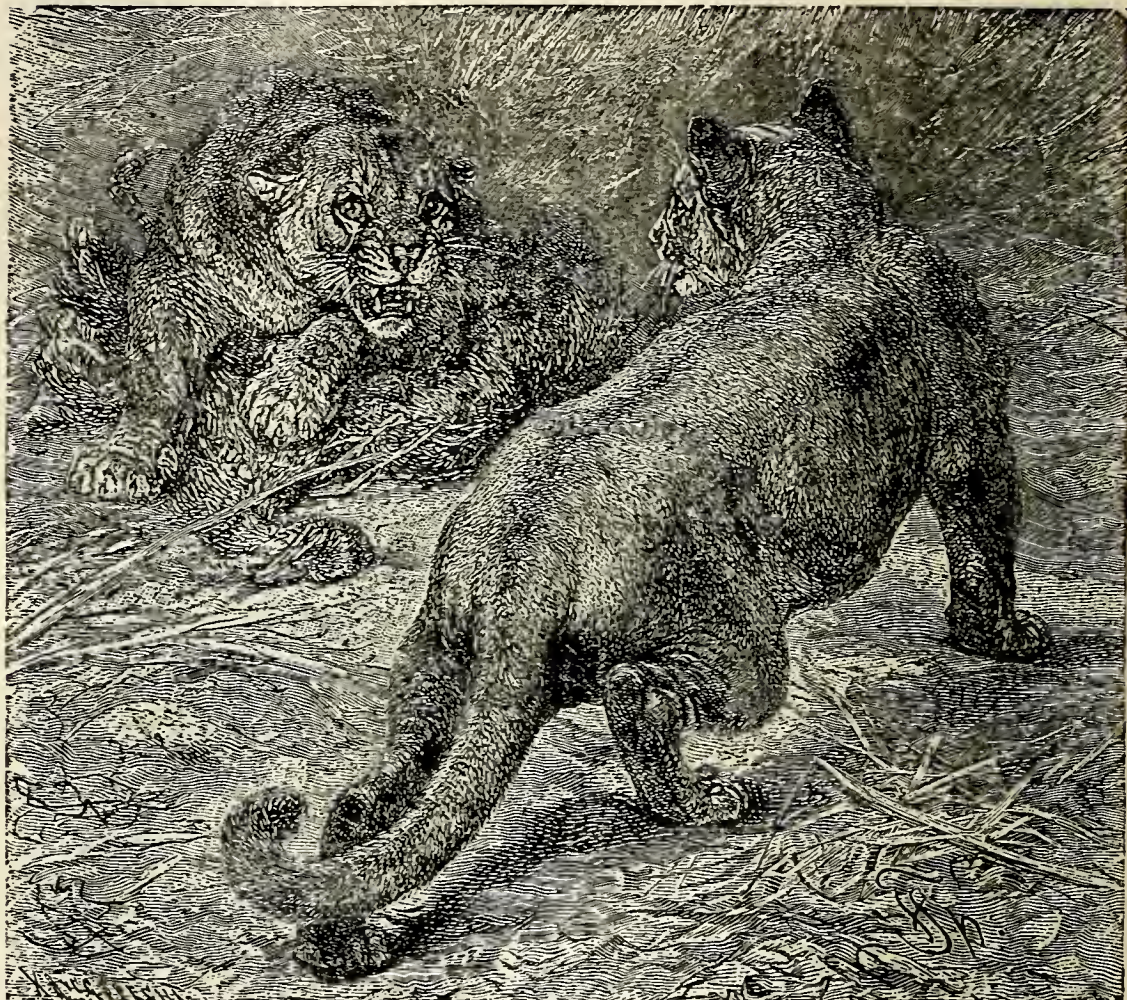
destitute of the mane. As a general rule she is fiercer and more active than the male, especially before she has had cubs, or while she is suckling them. They are beautiful, playful little things, and are slightly striped. They have no mane until about two years old. The cubs are remarkably heavy for their age, and about the size of very large cats, but weigh considerably more.

The Tiger is found only in Asia. In size it is almost equal to the lion, its height being from three to four feet, and its length rather more than eight feet. It has no mane, but it is decorated with black stripes, upon a ground of reddish-yellow fur, which becomes almost white on the under parts of the body. The chase of the Tiger is among the favorite sports in India. A number of hunters assemble, mounted on elephants, and proceed to the spot where a Tiger has been seen in the long grass or jungle. When roused it endeavors to creep away under the grass. The movement of the leaves betrays him, and finding that he cannot escape without being seen, he turns round, and springs at the nearest elephant, endeavoring to clamber up it and attack the party. Many elephants will turn round and run away, regardless of the efforts of their drivers to make them face the tiger. Should, however, the elephants stand firm, a well-directed ball checks the tiger in his spring, and a volley of balls from the backs of the other elephants soon lays him prostrate.

Tigers are usually taken by the natives in pitfalls, at the bottom of which is planted a bamboo stake, the

top of which is sharpened into a point. The animal falls on the point and as impaled.

The Leopard is an inhabitant of Africa, India, and the Indian Islands. A black variety inhabits Java.



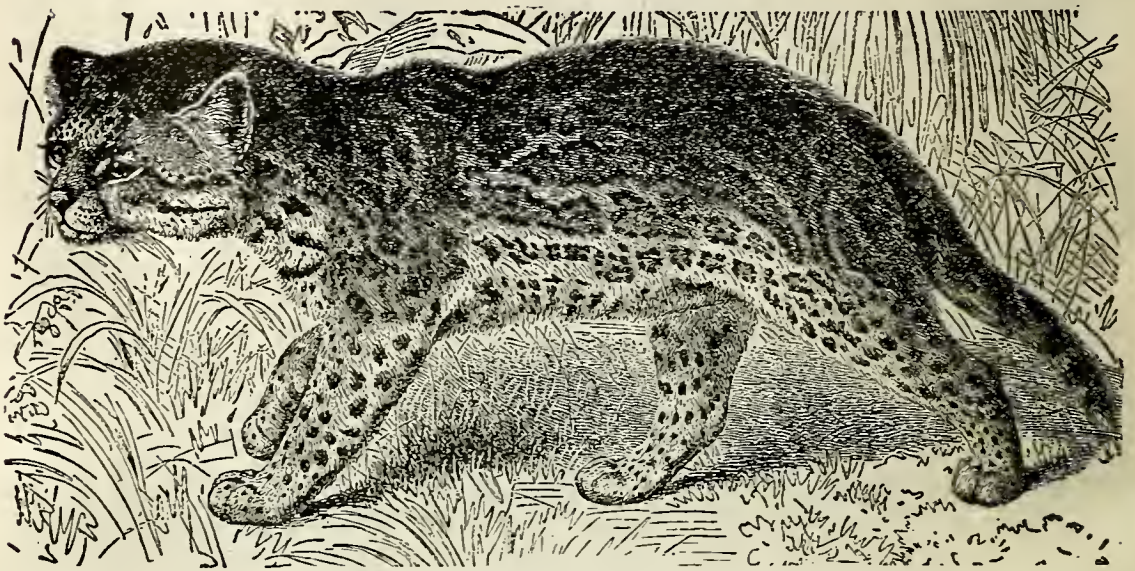
THE PUMA

Its height is about two feet. It lives on trees, and is called the Tree-tiger by the natives. Nothing can be more beautiful than the elegant and active manner in which the Leopards sport among the branches of the



THE LION FAMILY.

trees : at one time they will bound from branch to branch with such rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow them ; then, as if tired, they will suddenly stretch themselves along a branch, so as to be hardly distinguishable from the bark, but start up again on the slightest provocation and again resume their graceful antics. It is easily tamed, and expresses great



THE OCELOT

fondness for its keeper, and will play with him like a cat. It is exceedingly fond of some scents, especially preferring lavender water, by means of which it has been taught to perform several tricks.

The Leopard and Panther are considered the same animal, on the authority of Mr. Gray.

The Jaguar inhabits America. It is larger and more powerful than the leopard, which it resembles in color, but has a black streak across the chest and a black spot

in the centre of the rosettes. It is fond of climbing trees, and chases monkeys successfully, and is said to watch for turtles on the beach, and to scoop out their flesh by turning them on their backs, and inserting its paws between the shells; and will enter water after



THE ANGORA CAT

fish, and capture them in the shallows by striking them out of the water with a blow of its paw.

The Puma inhabits the whole of America, and is held in much dread by the natives. Its color is a uniform gray, fading into white on the under parts of its body. It lives much on trees, and usually lies along the branches.

We always speak of this animal as the panther, or "painter," as it is more familiarly pronounced; some

term it the *cougar*, a word contracted from the original elongated unpronounceable Mexican name, "Gou-azouara."

The Ocelot is a native of Mexico and Peru. Its height is about eighteen inches, and its length about three feet.



THE CANADA LYNX

It is a most beautiful animal, and is easily tamed. When in a wild state it lives principally on monkeys.

The domestic Cat differs from the wild Cat by the form of the tail. That of the domestic Cat is long and tapering, while that of the wild Cat is bushy and short.

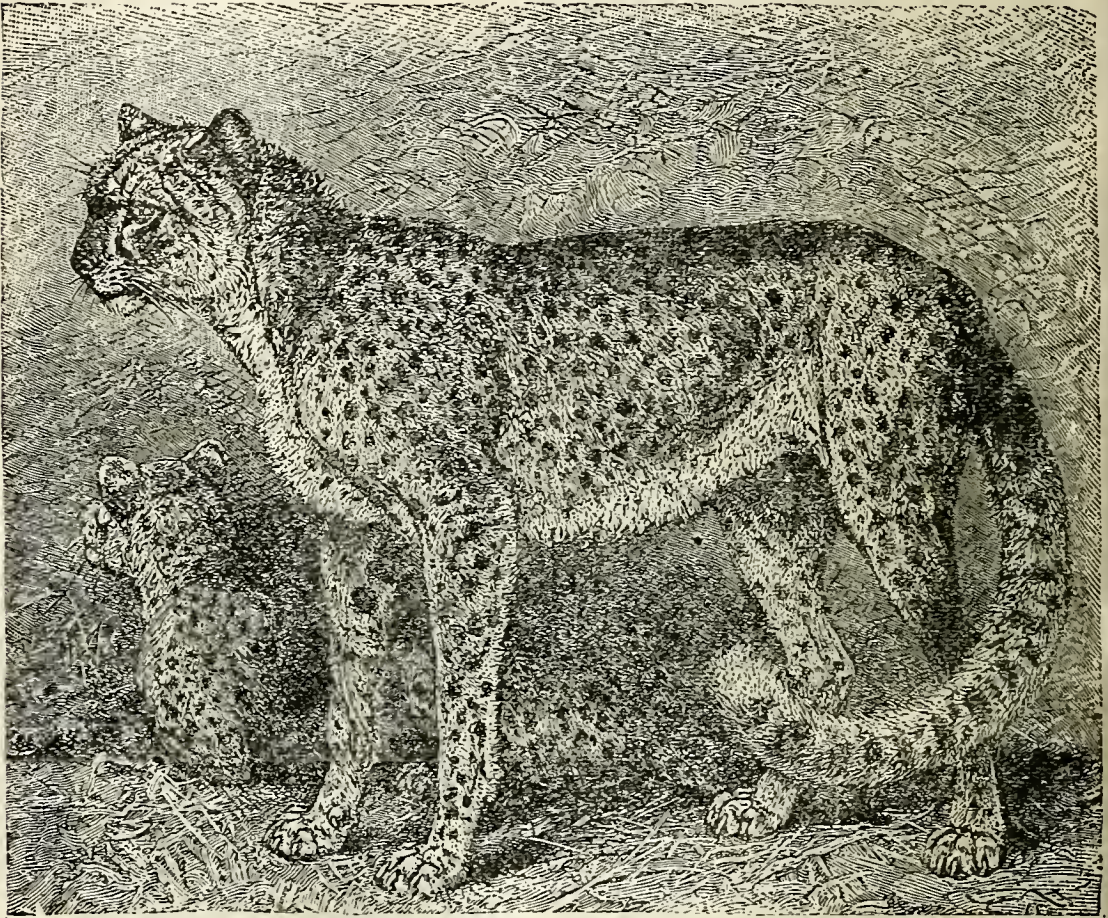
The Cat is known to us as a persevering mouse- and bird-hunter. Kittens but just able to see will bristle up at the touch of a mouse and growl.



LEOPARD.

The Cat displays a great affection for her kittens, and her pride when they first run about is quite amusing.

Cats are very fond of aromatic plants and several powerful scents. Valerian or catnip appears to be the



THE CHETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD

great attraction, for they will come in numbers, roll over it, and scratch up the plant until there is not a vestige of it left.

There are several varieties of the domestic Cat, among which the Angora cats, with their beautiful long

fur and the Manx cats of the Chartreuse breed, which have no tails, are the most conspicuous.

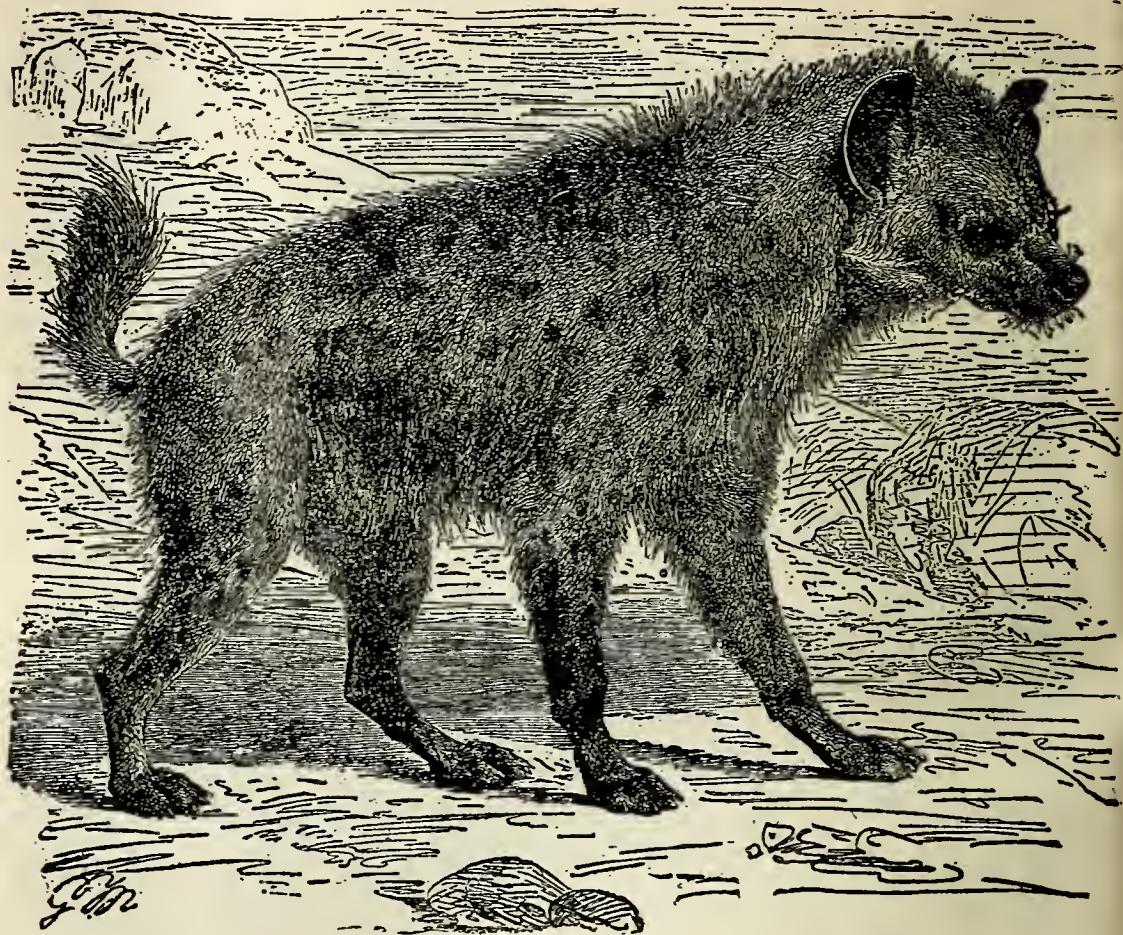
The Lynxes are remarkable for the pencil of hairs which tufts their sharply pointed ears. The Canada Lynx is a native of North America. Its method of progression is by bounds from all four feet at once, with the back arched. It feeds principally on the hare. Its length is about three feet. Its skin forms an important article of commerce.

The Chetah, or Hunting Leopard, is one of the most graceful animals known. It is a native both of Africa and India, and in the latter country is used for hunting game. The Chetah is either led blindfolded in a chain, or placed upon a cart, and taken to the place where antelopes or deer are feeding. When close enough the hunter takes the band from its eyes. Directly the Chetah sees the deer, it creeps off the cart, and when it has succeeded in approaching, it makes two or three springs, and fastens on the back of one unfortunate deer, and waits until its keeper comes up. It is so easily tamable and so gentle that it is frequently led for sale about the streets by a string.

The Hyenina, or Hyenas, are remarkable for their ferocious and cowardly habits. There are several Hyenas, but the habits of all are very similar. The Hyenas, though very repulsive in appearance, are yet very useful, as they prowl in search of dead animals, especially of the larger kinds, and will devour them even when putrid. Their jaws and teeth are exceedingly powerful, as they can crush the thigh-bone of an ox with

little effort. The skull is very strong, and furnished with heavy ridges for the support of the muscles which move the jaw.

The hinder parts of the Hyena are very small, and



THE SPOTTED HYENA

give it a strange shambling appearance when walking. The Hyena is easily tamed, and even domesticated.

The Striped Hyena is found in many parts of Asia and Africa, where it is both a benefit and a pest, for when dead animals fail it, the flocks and herds are ravaged, and even man does not always escape.



JAGUAR.

The Civets are active little animals averaging about two feet in length. The whole group is celebrated for their perfume, which is of some importance in commerce. It is found only in North Africa. It feeds upon birds and small quadrupeds, which it takes by surprise.

The Ichneumons, or Mangousts, with their long bodies, short limbs, and slender tails, insinuate themselves into every crevice in search of their food. Snakes, lizards, crocodiles' eggs, or even young crocodiles themselves, form their food, and they are able to secure birds, and even seize upon the swift and wary lizards.

The Egyptian Ichneumon, or Pharaoh's Rat, as it is sometimes called, is a native of North Africa, and is often domesticated for the purpose of destroying the various snakes and other reptile annoyances, which are such a pest in the houses of hot countries. Its length without the tail is about eighteen inches.

The Dog Family includes the Dogs, Wolves, Jackals, and Foxes. The first of the Dogs is the Kolsun, or Dhale, which inhabits Bombay and Nepaul. It hunts in packs, and has been known to destroy tigers and chetahs. The Newfoundland was originally brought from Newfoundland. It is often confounded with the Labrador Dog, a larger and more powerful animal. The Newfoundland is well known as a faithful guardian of its master's property. It is remarkably fond of the water, and instances are known of this noble animal saving the lives of people who have fallen into the water. This is one of the largest of the dogs, as it stands nearly two feet two inches in height.

There are several varieties of Bloodhounds, inhabiting Cuba, Africa, and England. They all are endowed with a wonderfully acute sense of smell, and can trace a man or animal with almost unerring certainty.



THE WOLF

The Foxhound and Beagle are not very dissimilar in form or habits. They both follow game by the scent, and are used in hunting. The height of the foxhound is about twenty-two inches.

The Beagle is used for hare hunting. It is much

smaller than the foxhound, and not nearly so swift, but its scent is keener.

The Pointer is used by sportsmen to point out the spot where the game lies. It then remains, every limb fixed, and the tail pointing straight behind it, until the gun is discharged.

The group of the Mastiff dogs includes the Mastiff, the Bull-dog, and the little Pug-dog.

The Mastiff is generally employed as a house-dog. It is by far the most sagacious of the whole group, and exhibits much more attachment to its master than the others.

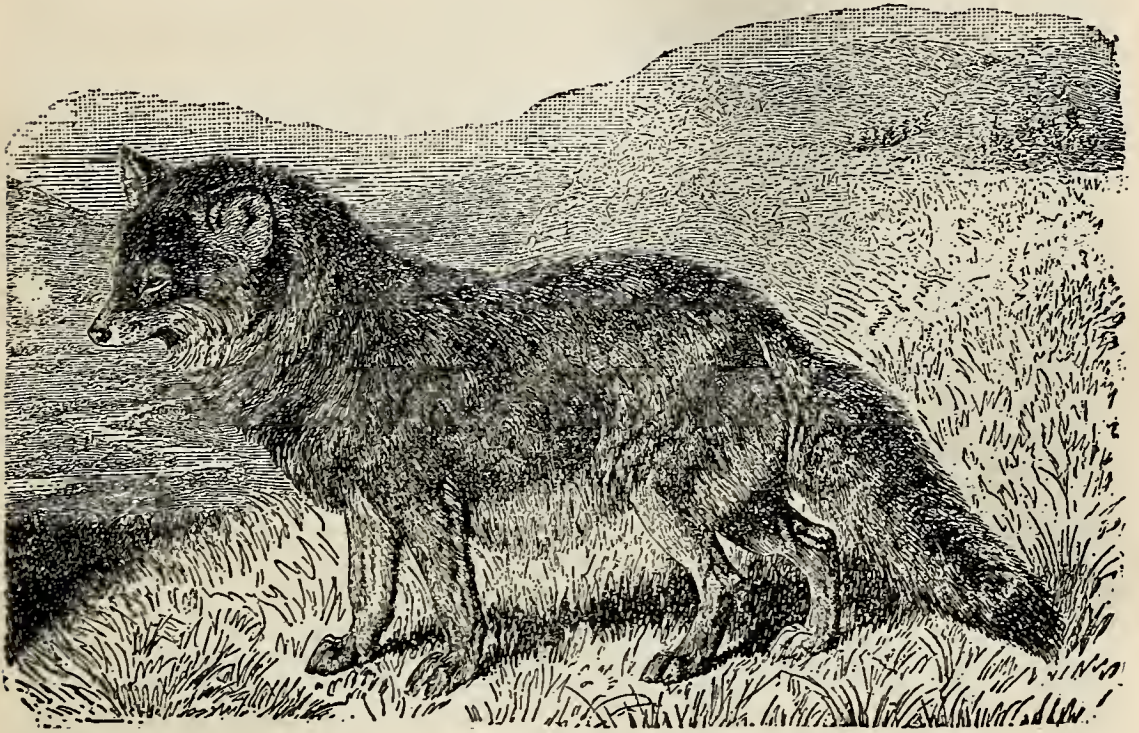
The Bull-dog is proverbial for courage and endurance. This dog was extensively used in the cruel sport of bull-baiting. When opposed to the bull the dog would fly at its nose, and there hang in spite of all its struggles.

The Terriers never grow to any considerable size. These dogs were once used to unearth the fox or the badger, but now are mostly pets, as they are extremely attached to their master, and are capable of learning many amusing tricks.

The Shepherd's Dog is a rough, shaggy animal, with sharp-pointed ears and nose. It is an invaluable assistant to the shepherd, as it knows all its master's sheep, never suffers them to stray, and when two flocks have mixed, it will separate its own charge with the greatest certainty.

The Greyhound is the swiftest of all dogs, and is principally used in the pursuit of the hare, which amusement is termed coursing. It hunts by sight.

The Wolf has very much the form of a large, long-legged dog with a drooping tail. The hair is long, rough, and thick, of a grayish color mixed with black. In the thickly peopled countries of Europe it has been exterminated, but it is still found in Russia in the steppes, in Spain in the mountains, in Hungary and



COYOTE

Lapland, and is common in Central Asia. It is wild and fierce and very destructive to sheep and cattle, and when driven by hunger has been known to attack travellers. In winter they gather in large packs and become a terrible scourge. The American Wolf is slightly different from that of the Old World. The Gray Wolf is more robust than that of Europe, and has a straight and bushy tail. The Black Wolf, in

the time of Audubon, was not uncommon in Kentucky, but is now found chiefly in Florida. The Red Wolf of Texas is more slender than the others, with a cunning, fox-like look.

The Fox. The habits of this animal are mostly nocturnal. It lies by day concealed in its burrow, or



POLECAT

in the depths of some thicket. Toward evening it sallies out in search of food, and woe to the unfortunate hare, rabbit, pheasant, or fowl that comes in its way.

When irritated, the fox gives out a strong, disagreeable scent, which lies so long on the ground that it may be perceived for nearly an hour after the fox has passed. Partly on this account, and partly on account of its speed, endurance, and cunning, the

chase of the fox is one of the most popular English sports.

The Coyote, properly so-called, is a little cur of an animal, scarcely larger than a fox, and is sometimes known as the Indian fox. It has a wolfish head, sharp

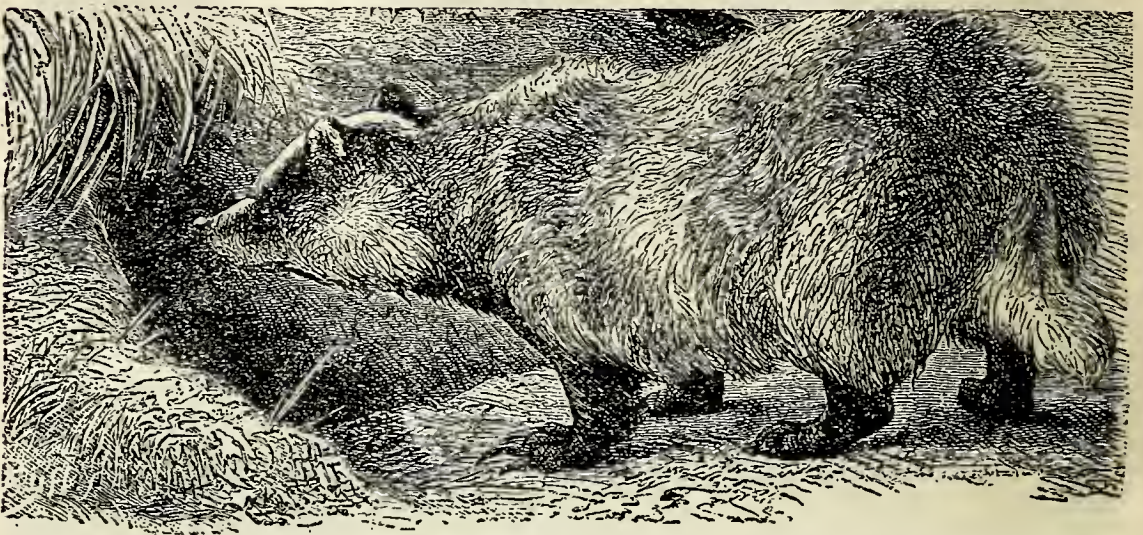


THE PINE MARTEN

ears, a long muzzle, and rough thick tail. The name Coyote, however, is commonly applied to the Prairie Wolf. It digs its burrow in the prairies, on some slight elevation, to prevent the burrow being filled with water. Its howl resembles very closely the bark of a dog. When buffaloes were numerous they used to follow the herds, and attack the weak or wounded

members of the herd. Some of them have been tamed, and they display all the qualities of the common dog, and know their masters. The color is a dirty gray passing into a blacker tint on the back. When full grown it measures about four feet. It is found on the plains of the West and in Mexico.

The Fomart, or Polecat, is known by its giving out an offensive odor. It is bold and bloodthirsty ;



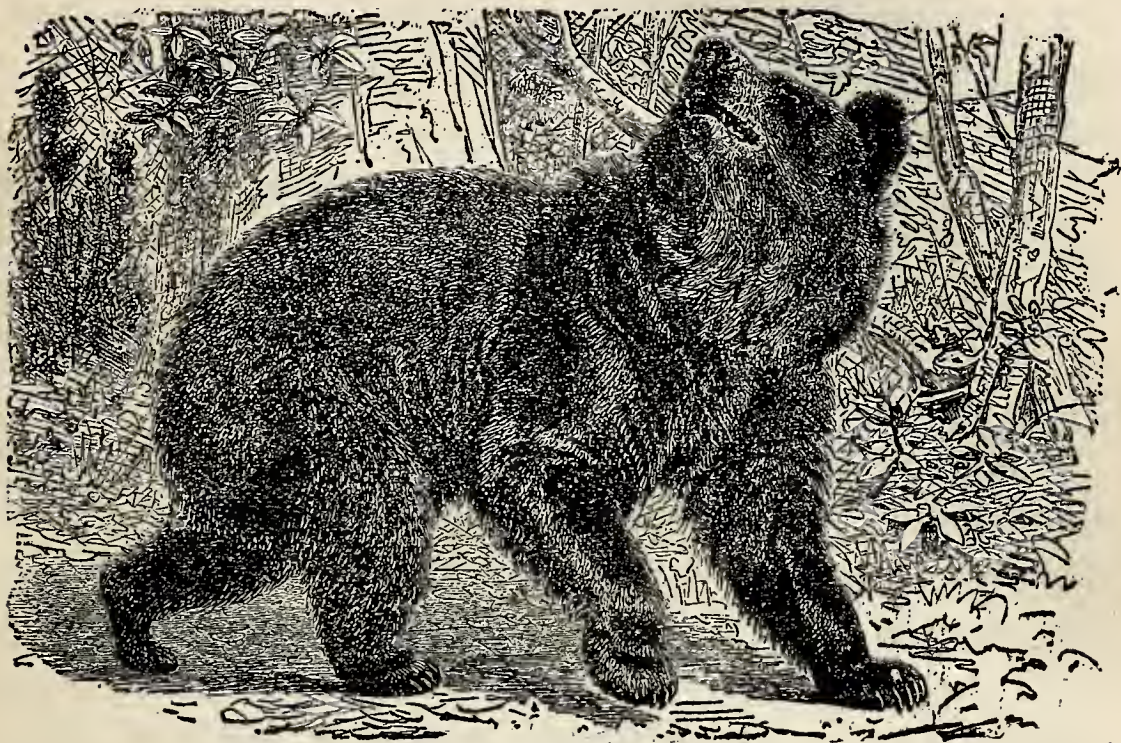
THE BADGER

it sucks the blood of its victims and eats their brains, but leaves the body untouched. Its fur is often sold for sable. It destroys game and attacks poultry yards, and does not despise to make its dinner on frogs and fish. In offensiveness it cannot be compared to our native skunk.

The Mustelina, or Weasels, are easily distinguished by their long slender bodies, short muzzle, sharp teeth, and predatory habits. Almost all the Weasels devour

the brain and suck the blood of their prey, but seldom touch the flesh.

There are two kinds of Martens, the Pine and the Beech Marten. The Pine Marten is not uncommon in North America, where it is much too fond of



THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR

chickens and ducklings to be a desirable neighbor. This animal, as well as the sable, is much sought after on account of its skin, which furnishes a beautiful fur.

The Stoat, or Ermine, is a common English animal. During the winter, the Stoat becomes partially white, in northern countries wholly so, except the tip of the tail, which remains black. In this state it is called

the Ermine, and is killed in great numbers for the sake of its beautiful and valuable fur.

The Weasel is the least of this tribe. It wages unrelenting war on rats and mice.

The Badger. This harmless animal lives at the bottom of deep burrows, in which it passes all the day. When the evening approaches it seeks its food, consisting of roots, fruit, insects, and sometimes young rabbits.

Its skin is rather valuable, the hair being extensively employed in the manufacture of brushes. The length of the Badger is about twenty-seven inches.

The Otter seems to play the same part in the water as the weasels on the land.

It slides noiselessly into the water, turns and twists about below the surface with the same ease as a fish, then, with a sweep of the body, it glides to the surface and ascends the bank with almost the same motion. While below the surface it resembles the seal.

The Otter is easily tamed, and the Hindoos have brought the art of training them to catch fish to great perfection, and keep their otters regularly tethered with ropes and straw collars on the banks of the river.

The Bears and their allies are mostly heavy, and walk with the whole foot placed flat on the ground, unlike the cats, dogs, etc., which walk with merely their paws or toes. All the bears are omnivorous, that is, they can eat either animal or vegetable food, so that a leg of mutton, a pot of honey, a potato, and an apple are equally acceptable.

The Brown Bear inhabits the north of Europe, Switzerland, and the Pyrenees. It is solitary, infests mountains and forests, eats fish and other animals, and subsists partly on fruits and vegetable food. The inhabitants of Northern Europe hunt it, and take it in traps.

The Black Bear is found in all parts of North America. Its total length is about five feet. It prefers vegetable food, but when pressed by hunger will kill and eat small animals. It kills its prey by hugging or squeezing with its fore-paws. Great numbers of black bears are killed for their skins, which have a smooth, glossy fur, and are valuable for cloaks, caps, etc. This animal is an expert climber, is very fond of honey and green corn (maize), and is less fierce and dangerous to man than the brown bear.

The Grizzly Bear is a native of North America. It is the most ferocious and powerful of its family, and is an animal which must be either avoided or fought, for there is no medium. If a Grizzly once sees a man, it will probably chase him, and will do so with great perseverance. An American traveller was chased nearly thirty miles by one of these bears, which would probably have kept up the chase as many miles more, had the traveller not crossed a wide river, over which the bear did not choose to follow him.

The Polar, or White Bear, called Nennook by the Esquimaux, lives in the Arctic regions, where it feeds on seals, fish, and even the walrus, as it dives with great ease, and is able to chase the seal amid the waves.

These bears are often drifted from Greenland to Iceland on fields of ice, and the inhabitants are forced to rise in a body and put an end to their depredations.

The Raccoon is about the size of a fox, and an inhabitant of Canada and other parts of America. It is



COMMON RACCOON

said to wash its food before eating it. Its skin is valuable, and is much sought after.

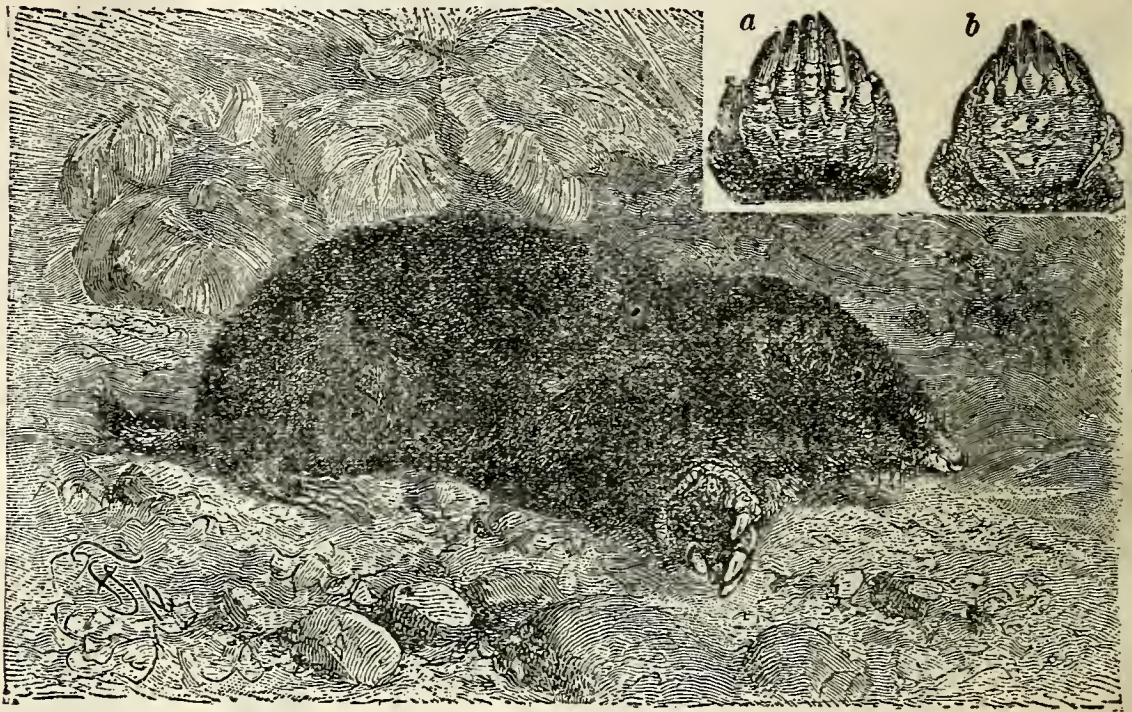
The food of the Raccoon is principally small animals and insects. Like a squirrel when eating a nut, the Raccoon usually holds its food between its fore-paws pressed together, and sits upon its hind-quarters while it eats. Like the fox, it prowls by night.

The Mole. The eyes of the Mole are very small, in



THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

order to prevent them from being injured by the earth through which the animal makes its way. The acute ears and delicate sense of smell supply the place of eyes. Its fur is very fine, soft, capable of turning in any direction, and will not retain a particle of mould. The two fore-paws are composed of five fingers, armed



THE MOLE. — *a* and *b*, Upper and Lower Surface of Right Fore-Foot of Mole.

with sharp, strong nails, in order to scrape up the earth; and the hands are turned outward, so as to throw the earth out of its way.

It is a good swimmer, and can pass from bank to bank, or from the shore to an island, and when the fields are inundated by floods it can save itself by swimming.

The construction of the Mole's habitation is very singular and interesting. Each Mole has its own habitation and hunting ground, and will not permit strangers to trespass upon its preserves, which it guards, not by "man-traps" and "spring-guns," but by its claws and teeth.



THE SPIDER MUSK-SHREW AND COMMON SHREW

The animal works desperately for several hours, and then rests for as many hours. The mode of burrowing is by rooting up the earth with its snout, and then scooping it away with its fore-feet.

The depth at which this animal works depends almost entirely on the time of year. In the summer, the worms come to the surface, and the Mole accordingly follows them, making quite superficial runs, and sometimes only scooping trenches on the surface. But in

the winter, when the worms sink deep into the ground, the Mole is forced to follow them there, to work at the hard soil, as it did in the earth nearer the surface.



THE HEDGEHOG

Moles vary in color, the usual tint being a very deep brown, almost black ; but they have been seen of an orange color, and a white variety is not uncommon. There are several Moles known : the Shrew Mole, the Changeable Mole, the Cape Mole, and the Star-nosed Mole are the most conspicuous.

The Shrew Mouse is very like the common mouse,



POLAR BEAR.

but is distinguished from it by the length of the nose, which is used for grubbing up the earth in search of earth-worms and insects. A peculiar scent is diffused from these animals, which is possibly the reason why the cat will not eat them, although she will readily destroy them.

The Shrew has no connection with the true mice. It belongs to a different class of animals, its teeth being sharp and pointed, whereas those of the mouse are broad and chisel-shaped.

There are, besides the common species, the Oared and the Water Shrew. The formation of their hair as seen under a powerful microscope is very beautiful, but quite distinct from the hair of the mouse or rat. In the autumn, numbers of these little animals may be seen lying dead, but what causes this destruction is not known.

The Hedgehog is one of the remarkable animals that are guarded with spikes. These spikes are fixed into the skin in a very beautiful and simple manner. When the Hedgehog is annoyed it rolls itself up, and the tightness of the skin causes all its spines to stand firm and erect. While rolled up, even the dog and the fox are baffled by it; but by rolling it along they push it into a puddle or pool, when the Hedgehog immediately unrolls itself to see what is the matter, and before it can close itself again is seized by its crafty enemy.

The food of the Hedgehog consists of insects, snails, frogs, mice, and snakes. Dr. Buckland placed a snake in the same box with a Hedgehog. The Hedgehog gave the snake a severe bite, and then rolled itself up,

this process being repeated until the spine of the snake was broken in several places ; it then began at the tail, and ate the snake gradually, as one would eat a radish.

The flesh of the Hedgehog is said to be good eating, and the gypsies frequently make it a part of their diet, as do the people in some parts of Europe.

During the winter it lives in a torpid state, in a hole well lined with grass and moss, and when discovered looks like a round mass of leaves as it has rolled itself among the fallen foliage, which adheres to its spikes.

In the Kangaroos the hind-legs are very long and immensely powerful ; the fore-legs are very small, and used more as hands than for walking ; the tail also is very thick and strong, and assists the animal in its leaps.

The Great Kangaroo inhabits Australia, where the natives live much on its flesh. Its method of progression is by immense leaps from its long hind-legs. The natural walking position of this animal is on all four legs, although it constantly sits up on the hinder legs, or even stands on a tripod composed of its hind feet and tail, in order to look out over the tops of the luxuriant grass among which it lives. The leaping movements are required for haste or escape, the length of each leap being about fifteen feet.

Hunting this animal is a favorite sport. The natives either knock it down with the boomerang, spear it from behind a bush, or unite together and hem in a herd, which soon fall victims. The colonists either shoot it or hunt it with dogs. The "old man," or "boomer," as the colonists call the Great Kangaroo,

invariably leads the dogs a severe chase, always attempting to reach water and escape by swimming. It is a formidable foe to the dogs when it stands at bay, as it seizes the dog with its fore-legs, and either holds him under water until he is drowned, or tears him open with a well-directed kick of its powerful hind-feet, which are armed with a very sharp claw.

The female Kangaroo carries its young about in a kind of pouch, from which they emerge when they wish for a little exercise, and leap back again on the slightest alarm. All the kangaroos and the opossums have this pouch.

The length of the Great Kangaroo is about five feet without the tail, the length of which is about three feet.

There are many species of Kangaroo, the most extraordinary being the Tree Kangaroo, which can hop about on trees, and has curved claws on its fore-paws, like those of the sloth, to enable it to hold on the branches.

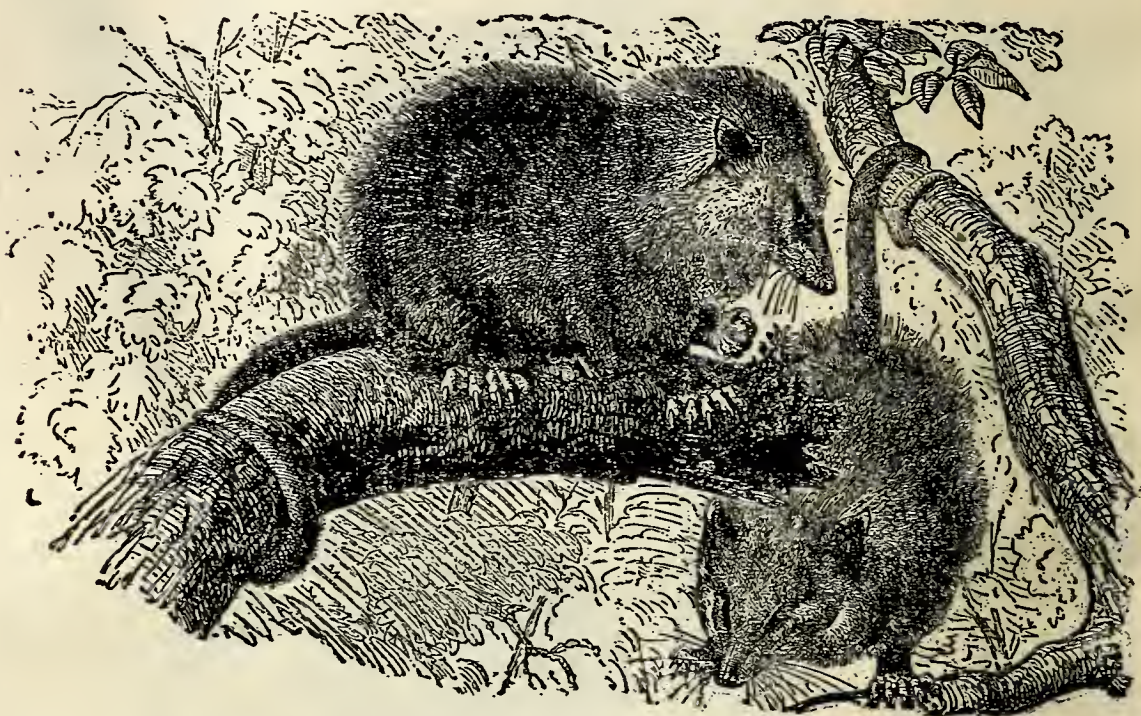
The Opossum inhabits North America, and is hunted for the sake of its flesh. When it perceives the hunter, it lies still between the branches ; but if disturbed from its hiding place, it attempts to escape by dropping among the herbage and creeping silently away.

Its food consists of insects, birds, eggs, etc., and it is very destructive among the hen-roosts. The Opossum uses its tail for climbing and swinging from branch to branch, and makes it also a support for its young, who sit on its back and twist their tails round their mother's in order to prevent themselves from falling off.



KANGAROOS.

When overtaken by its pursuers, it can simulate death so admirably that it frequently deceives the foe. The length of the Opossum is about twenty-two inches, and its height about that of an ordinary cat. When disturbed or alarmed it gives out a very unpleasant odor.

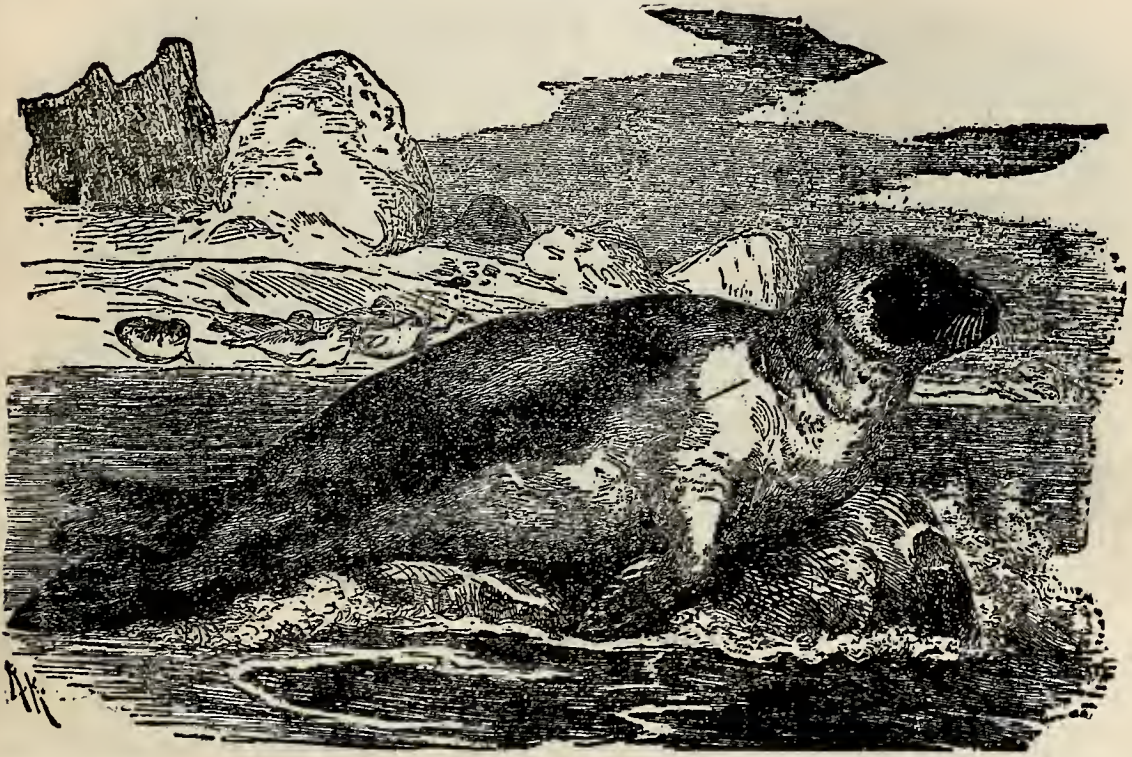


COMMON OPOSSUM

The Seals and Whales, although they are not fish, are inhabitants of the water. The fore-feet of the Seal are used as fins, and the two hinder feet almost as the tail of a fish, to direct its course. On land the movements of this animal are very clumsy; it shuffles along by means of its fore-feet, and drags its hind-feet after it.

Seals live during warm weather mostly in the

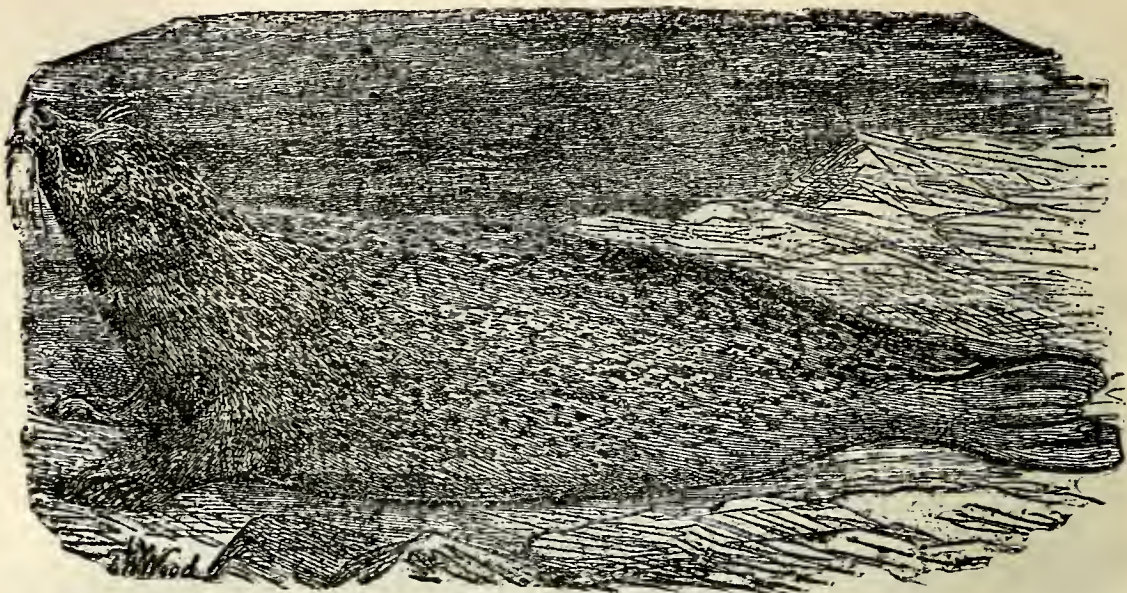
cold regions of the north and south poles, and go into milder waters in the winter. They like to bask in the sun upon rocks, sand-banks, or ice-floes. They can see far, and their sense of smell is very sharp. They live mostly on mollusks, crabs, and fish. In the winter they make holes in the ice where they can come up to breathe.



THE GREENLAND SEAL

Seals are among the most useful of animals to man. The Greenlanders use their flesh for food; their oil for light, warmth, and cooking; their skins for clothes, boots, and coverings of boats and tents; their sinews for thread and fishing-lines; the skins of the entrails for window-curtains and shirts; and their blood for making soup. Seal-skins are an important article of

commerce and the seal-fishery is largely carried on along the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador and also on the islands off the coast of Alaska. The fur in its natural state is yellowish, spotted, and marked with brown, and is unfit for use until it is dyed.



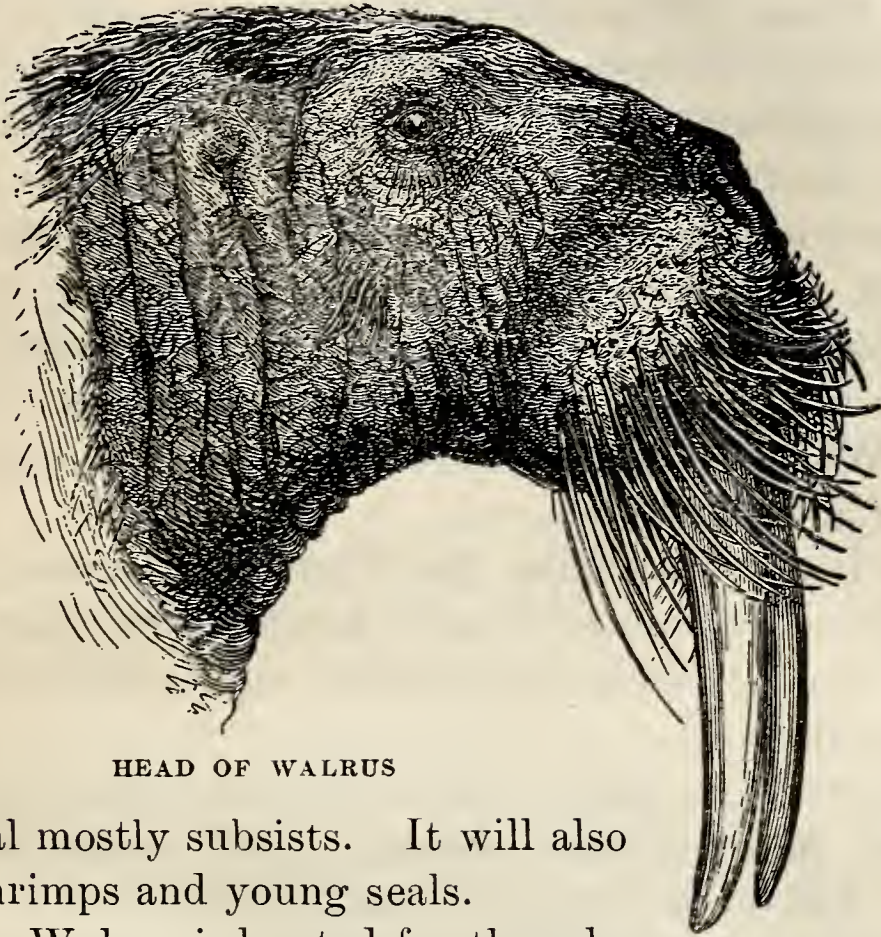
THE COMMON SEAL

The length of the common Seal is about four or five feet, and its weight often two hundred and twenty-four pounds.

There are many Seals known, among which are the Sea Leopard, a spotted species; the Harp Seal, so called because the markings on its back resemble a harp; the Sea Bear, and the Sea Lion.

The Walrus inhabits the northern seas. Its most remarkable point is the great length of its upper canine teeth, which extend downward for nearly two feet,

and resemble the tusks of the elephant. They furnish very fine ivory, and are extensively used by dentists in making artificial teeth. These tusks are used by the Walrus for climbing the rocks or heaps of ice, and also for digging up the sea-weeds on which the



HEAD OF WALRUS

animal mostly subsists. It will also eat shrimps and young seals.

The Walrus is hunted for the sake of its oil, its flesh, its skin, and its teeth. Its length is about sixteen feet, and it yields from twenty to thirty gallons of excellent oil.

The Cetacea, or Whale tribe, closely resemble the fishes, but are distinguished by possessing warm blood, and, in consequence, are forced to rise at intervals in order to breathe the air.

The Whale remains under water for a time much longer than could be borne by any other warm-blooded animal, and is furnished with means for supporting life during its stay beneath the water.

Along the interior of the ribs there is a vast collection of blood-vessels, capable of containing a large quantity of blood, having no immediate connection with that portion of the blood which is already circulating in the body. As fast as the exhausted and poisonous blood returns from its work, it passes into another reservoir adapted for its necessities, while a portion of the arterialized blood in the arterial reservoir passes into the circulation. By means of this wonderful apparatus, a Whale can remain below the water for more than half an hour at a time.

The depths to which the Whale can descend are astonishing, wounded Whales having been known to take down perpendicularly nearly eight hundred fathoms of line.

The great Greenland Whale is found in the northern oceans. Many ships are annually fitted out for its capture. The oil is obtained from the thick layer of fatty substance, called blubber, which lies immediately under the skin; and the whalebone is obtained from the interior of the mouth, where it fringes the jaws, and acts as a sieve for the Whale to strain its food through. The throat of the Greenland Whale is so small that the sailors say that a penny loaf would choke a Whale. The Whale, when it wishes to feed, rushes through the water with its immense jaws wide open, enclosing a

host of little sea animals and a few hogsheads of water. As the Whale wants only the animals, and not the water, it shuts its mouth, and drives all the water out through the fringes of whalebone, leaving the little creatures in its jaws.

The Whale shows great attachment to its young, which is called the cub, and on the approach of danger seizes it with its flipper and carries it down out of danger. Its flippers are in fact fore-legs, furnished with a kind of hand covered with a thick skin. The hind-legs are wanting. The length of this Whale averages sixty feet. Its tail is placed transversely, and not vertically, as in the fishes.

The Cachalot, or Spermaceti Whale. This animal is not furnished with "baleen," or whalebone, but is armed with a number of strong conical teeth, which are placed in the lower jaw, and which are often used in defending itself from the attacks of the whalers' boats. Besides this method of defence, it has a habit of swimming off to a distance, and then rushing at the boat with its head, thereby knocking it to pieces. One of these whales actually sank a ship by three or four blows from its head.

Spermaceti is obtained from the head of the Cachalot. When the whale is killed a hole is made in the upper part of the head, and the spermaceti is bailed out with buckets. When just procured it is almost fluid, but is rendered solid and transparent by being first drained of its oil, then boiled in water, and lastly set to cool in wide pans, where it soon assumes a white, flaky appearance. The skull of the Cachalot occupies only

a small portion of the head, the mass at the end of the mouth being composed of a gristly kind of substance. The bone of the upper jaw runs backward nearly straight until just before the eyes, when it joins the remainder of the skull with a bold sweep. That part of the skull is called "Neptune's Chair," and is the part where the spermaceti is found. The layer of blubber is thin, but yields a fine and valuable oil. Ambergris, so long a riddle to all inquirers, is now found to be produced in the interior of the Cachalot. This substance is of the consistency of wax, inflammable, and gives out a kind of musky odor. The length of this whale is about seventy feet.

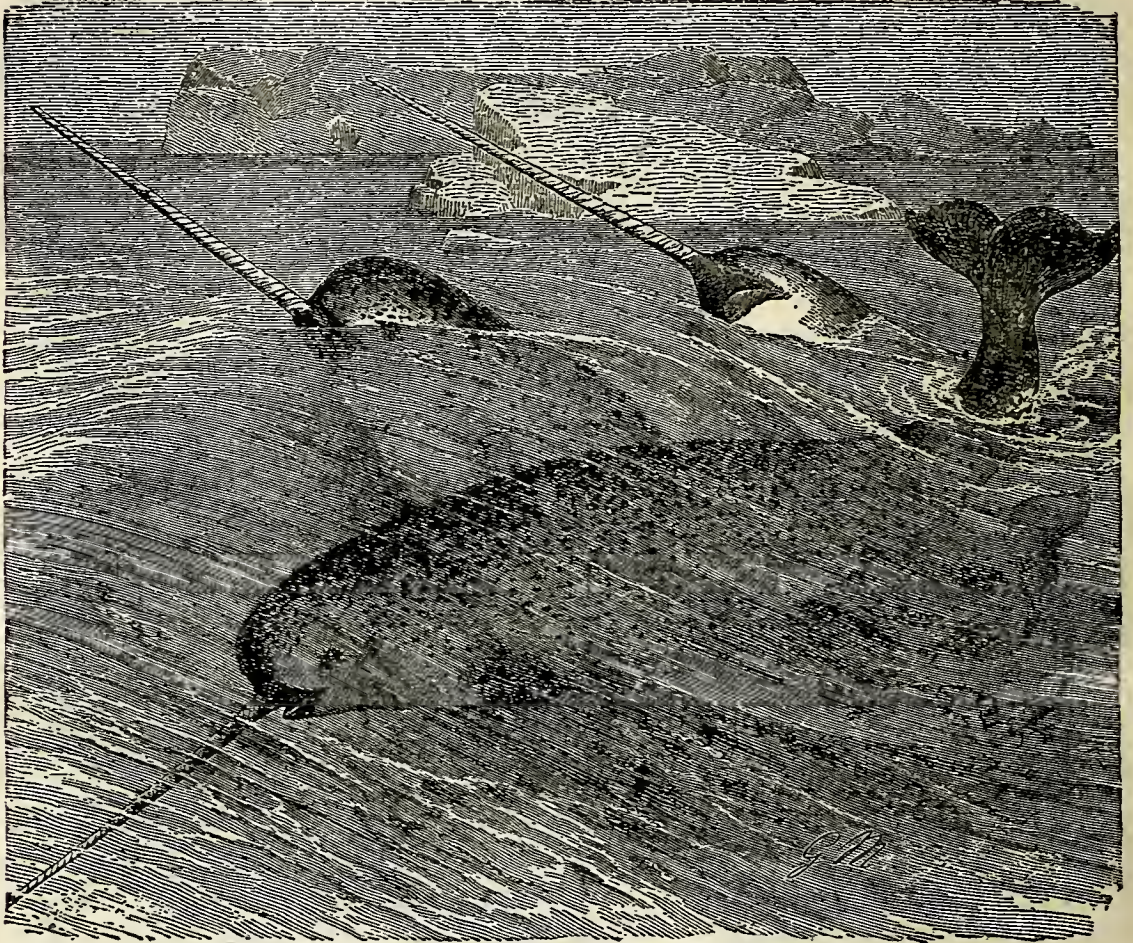
Those readers who have formed their ideas of Dolphins from the very graceful and elegant creatures represented under that name in the pictures of the "old masters," or the statues of the ancient sculptors, will find that the real animal differs much from the ideal. The Dolphin is, like the whale, a warm-blooded animal, suckles its young, and is forced to come to the surface in order to breathe. Its snout is very long, and is apparently used for capturing such fish, and other animals, as live in the mud. The length is from six to ten feet. Several species are known.

The Porpoise. These animals may be observed in plenty playing their absurd antics off every coast of America. They frequent greatly the mouths of rivers, because they find more food there than in the open sea. They tumble at the surface of the water for the purpose of breathing.



GREENLAND WHALE.

In old times the Porpoise constituted one of the standard delicacies of a public feast, but it has long since been deposed from its rank at the table, as its flesh has a very strong oily flavor.



NARWHALS

It feeds on various fishes, but its great feasts are held when the shoals of herrings, pilchards, and other fish arrive on the coasts. The teeth are very numerous, and interlock when the jaws are closed, so that the fish when once seized cannot escape. Its length is

about five feet, its color a rich black, becoming white on the under side.

The Narwhal has one visible tusk, which used to be sold at a very high price as the real horn of the unicorn. Of course, when the whale fishery was established, the real owner of the horn was discovered.

The Narwhal possesses *two* tusks, one on each side of its head. Only the left tusk projects, the other remaining within the head. Sometimes a specimen has been found with both tusks projecting, and some think that when the left tusk has been broken off by accident, the right one becomes large enough to supply its place.

Its body is from thirty to forty feet in length, and its tusk from five to nine.

The Rodentia, or gnawing animals, are so called from their habit of gnawing the substances on which they feed. For this purpose their teeth are admirably formed. In the front of each jaw there are two long flat teeth, slightly curved, and having a kind of chisel edge for rasping away wood or other articles.

The constant labor which these teeth undergo would rapidly wear them away. To counteract this loss, the teeth are constantly growing and being pushed forward, so that as fast as the upper part is worn away, the tooth is replenished from below.

The Brown Rat, sometimes called the Norway Rat, is the species usually found in England and America. It is at all times difficult to get rid of these dirty, noisy animals, for they soon learn to keep out of the way of traps; and if they are poisoned they revenge

their fate by dying behind a wainscot or under a plank of the floor, and make the room uninhabitable.

The Common Mouse is so well known that a description of its form and size is useless. It almost rivals the rat in its attacks upon our provisions, and is quite as difficult to extirpate. It brings up its young in a kind of nest, and when a board of long standing is taken up in a room it is not uncommon to find under it a Mouse's nest, composed of rags, string, paper, shavings, and everything that the ingenious little architect can scrape together. It is a round mass, looking something like a rag ball very loosely made. When opened, seven or eight little Mice will probably be found in the interior—little pink transparent creatures, three of which could go into a lady's thimble, sprawling about in an unmeaning manner, apparently greatly distressed at the sudden cold caused by the opening of their nest.

A white variety of Mouse is tolerably common, and is usually bred in cages. As it is very tame and beautiful, it is in some repute as a pet.

The Harvest Mouse is very much smaller than the ordinary mouse. Its nest is raised about a foot and a half from the ground, and supported on two or three straws. The nest is made of grass, about the size of a baseball.

The Water Rat is very common on banks of rivers, brooks, etc. It does not eat fish; but gnaws the green bark from reeds, which it completely strips, leaving the mark of each tooth as it proceeds.



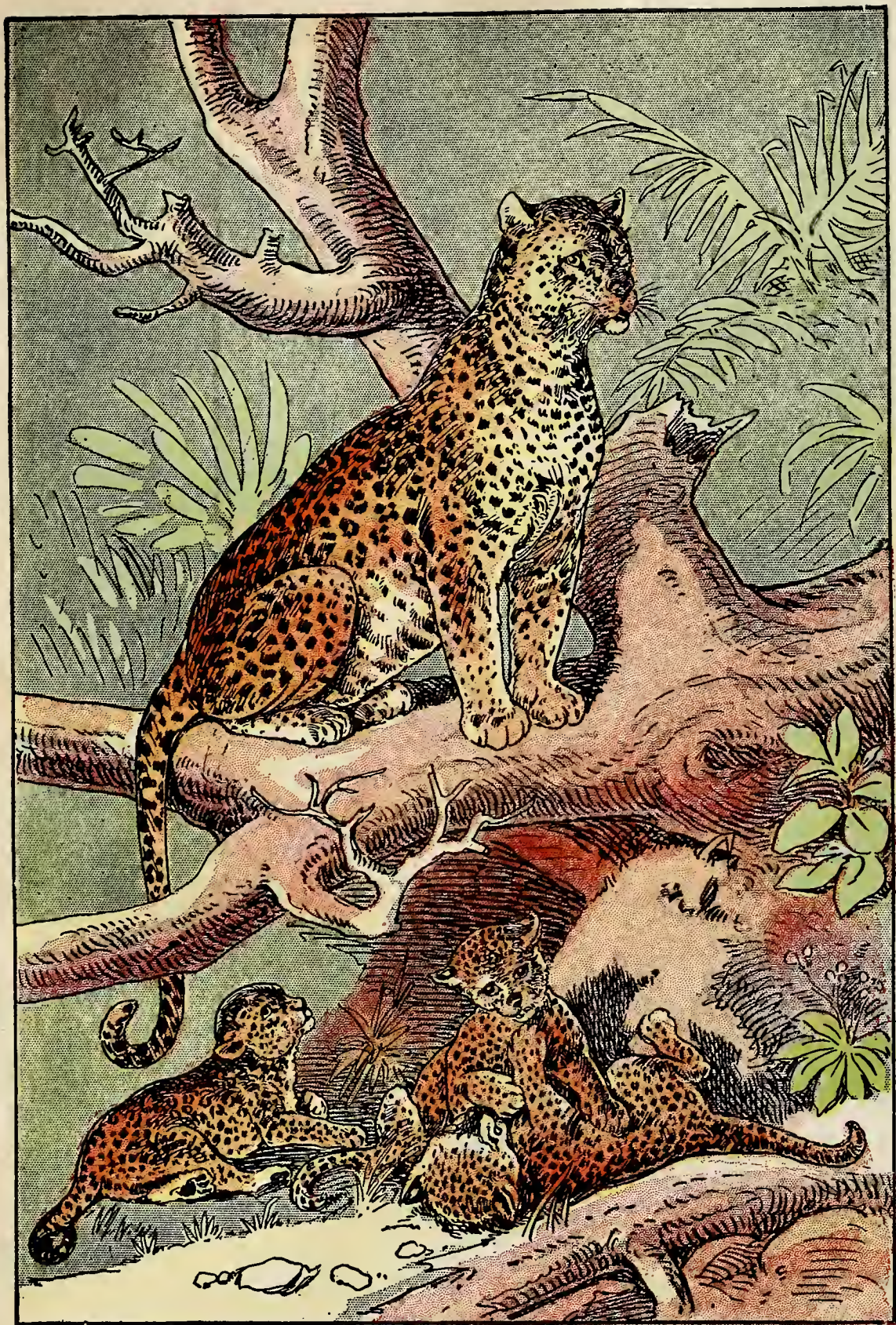
BEAVERS AT WORK.

The Beaver. North America is the principal country where the Beaver is found, but it is also to be found on the Euphrates, and along some of the larger European rivers, as the Rhone and the Danube.

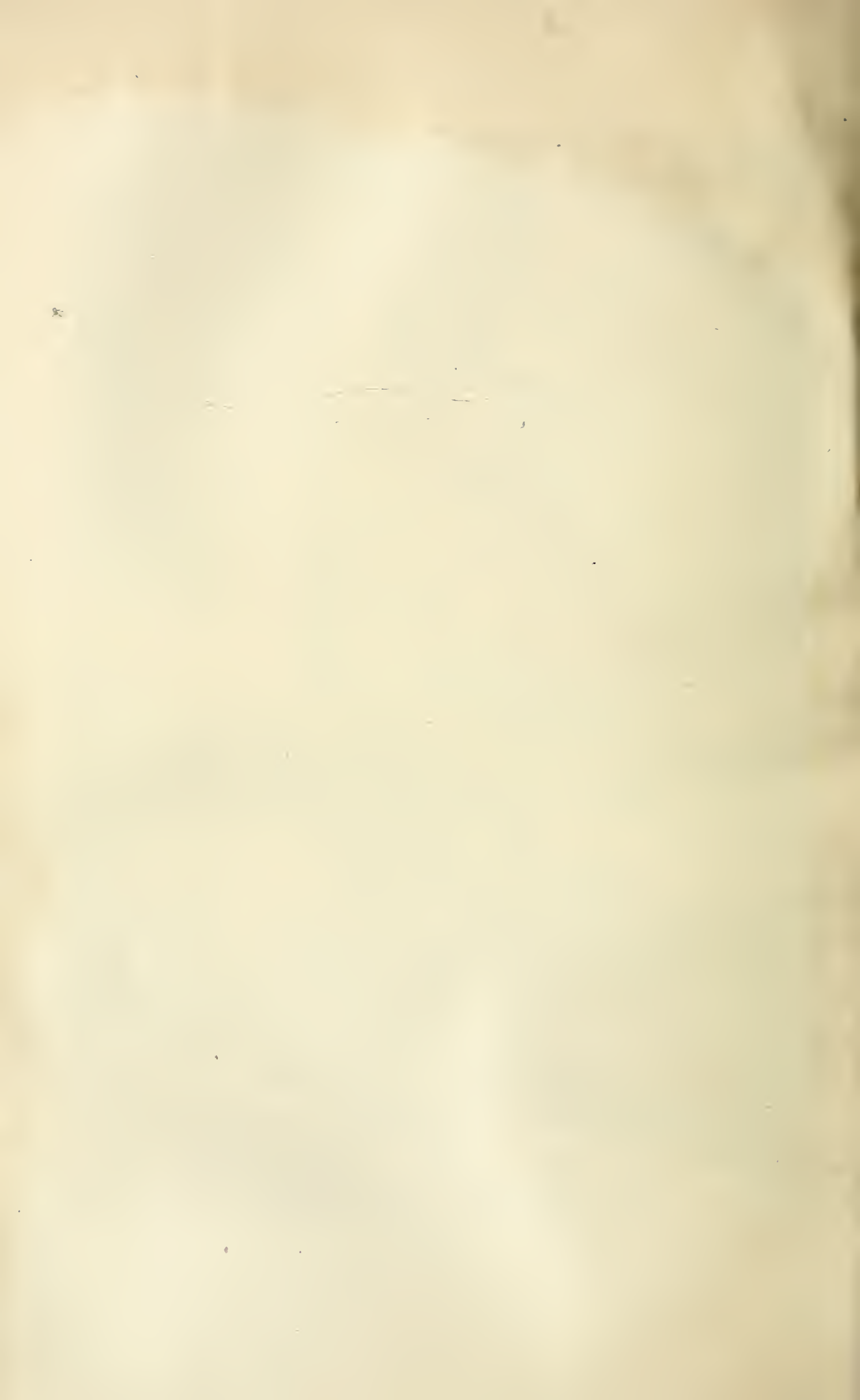
The houses of the Beaver are built of mud, stones, and sticks. They are placed in a stream, and their entrance is always below the surface. As a severe frost would freeze up their doors, it is necessary to make the stream deep enough to prevent the frost from reaching the entrances. This object is attained by building a dam across the river, to keep back the water until it is sufficiently deep for the Beaver's purposes. The dam is made of branches which the Beaver cuts down with its strong, sharp teeth, and mud and stones worked in among the branches. The Beavers throw these branches into the water, and sink them to the bottom by means of stones, and by continually throwing in fresh supplies a strong embankment is soon made.

The mud and stones used in their embankments are not carried on their tails, as some say, nor do the Beavers use their tails as trowels for laying on the mud, the fact being that the stones and mud are carried between their chin and fore-paws, and the mistake respecting the tail is evidently caused by the slap that Beavers give with that member when they dive.

Every year the Beavers lay a fresh coating of mud upon their houses, so that after the lapse of a few years the walls of the house are several feet in thickness. Many of the houses are built close together, but no two families can communicate with each other, except by



JAGUAR.



diving below the walls and rising inside their neighbors' houses.

When in captivity the Beaver soon becomes tame, and will industriously build dams across the corner of a room with brushes, boots, fire-irons, books, or anything it can find. When its edifice is finished, it sits in the centre apparently satisfied that it has made a beautiful structure to dam up the river — a proof that the ingenuity of the Beaver is not caused by reason, but by instinct.

The fur of the Beaver, like that of many other animals, consists of a fine wool intermixed with long and stiff hairs. Its length is about three and a half feet.

The Common Porcupine is found in America, Africa, Tartary, Persia, India, and some parts of Europe. It lives in holes, which it digs in the ground, and only comes forth at night in order to feed. It eats vegetable substances only, such as roots, bark, and other similar substances. The array of spines or quills with which this animal is covered forms its principal means of defence. Occasionally a loose quill falls on the ground, which gave rise to the error that the Porcupine could dart its weapons at its adversary from a distance. There are two kinds of these quills — one kind long and curved, the other short, thick, and pointed. These last are the weapons of defence, as the former are too slender to do much service.

The American Indians use the quills extracted from the Canada Porcupine, a species living on trees, for ornamenting various parts of their dress, especially their moccasins or skin shoes. The length of the

Porcupine is about two feet, and its quills are from six to fourteen inches long.

The Capybara, or Chiguira, looks very like a pig, and its skin is covered thinly with hairs like bristles. It inhabits the borders of lakes and rivers in many parts of South America. During the day it hides among the thick herbage of the banks, only wandering forth to feed at night, but when alarmed, it instantly makes for the water, and escapes by diving. It is hunted for the sake of its flesh, which is said to be remarkably good. The food of the Capybara consists of grass, vegetables, and fruits. Its length is about three feet six inches.

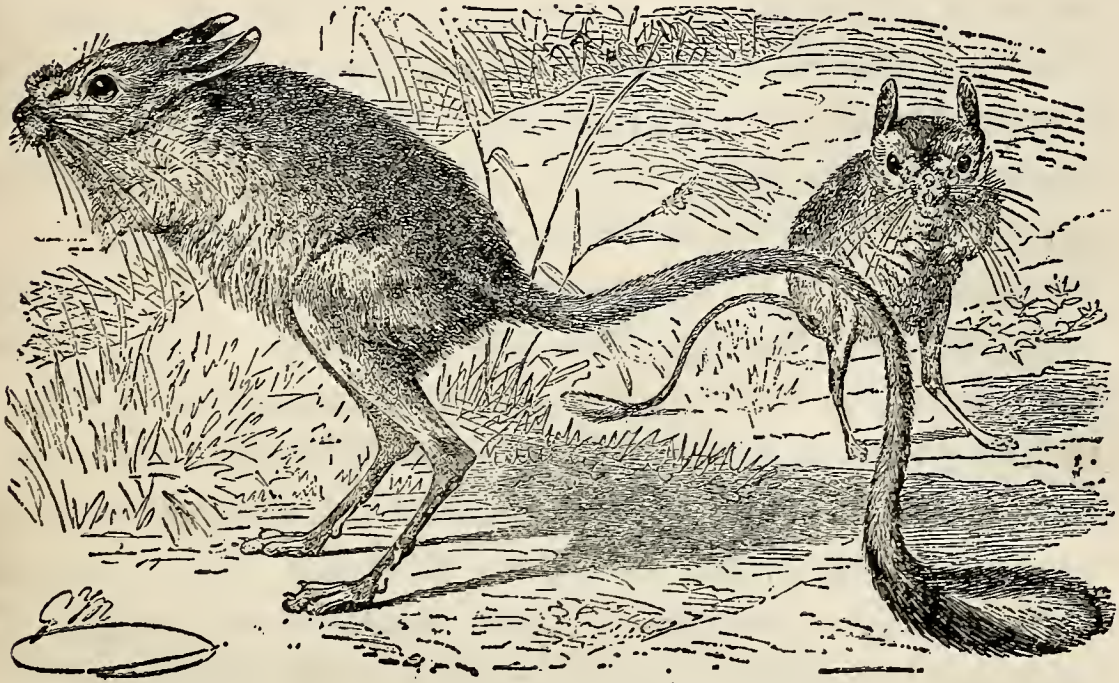
The Guinea-pig, or Restless Cavy, was originally brought from South America, and is frequently domesticated. Its beauty is its only recommendation, as it shows little intelligence and is never used for food. Children are fond of keeping them, as they are easy to manage, and do not make much noise. They are popularly supposed to keep off rats.

The Hare when full-grown is larger than the rabbit, and exceedingly like that animal. But its color is slightly different. The Hare makes a kind of nest of grass and other materials. In this nest, called a "form," the Hare lies, crouching to the ground, its ears laid along its back; and trusting to its concealment, will often remain quiet until the foot of an intruder almost touches it.

In cold countries the Hare changes its fur during winter, and becomes white, like the Arctic fox and the ermine.

The Rabbit is smaller than the hare, but resembles it in form. It lives in deep holes, which it digs in the ground.

The female Rabbit forms a soft nest at the bottom of her burrow, composed of fur torn from her body, of hay and dried leaves. Here the young rabbits are kept until they are strong enough to shift for themselves, and make their own burrows.



THE JERBOA

The tame Rabbit is only a variety, rendered larger by careful feeding and attendance.

The Jerboas are celebrated for their powers of leaping. Their long hind legs enable them to take enormous springs, during which their tails serve to balance them. Indeed, a Jerboa when deprived of his tail is afraid to leap.

The foot of the Jerboa is defended by long bristly hairs, which not only give the creature a firm hold of the ground for its spring, but also defend the foot from the burning soil on which it lives.

Grain and bulbous roots are its chief food ; while eating, it holds the food with its fore-paws, and sits upright on its haunches, like the squirrels and marmots.

The Dormouse is very common in all the warmer parts of Europe. It lives in brushwood, through which it makes its way with such rapidity that it is very difficult to be captured. During the winter it lies torpid, but takes care to have a stock of food laid up, on which it feeds during the few interruptions to its slumbers. A warm day in winter will usually rouse it, but during the cold weather it lies rolled up. It lives principally on nuts, acorns, and grain. It brings up its young in a nest of leaves and hay.

The Squirrel is a very common animal in woods, where numbers may be seen frisking about on the branches, or running up and down the trunks. If alarmed it springs up the tree with extraordinary activity, and hides behind a branch. By this trick it escapes its enemy the hawk, and by constantly slipping behind the large branches frequently tires him out. The activity and daring of this little animal are extraordinary. When pursued, it makes the most astonishing leaps from branch to branch, or from tree to tree, and has apparently some method of altering its direction while in the air, possibly by means of its tail acting as a rudder.

It is easily domesticated, and is very amusing in its habits when suffered to go at large in a room or kept in a spacious cage; but when confined in a little cramped box, especially in one of the cruel wheel cages, its energies and playfulness are quite lost.

The color is a deep reddish-brown or gray, and its tail so large and bushy as to shade its whole body when carried curled over its back.

The Ox. The Ruminants, or animals that chew the cud, include the oxen, sheep, and goats, deer, giraffe, and camels. They have a peculiar construction of stomach, which receives the freshly gathered food, retains it for some hours, and then passes it back into the mouth to be remasticated.

The Ox is spread widely over the earth, scarcely any country being without its peculiar breed. In this country, where it is our most useful domesticated animal, there are many breeds. Each of these breeds has its peculiar value: some fatten easily, and are kept especially for the butcher; others give milk, and are valuable for the dairy. The best dairy cow is the Alderney, a small, short-horned animal, furnishing exceedingly rich milk.

Oxen are often used to draw wagons, or to drag the plough. They are not so strong as horses, and their movements are much slower.

Every part of the Ox is of value. We eat his flesh, we wear shoes soled with his skin, our candles are made from his fat, our tables are joined with glue made from his hoofs, his hair is mixed with the mortar

of our walls, his horns are made into combs, knife-handles, drinking cups, etc. ; his bones are used as a



THE AMERICAN BISON

cheap substitute for ivory, and soup is made from his tail.

The young Ox is called a calf, and is quite as useful in its way as the full-grown Ox. The flesh is termed

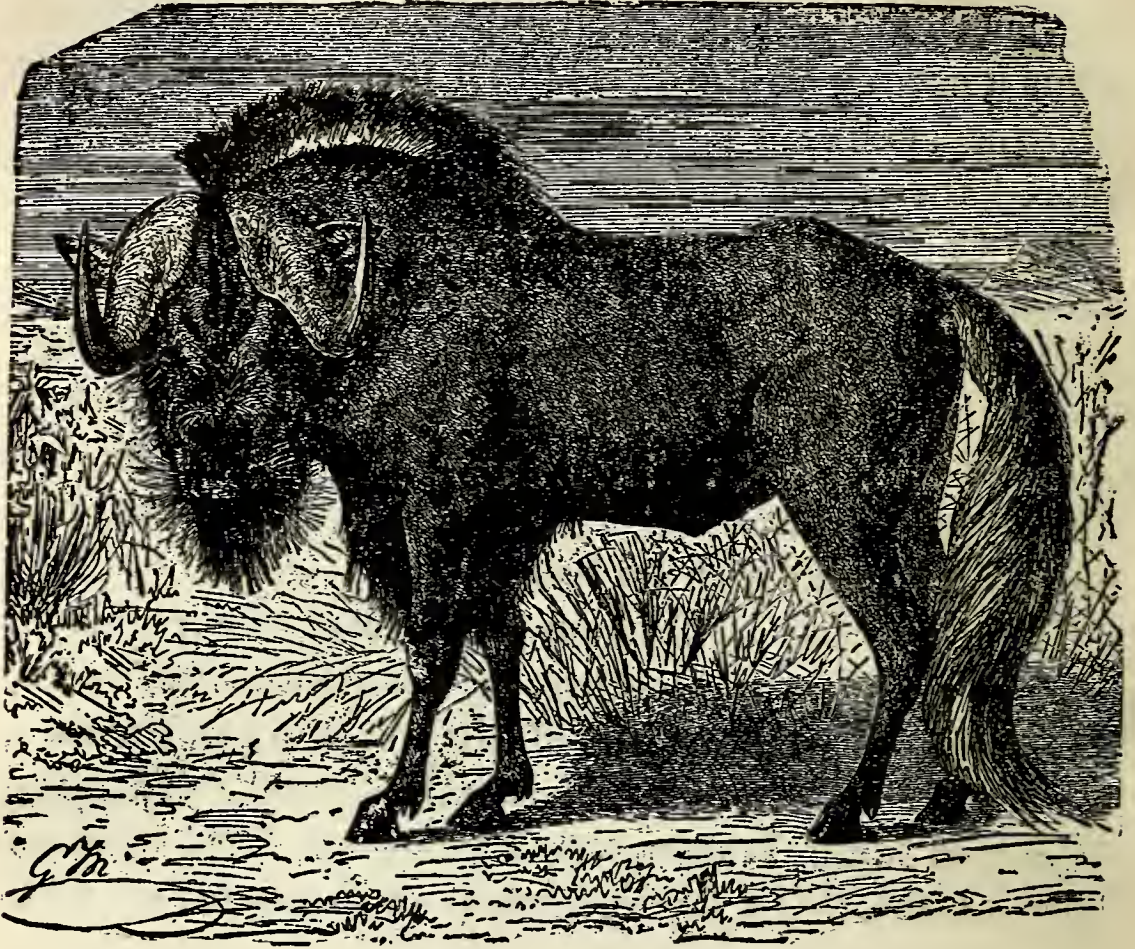
veal, and by many preferred to the flesh of the Ox or Cow, which is called beef; jelly is made from its feet. The stomach is salted and dried, and is named rennet. Cheese is made by soaking a piece of rennet in water, and pouring it into a vessel of milk. The milk soon forms a curd, which is placed in a press, and the watery substance, called whey, squeezed from it. The curd is colored and salted, and is then cheese.

The Cape Buffalo is a native of South Africa. It is ferocious and cunning, often lurking among the trees until an unsuspecting traveller approaches, and then rushing on him and destroying him. The ferocious creature is not content with killing its victim, but stands over him mangling him with its horns, and stamping on him with its feet.

The Bison, or Buffalo, used to roam the plains or prairies of North America in countless multitudes. But since the opening up of the West by railroads it has been almost exterminated, only a small herd being preserved in the Yellowstone Park by the United States Government, and a few specimens in zoological gardens. A small herd or two remain in Canada.

The Buffalo is a giant among American animals. Its bulk, shaggy mane, vicious eye, and sullen behavior give it a ferocious appearance, but it is really a mild, inoffensive beast, sluggish and stupid. It is about eight to nine feet from head to tail, and seven feet from the ground to the shoulder. The flesh is good eating, especially the hump. The cow is smaller than the bull, and can run faster.

The Yak inhabits Tartary. The tail is very long and fine, and is used in India as a whisk to keep off the mosquitoes. From the shoulders a mass



THE GN00

of long hair falls almost to the ground, something like the mane of a lion. The Tartars weave it into cloth.

The Gnuo, or Wildebeest, inhabits Southern Africa. The horns, sweeping downward over the face, turn boldly upward with a sharp curve. The neck is fur-

nished with a mane like that of the horse, and the legs are formed like those of the stag. In size it is about four feet in height.

The Koodoo is a native of South Africa. It is remarkable for its beautifully shaped horns, which are about four feet in length and twisted into a large spiral of about two turns and a half.

The Gazelle, so famous in poetry, inhabits Arabia and Syria. Its eyes are very large, dark, and lustrous. The color of this pretty little animal is a dark yellowish-brown fading into white on the under parts.

The Chamois is found only in mountainous regions. It lives on the loftiest ridges, displaying wonderful activity in leaping with certainty and security on places where there is hardly room for its feet.

The Ibex in the Alpine regions of Europe has magnificent horns, which sweep from the head almost to the haunches. The horns are immensely strong, serving to break the fall of the Ibex when it makes a leap from a height. Its height is two feet six inches; the length of its horns often three feet.

The common Goat is not in much request in America, but in some other countries large herds are kept for the sake of their milk. The most celebrated variety of this animal is the Cashmere Goat, which furnishes the fine wool from which Cashmere shawls are made.

The Sheep. There are many kinds of Sheep, among which the common Sheep, the long-tailed

Sheep, and the Wallachian Sheep are the most conspicuous. California produces better wool than any other country



THE CHAMOIS

The long-tailed Sheep inhabits Syria and Egypt. Its tail is so large and so loaded with fat that to prevent it from being injured by dragging on the ground



ALPINE IBEX.

a board is fastened to the under side of it, and wheels are often attached to the board.

The hair of the Wallachian Sheep is long and silky like that of a spaniel, and of great length, falling almost to the ground.



THE BIGHORN SHEEP

The Bighorn has the body of a deer and the head of a sheep. Its horns are of an enormous size, and make a large semicircular curve backward. The head and horns often weigh sixty pounds. Its hair is short and gray, but in the fall changes to dun and becomes longer,

while in winter a layer of fine wool, which never shows outside the hair, grows close to the skin. It is found in troops of twenty or thirty in rocky districts, which it leaves only to get water. It is very shy and takes flight at the first appearance of a man. Its flesh is in good condition from August till November. General Dodge says if one can imagine a saddle of Southdown mutton flavored with the gamey juices of the black-tail deer, he will form some idea of a feast of mountain sheep in season.

The Giraffe. This beautiful animal is found only in South Africa. Its height varies from thirteen to eighteen feet. Its beautiful long neck enables it to browse on the leaves of the trees on which it feeds. It is very dainty while feeding, and plucks the leaves one by one with its flexible tongue. The skin is an inch and a half in thickness.

The Giraffe has much difficulty in reaching the ground with its mouth. It straddles widely with its fore-legs, and with some trouble succeeds in reaching the object aimed at.

The movements of the Giraffe are very peculiar, the limbs of each side appearing to act together. It is very swift, and can outrun a horse, especially if it can get among broken ground and rocks, over which it leaps with a succession of frog-like hops.

The Camel. The Bactrian Camel has two humps on its back, the Arabian Camel only one.

The Camel forms the principal wealth of the Arab, and its power of drinking at one draught sufficient

water to serve it for several days enables it to march from station to station without requiring to drink by the way.



THE BACTRIAN CAMEL

The foot of the Camel is admirably adapted for walking on the loose sand, being composed of large elastic pads, which spread as the foot is placed on the ground. To guard it from injury when it kneels down to be loaded, the parts of the body on which its weight rests are defended by thick callosities. The largest of these



GIRAFFES.

callosities is on the chest ; the others are placed on the joints of the legs.

The Llamas, of which there are several species, inhabit South America, and are used for the same purpose as the camel. When wild they are very timid, and fly from a pursuer the moment that they see him ; but their curiosity is so great that the hunter often secures them by lying on the ground and throwing his legs and arms about. The Llamas come to see what the extraordinary animal can be, and give the hunter an opportunity of firing several shots, which the astonished animals consider as part of the performance. The Llama can go for several days without requiring to drink. The fleece is very long and more resembling silk than wool, and is sometimes twelve inches in length.

The Red Deer or Stag is the largest of the deer. It bears different names according to the size of its horns, which increase year by year. All the males have horns, which they shed every year, and renew again. Hunting the Stag is a very favorite amusement in some countries, and packs of hounds, called stag-hounds, are kept expressly for that purpose.

The Virginia Deer is remarkable for its peculiar horns, which bend boldly backward and then suddenly curve forward. Its color is reddish-brown in spring and dull brown in winter. It is found everywhere from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. It is a very good swimmer, and loves to go into deep water to get rid of ticks and other

insects. When it is near settled districts it will leap fences and browse on the crops, but at other times feeds on the young grasses of the plains. In the months of



THE LLAMA

August, September, and October it is very fat and the venison is very fine. It is fond of salt, and resorts in great numbers to salt-licks. The skin of the Deer is very valuable, and is used to form the greater part of the Indian's dress.

The Fallow Deer are usually seen in parks, where they congregate in large herds. They are generally tame, and will suffer people to come very close to



THE VIRGINIA DEER

them. They soon become familiar with those who treat them with kindness, and will eat from their hands.

The Reindeer is found throughout the Arctic regions



CAMEL.

of Europe, Asia, and America. A Laplander in good circumstances possesses about three or four hundred deer, which enable him to live in comfort. The subsist-



A FAMILY OF ELK

ence of one who possesses only one hundred is very precarious, and he who has only fifty usually joins his animals with the herd of some richer man, and takes the menial labors upon himself.

The Reindeer feeds principally on a kind of lichen, which it scrapes from beneath the snow. During the winter its coat thickens, and assumes a lighter hue, many deer being almost white. Its hoofs are divided very high, so that when the animal places its foot on the ground the hoof spreads wide, and as it raises the foot a snapping noise is heard, caused by the parts of the hoof closing together. When harnessed to a sledge it can draw two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds' weight at about ten miles an hour.

The European Moose inhabits the northern parts of Europe. It was considered at one time to be identical with the American elk, but naturalists now believe it to be a distinct animal. Its usual pace is a high, awkward trot, but when frightened it sometimes gallops. It is very strong, and can destroy a wolf with a single blow of its large and powerful horns.

Like the reindeer, the Moose makes a great clattering with its hoofs when in rapid motion. It is a good swimmer, and is fond of taking to the water in summer-time. It is rather dangerous when incensed, as it fights desperately with its horns and hoofs.

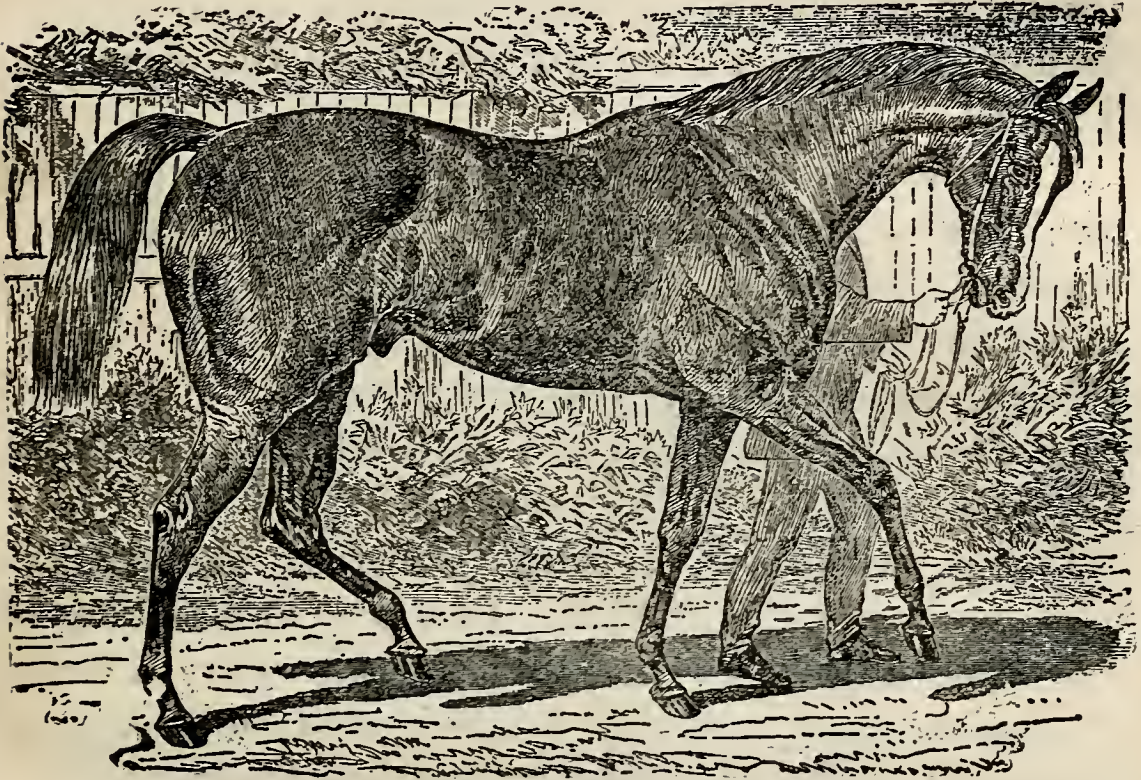
We now arrive at the thick-skinned animals which do not chew the cud. The first on the list is the Horse. The Arabian Horse is a model of elegance and beauty. The Arab treats his Horse as one of the family ; it lives in the same tent with him, eats from his hand, and



A FAMILY OF RED DEER.

sleeps among his children, who tumble about on it without any fear.

A Horse in Norwich, Vt., was sold to a man in Oxford, N.H. As he was being taken from the wagon one evening he slipped away from his new owner and



ENGLISH RACE HORSE

disappeared at a gallop. In six hours he reached his old home, having crossed the Connecticut River and travelled twenty-seven miles in the darkness, over a road he had not seen since he was a colt.

The English Horse, from which the best Horses in the United States have come, has much Arabian and Barb blood in it. The Race Horse is swifter for short

distances than the best Arabian Horse. It is much like the Arabian in looks, but is taller and longer, and has changed in color.

The Trotting Horse of the United States and Canada is the fastest in the world. It is not usually as tall as the Running Horse. There is also a breed of Trotting Horses in Russia, called Orloff Trotter, which is faster than common horses, but not so fast as the American Trotter.

The Percheron Horses are much used for drawing omnibuses and business wagons. They are large, heavy Horses, with large heads. In England the breeds called the Suffolk, the Cleveland Bay, and the Clydesdale are noted for their size and strength. The Flanders Horse, of Belgium and Holland, is very large, heavy, and strong.

Ponies are found in many countries. Among the most noted are the Shetland Ponies. The Indians of the western parts of the United States have a breed of Ponies which are very hardy and strong. One of them will travel all day long with a heavy man on its back.

The Ass is scarcely less serviceable to man than the horse. In Asia, where it is properly treated, it is an elegant and spirited animal with good action and smooth coat.

The Zebra is found in South Africa. This beautiful animal lives in troops among the mountains, shunning the presence of man. It is a very conspicuous animal, and easily distinguished by the regular stripes of brown-



THE LION FAMILY.

ish-black with which its body is covered even down to the hoofs. Its voice is very peculiar and can hardly be described.

The Elephant. Of this magnificent animal, whose form is familiar to every eye, two species are known, the Indian and the African. The anatomy of this huge quadruped is well worthy of consideration. Its head and tusks are so very heavy that no long neck would bear them ; the neck is therefore very short. But this shortness of neck prevents the Elephant from putting its head to the ground, or from stooping to the water's edge. This apparent defect is compensated by the wonderful manner in which its upper lip and nose are elongated, and rendered capable of drawing up water or plucking grass. In the proboscis or trunk there are about forty thousand muscles, enabling the Elephant to shorten, lengthen, coil up, or move in any direction. This most extraordinary organ. The trunk is pierced throughout its length by two canals, through which liquids can be drawn by suction. If the Elephant wishes to drink, after drawing the liquid into its trunk, it inserts the end of its proboscis into its mouth, and discharges the contents down its throat ; but if it merely wishes to wash itself or play, it blows the contained liquid from the trunk with great violence. Through the trunk the curious trumpet-like voice of the Elephant is produced. At the extremity is a finger-like appendage, with which it can pick up small objects. In order to sustain the muscles of the jaw and neck, the head must be very large : were it solid, it would be very



FALLOW DEER.

heavy. The skull is therefore formed of a number of cells of bone, forming the necessary expanse without the weight, leaving but a very small cavity for the brain.

This fact will account for the numberless bullet wounds which an Elephant will endure in the skull. The ball, instead of penetrating to the brain, merely lodges among the bony cells, and does no great mischief. Not long since, a ball was found firmly embedded in the tusk of an Elephant; it was thoroughly impacted, and there was no apparent opening by which it could have reached the place that it occupied. It was afterward found that the ball had struck the Elephant at the base of the tusk, so as to have sunk among the soft and as yet unformed ivory. This by degrees was pushed on as the tusk grew in successive years, until it was at last surrounded by hard ivory. A spear-head has been also found similarly embedded.

The Indian Elephant is almost invariably taken from its native haunts and then trained. The Indian hunters proceed into the woods with two trained female Elephants. These advance quietly, and by their blandishments so occupy the attention of any unfortunate male that they meet that the hunters are enabled to tie his legs together and fasten him to a tree. His treacherous companions now leave him to struggle in impotent rage, until he is so subdued by hunger and fatigue that the hunters can drive him home between their two tame Elephants. When once captured he is easily trained.

In captivity, it is very docile and gentle, but sometimes, when provoked, will take a very ample revenge. Of this propensity many anecdotes are told.

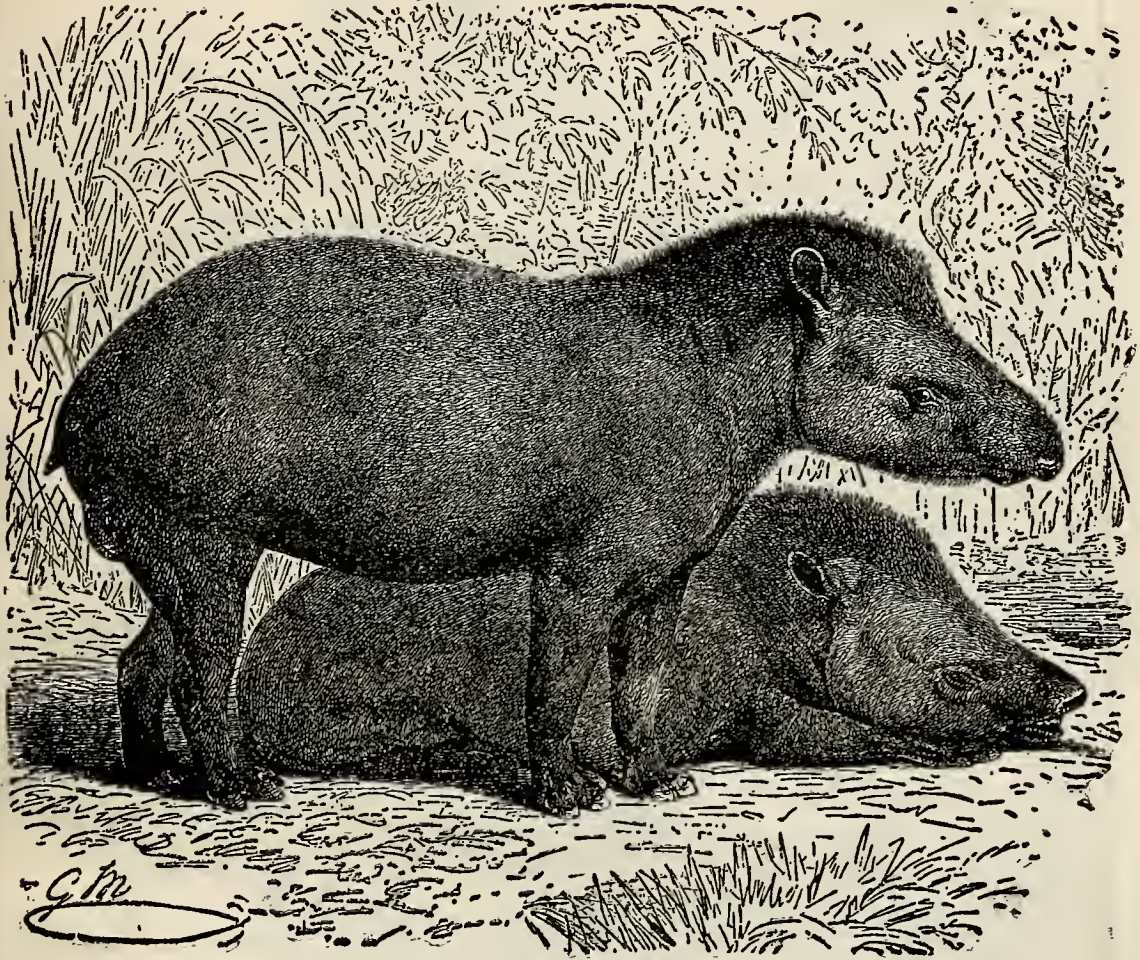
The tusks and teeth of the Elephant furnish exceedingly fine ivory, which is used for various purposes, such as knife-handles, combs, billiard balls, etc. There is a great art in making a billiard ball. Some parts of the tusk are always heavier than others, so that if the heavy part should fall on one side of the ball, it would not run true. The object of the maker is either to get the heavier portion in the centre, or to make the ball from a piece of ivory of equal weight. In either case, the ball is made a little larger than the proper size; it is then hung up in a dry room for several months, and finally turned down to the requisite dimensions.

All elephants are fond of the water, and sometimes submerge themselves so far that nothing but the tip of the proboscis remains above the surface. In a tame state, the Elephant delights in concealing itself below the water and deluging the spectators with a stream sent from its trunk.

The African Elephant is distinguished from the Indian Elephant by the markings of its teeth and some difference in form, noticeably having larger ears.

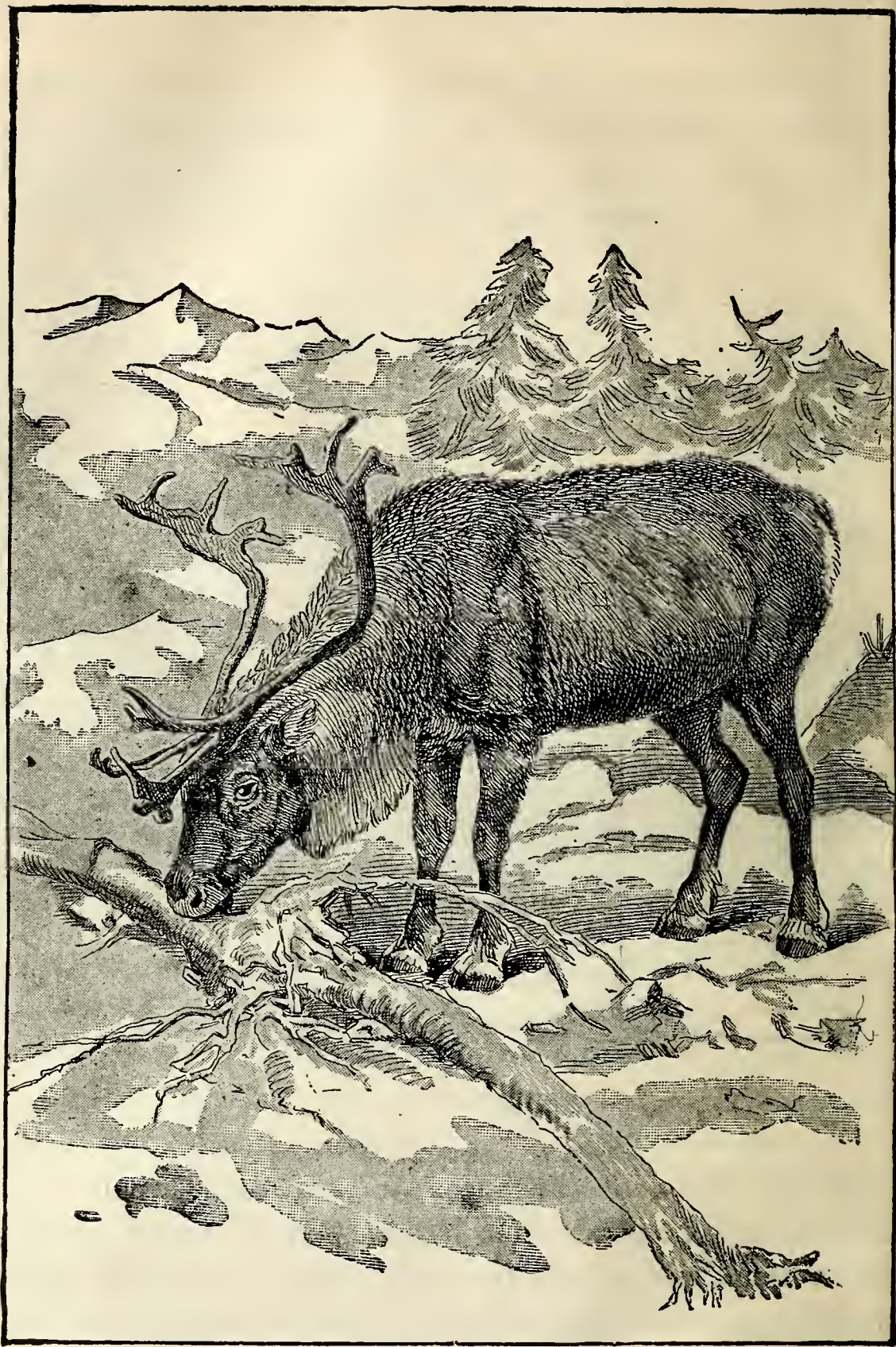
The Tapir forms one of the links connecting the elephant with the hog. The snout is lengthened into a kind of proboscis like that of the elephant, but it is comparatively short, and has no finger-like appendage at the extremity.

The Common Tapir is spread throughout the warmer regions of South America. It sleeps during the day, and wanders about at night in search of its food, which consists of watermelons, gourds, and other vegetables.



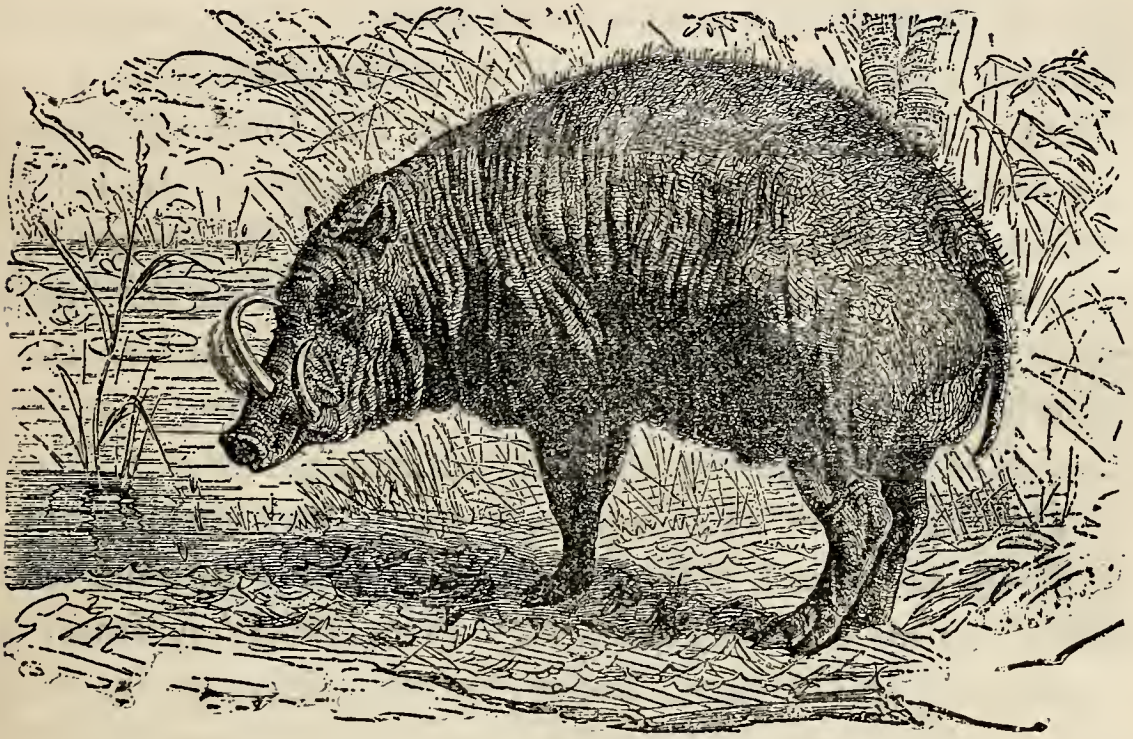
THE AMERICAN TAPIR

It is very fond of the water, and can remain below the surface for a considerable period. It is a very powerful animal, and as it is furnished with a very thick hide, it plunges through the brushwood, breaking its way through any obstacles that may oppose its progress.



REINDEER.

Its disposition is gentle, but when annoyed it sometimes rushes at its antagonist, and defends itself vigorously with its powerful teeth. The jaguar frequently springs on it, but is often dislodged by the activity of the Tapir, which rushes through the bushes immediately



THE BABYROUSSA

that it feels the claws of its enemy, and endeavors to brush him off against the thick branches. The height of the American Tapir is from five to six feet. The Malay Tapir is somewhat larger, and is known by the grayish-white color of the loins and hind-quarters, which give the animal the appearance as if a white horse-cloth had been spread over it.

The Boar. The animals composing the Hog tribe

are found in almost every part of the globe. Their feet are cloven and externally resemble those of the Ruminants, but an examination of the bones at once points out the difference.

The Wild Hog or Boar inhabits many parts of Europe, especially the forests of Germany, where the chase of the Wild Boar is a common amusement. Its tusks are terrible weapons, and capable of being used with fatal effect. They curve outward from the lower jaw, and are sometimes eight or ten inches in length. In India, where the Boar attains to a great size, the horses on which the hunters are mounted often refuse to bring their riders within spear stroke of the infuriated animal, who has been known to kill a horse and severely injure the rider with one sweep of its enormous tusks.

The Domestic Hog scarcely needs any description. It is by no means the unclean and filthy animal that moralists love to represent it. It certainly is fond of wallowing in the mire, as are the elephants, tapirs, etc., but no animal seems to enjoy clean straw more than the Hog. We shut it up in a dirty narrow crib, give it any kind of refuse to eat, and then abuse it for being a dirty animal and an unclean feeder.

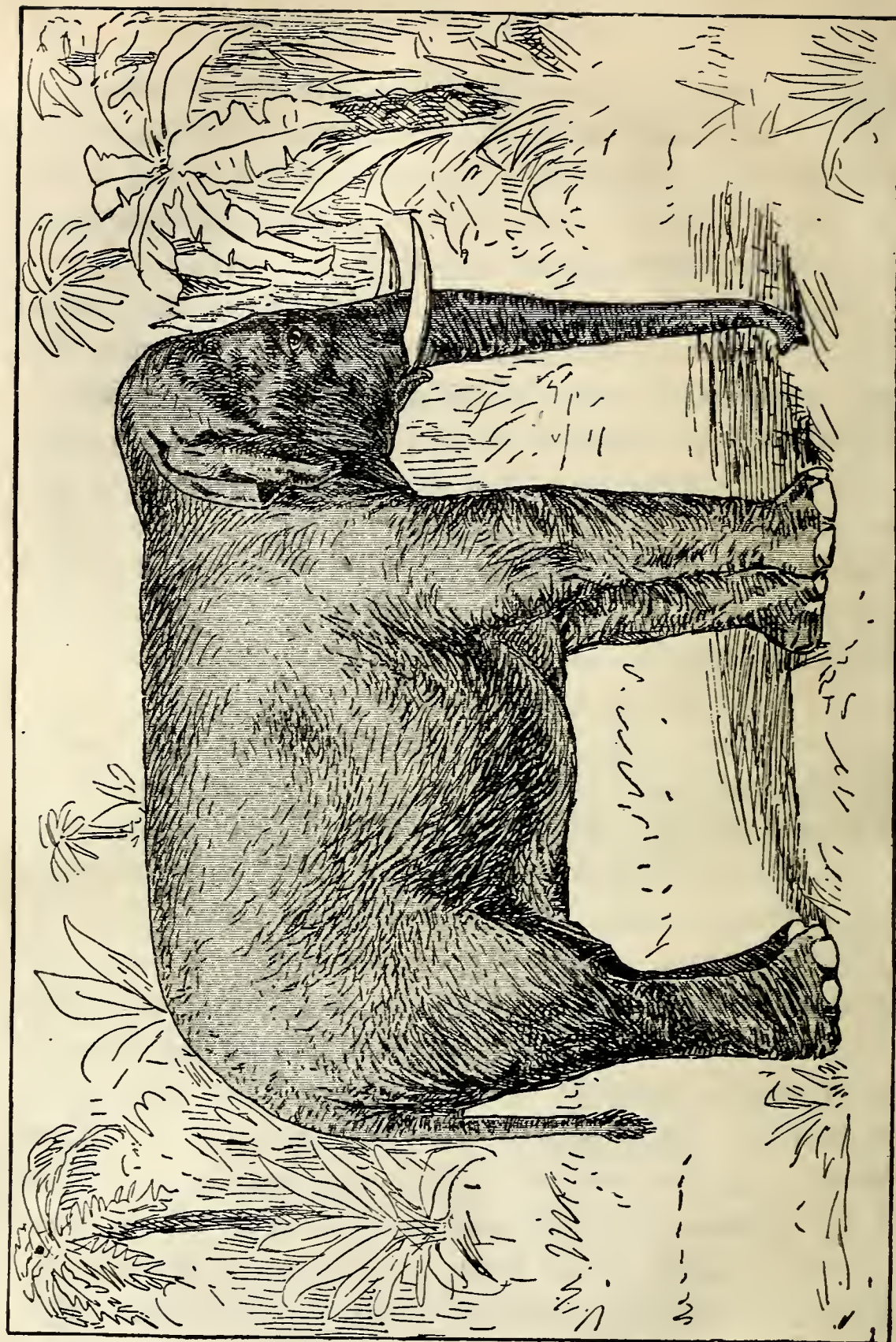
The Babyroussa inhabits the Molucca Islands and Java. It is remarkable for possessing four tusks, two of which proceed from the upper jaw, and do not pass out between the lips, but through an aperture in the skin, half-way between the end of the snout and eyes. The sockets of the two upper tusks are curved upward, and give a singular appearance to the skull of the ani-

mal. It looks a ferocious animal, nor do its looks contradict its habits, as it is very savage, and cannot be hunted without danger. Yet when taken young it can be tamed without much difficulty, and conducts itself much after the manner of a well-behaved pig.

Only the male possesses the remarkable double pair of tusks, the female being destitute of the upper pair, and only possessing those belonging to the under jaw in a rudimentary degree. It lives in troops, as do most of the hog kind, and thus does great damage to the cultivated grounds, especially to the maize, a plant to which it is, unfortunately, very partial. It is a good swimmer, and often voluntarily takes to the water in order to cross to another island. Its size when full grown is about that of a very large hog.

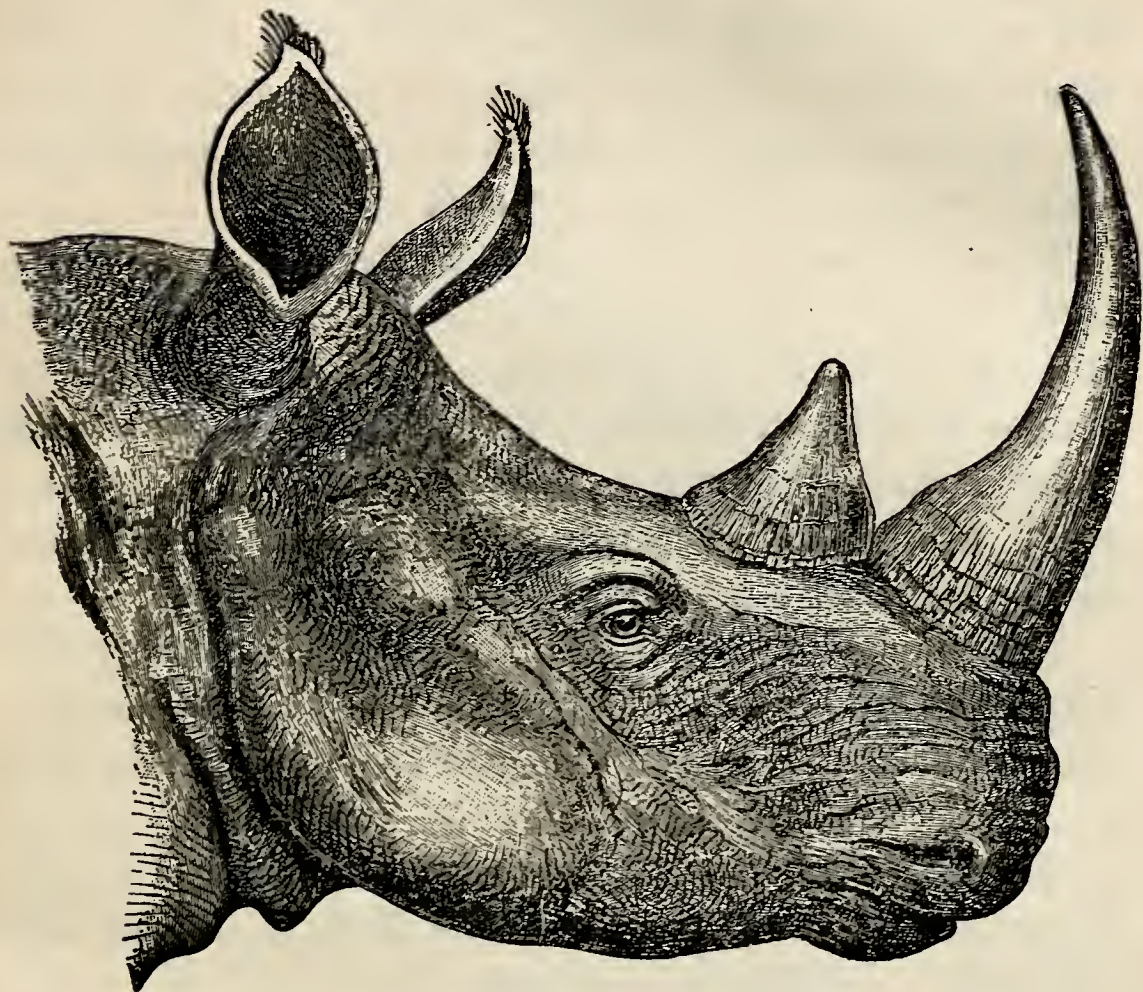
The Rhinoceros. There are, apparently, six species of this formidable animal inhabiting various parts of Asia and Africa. They can be distinguished from each other by the number and shape of their horns and the color of their bodies. Their habits are much alike.

The Rhinoceros is always a surly and ill-tempered animal, and is much given to making unprovoked attacks on man and beast, if it should happen to fancy itself insulted by their presence. Its chief peculiarity, its so-called horn, is a mass of fibres matted together, and closely resembling the structure of whalebone. Its feet are divided into three toes, encased in hoofs. The horn is not connected with the skull, but is merely a growth from the skin, from which it can be separated by means of a sharp penknife.



ELEPHANT.

The organs of scent of the Rhinoceros are very acute, and as the creature seems to have a peculiar faculty for detecting the presence of human beings, it is necessary



HEAD OF RHINOCEROS

for the hunters to use great circumspection when they approach it, whether to avoid or to kill, as in the one case it may probably be taken with a sudden fit of fury and charge at them, or, in the other case, it may take the alarm and escape.

The upper lip is used by the Rhinoceros as an

instrument of prehension, with which it can grasp herbage on which it feeds, or pick up small fruit from the ground.

The Hippopotamus. There is, in all probability, but one species of Hippopotamus. It inhabits Africa exclusively, and is found in plenty on the banks of many rivers in that country, where it may be seen gambolling and snorting at all times of the day.

These animals are quiet and inoffensive while undisturbed, but if attacked they unite to repel the invader, and have been known to tear several planks from the side of a boat and sink it. They can remain about five or six minutes under water, and when they emerge they make a loud and very peculiar snorting noise, which can be heard at a great distance.

The hide is very thick and strong, and is chiefly used for whips. The well-known "cow-hides" are made of this material. Between the skin and flesh is a layer of fat, which is salted and eaten by the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa. When salted it is called Zee-koe speck or Sea-cow's bacon. The flesh is also in some request.

The Hippopotamus feeds entirely on vegetable substances, such as grass and brushwood. From the construction of the head, the animal is enabled to raise its eyes and nostrils above the water at the same time, so that it can survey the prospect and breathe without raising more than an inch or two of its person from the water. In order to attain this object, the eyes are very small, and placed very high in the head, while the muz-

zle is very large, and the nostrils open on its upper surface.

Cumming relates that the track of the Hippopotamus may be readily distinguished from that of any other animal by a line of unbroken herbage which is left between the marks of the feet on each side, as the width of the space between the right and left legs causes the animal to place its feet so considerably apart as to make a distinct double track.

The teeth of the Hippopotamus are the mainstay of the dentist, who cuts from the tusk of a Hippopotamus those series of elegant teeth which replace those that age or accident has struck out of the human mouth. The ivory is exceedingly hard, and does not readily lose its beautiful whiteness, being properties which render it especially valuable for such purposes.

This is supposed by many to be the animal called Behemoth in Scripture.

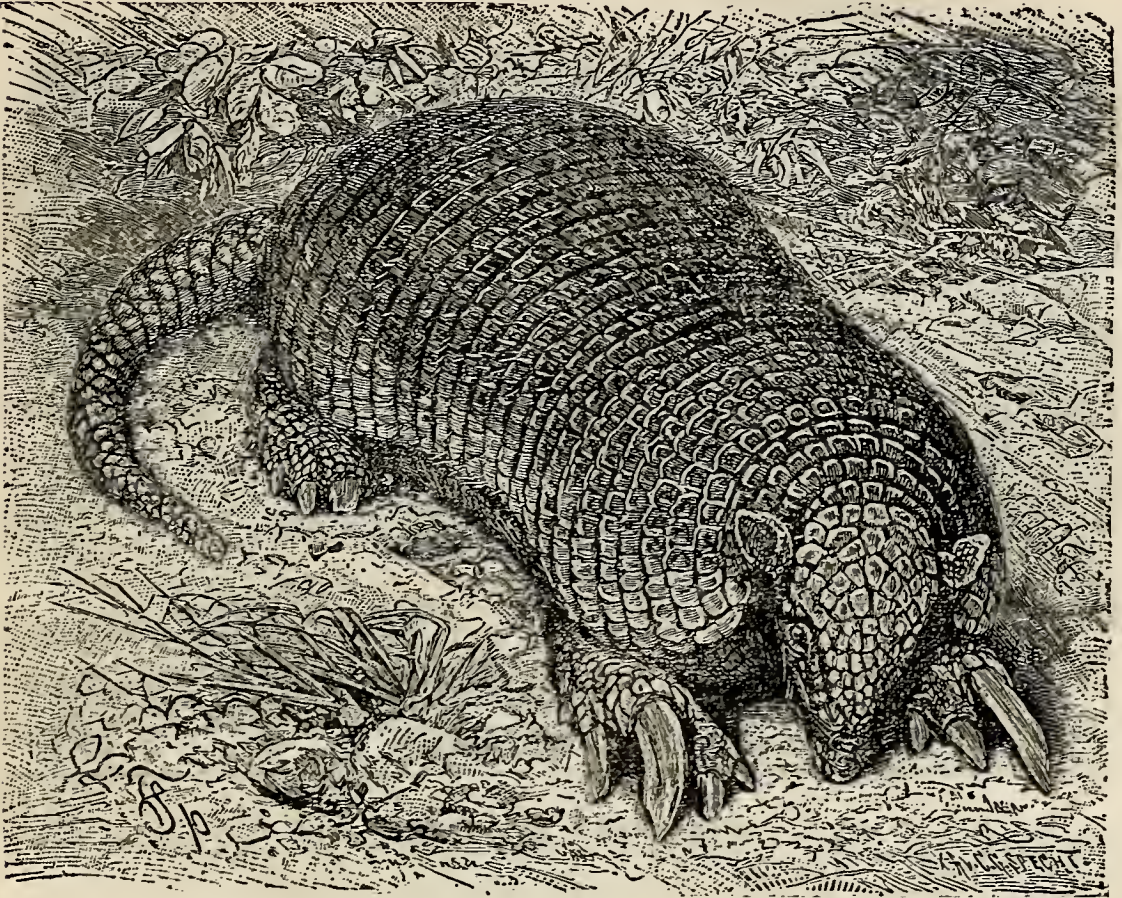
The Sloth's teeth are small and of peculiar structure. Its long and powerful arms are furnished with strong curved claws, which hook round the branches and keep the animal suspended without any effort. When on the ground these claws are very inconvenient, and it can barely shuffle along; but when it is among its native branches it moves with exceeding rapidity, particularly in a gale of wind, when it passes from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, with an activity which its movements on the ground by no means portend.

The Manidæ or Pangolins are immediately known by



INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

the peculiar strong, horny plates with which their bodies are defended, giving them the appearance of animals enveloped in a suit of scale armor. When attacked they roll themselves up, wrap their tails round them,

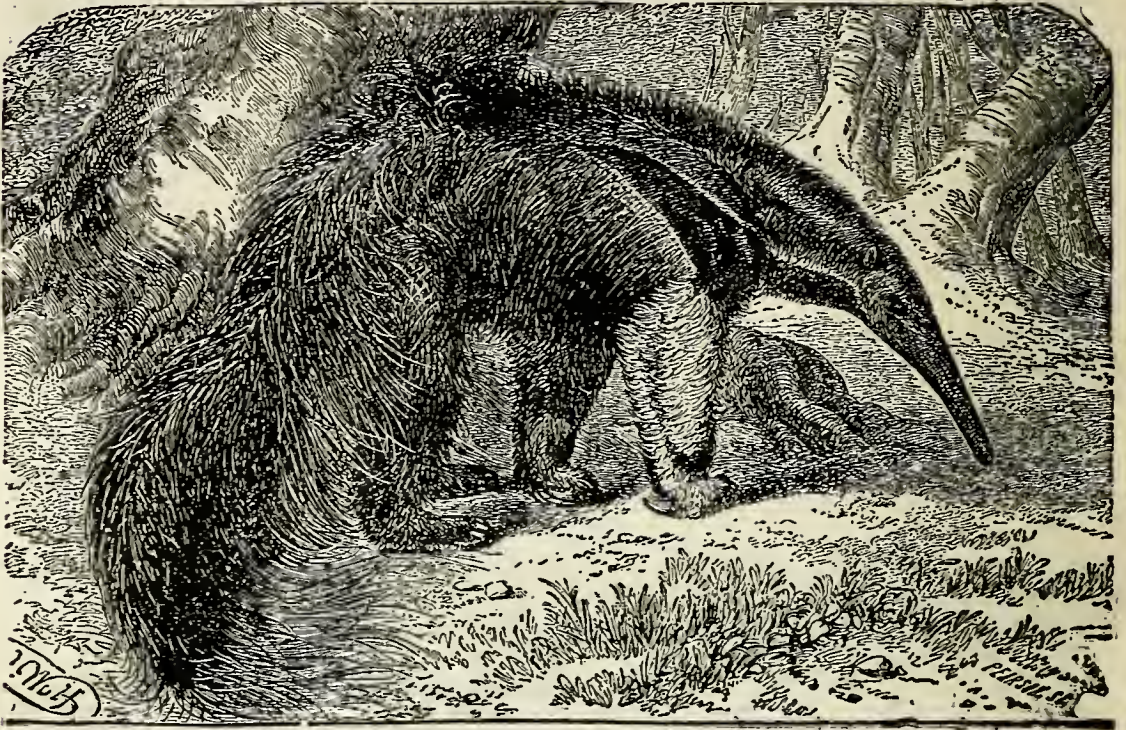


THE GIANT ARMADILLO

and raise the whole array of sharp-edged scales with which their body is covered, and bid defiance to almost any enemy except man. They live on ants, and termites, or white ants, as they are called, which they take by thrusting their long slender tongue among the ants, which adhere to it by a gummy saliva. When

the tongue is covered it is rapidly retracted, and the ants swallowed. To obtain the ants, the Pangolins are furnished with powerful claws to tear down the dwellings of their prey.

The Long-tailed Manis is widely scattered through



THE GREAT ANT-EATER

Africa, but is not very common. The length of its body is about two feet, and that of its tail rather more than three.

The Short-tailed Manis is very common in India. Its entire length is about four feet.

The Armadillos live exclusively in the warmer parts of America. They eat carrion, insects, and sometimes fallen fruit. The great mainstay of these animals lies

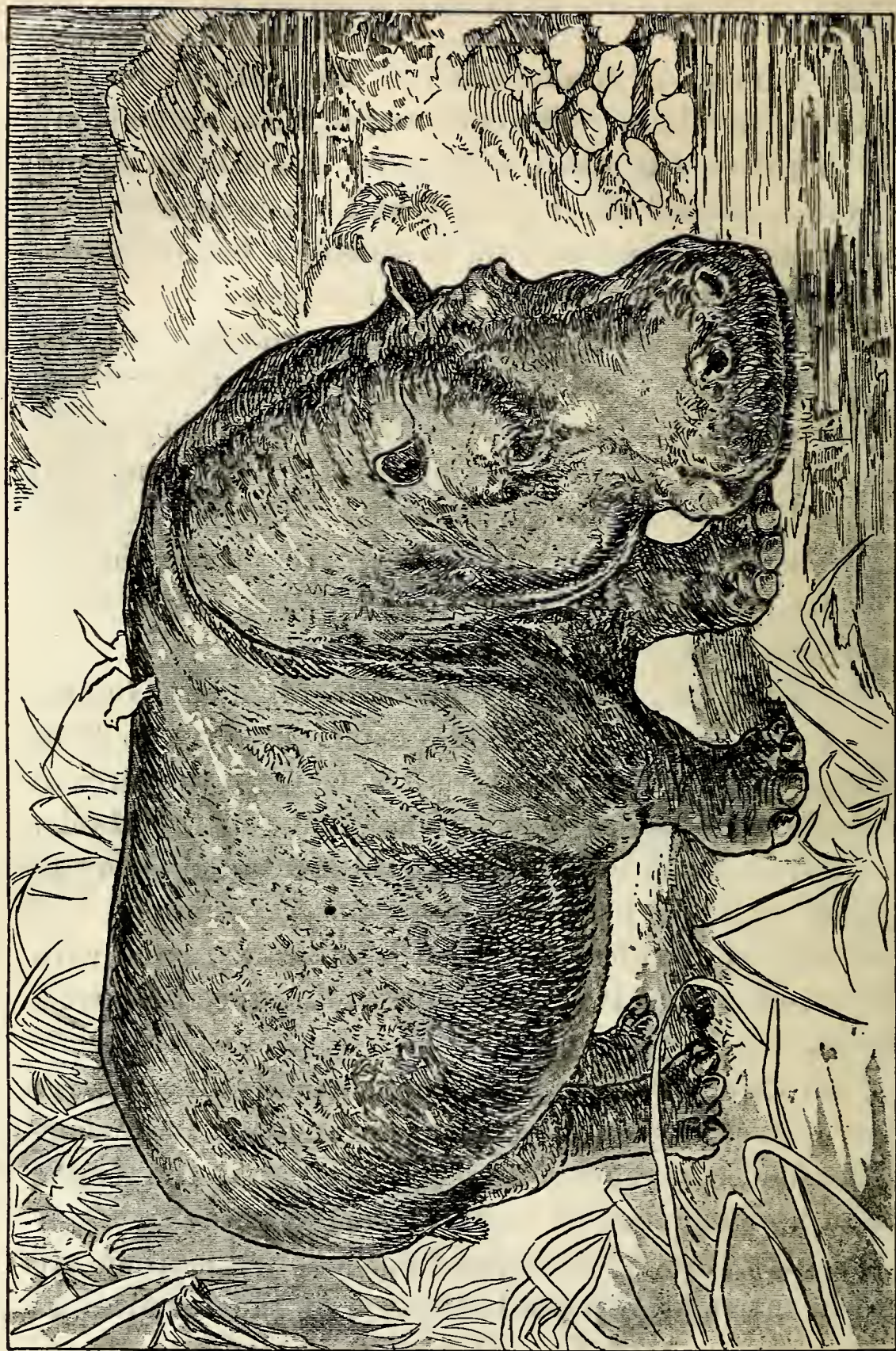
in the number of bisons annually slaughtered for the sake of their hides. The carcasses of these animals are left to rot on the plain, and would speedily do so did not the combined effort of birds and beasts soon destroy every trace of the animal and leave only a heap of bones. In this work the Armadillo takes his full share.

They burrow with great rapidity, and can only be forced from their refuge by smoke or water. When they are hunted and are very close pressed, they either endeavor to escape their foes by rapidly burrowing into the earth, or try to oppose a partial resistance by rolling themselves up and trusting to the protection of their armor. The natives and colonists consider them great delicacies when roasted in their shells.

The Ant-eater. This curious animal inhabits Guiana, Brazil, and Paraguay. As its name imports, it lives principally upon ants and termites, which it procures in precisely the same manner as was related of the Manis. Its short legs and long claws would lead an observer to suppose that its pace was slow and constrained, but when chased it runs off with a peculiar trot, and with such rapidity that it keeps a horse to its speed to overtake it.

The tongue of this animal looks exactly like a great red worm, and when the creature is engaged in devouring its food, the rapid coiling and twisting of the tongue add in no small degree to the resemblance.

The claws are very long and curved, and as they are used in tearing down the habitation of the termites or white ants, as they are called, are exceeding strong.



HIPPOPOTAMUS.

They are placed on the foot in such a manner that when the animal is walking its weight rests on the outside of the fore-feet and the outer edge of the claws, which make a great clattering if the Ant-eater is walking upon a hard surface.

When it sleeps, it lies on one side, rolls itself up, so that its snout rests on its breast, places all its feet



THE DUCK-BILL

together, and covers itself with its bushy tail. The fur of the animal at all times resembles hay, and when it is thus curled up in sleep, it is so exactly like a bundle of hay, that any one might pass it carelessly, imagining it to be nothing but a loose heap of that substance. Its ordinary length is about three feet seven inches, and its height about three feet.

The Duck-billed Platypus. Australia, where everything seems to be reversed, where the north wind is warm and the south wind cold, the thick end of a pear

is next the stem, and the stone of a cherry grows outside, is the residence of this most extraordinary animal. When it was first introduced into Europe, it was fully believed to be the manufacture of some impostor, who with much ingenuity had fixed the beak of a duck into the head of some unknown animal. It will, however, be seen by the skull of the animal that this duck-like beak really belongs to the animal, and is caused by a prolongation of some of the bones of the head.

It lives by the banks of rivers, in which it burrows like the water-rat. Curiously enough, it finds no difficulty in this labor, for the feet are so constructed that the animal can fold back the web at pleasure, and thus the foot is enabled to perform its task. It feeds upon water-insects and shell-fish, always rejecting the crushed shells after swallowing the inhabitant. The male has a sharp spur on its hind-feet.

The native name for the creature is "Mullingong."

BIRDS

BIRDS are immediately distinguished from the Mammalia by their general form, their feathery covering,



MALE AND FEMALE CONDORS

their wings, and by producing their young enclosed in eggs.

The Lammergeyer, or Bearded Vulture, is common in the Alps of Switzerland and Germany. It is said to



THE TWO-TOED SLOTH.

destroy the larger animals by watching until they are near the brink of a precipice, and suddenly driving them over the rocks by an unexpected swoop. It is exceedingly bold, and shows but little fear of man.

The name of "Bearded" Vulture is given to it on account of the long tuft of hairs with which each nostril is clothed. The length of its body is about four feet, and the expanse of its wings from nine to ten.

The Condor. These birds are distinguished by the wattles on their beaks, their naked necks, and the size of the nostrils. The third primary feather is the longest.

The Condor inhabits the Andes of South America. It is a very large bird. The expanse of wing is about nine or ten feet, and the length of the bird about three feet. It is exceedingly strong and tenacious of life.

The Vultures are carrion-devouring animals, and do not attack living animals. The neck of the Vulture is almost naked, very slightly sprinkled with down.

They display marvellous quickness in discovering a dead animal, to which they fly with great speed.

The Griffon Vulture is found in almost all parts of the Old World. It is one of the largest of its group, measuring upward of four feet in length. Like most of the vultures, it does not appear to move its wings while flying, but soars on expanded pinions in large circles.

Vultures are generally protected by the natives of the countries where they reside, on account of their great utility in clearing away the putrid animal matter, which would otherwise be injurious as well as disagreeable.



THE LAMMERGEYER, OR BEARDED VULTURE

Eagles. The wings of the Golden Eagle are large, powerful, and slightly rounded, the fourth **primary**



IMPERIAL EAGLE

feather being longest. The feet are feathered to the toes.

The flight of this magnificent bird is peculiarly beautiful and imposing, but its gait when on land is rather awkward, for its long talons encumber it. Its food is usually sea birds and the smaller quadrupeds, such

as hares, rabbits, etc. ; but it does not hesitate to carry off young lambs, or sometimes to destroy a sickly sheep. It generally hunts in pairs, one eagle watching from some height, while the other courses along the ground, and drives the game from the bushes. The male and the female remain together all the year, and very probably for life. It lays two eggs of a yellowish-white color with pale brownish spots, on a nest composed of a great mass of sticks, rushes, and grass, and the young are fledged about the end of July. While the young are in the nest, it is very dangerous to approach the spot, as the Eagles are then extremely fierce and daring.

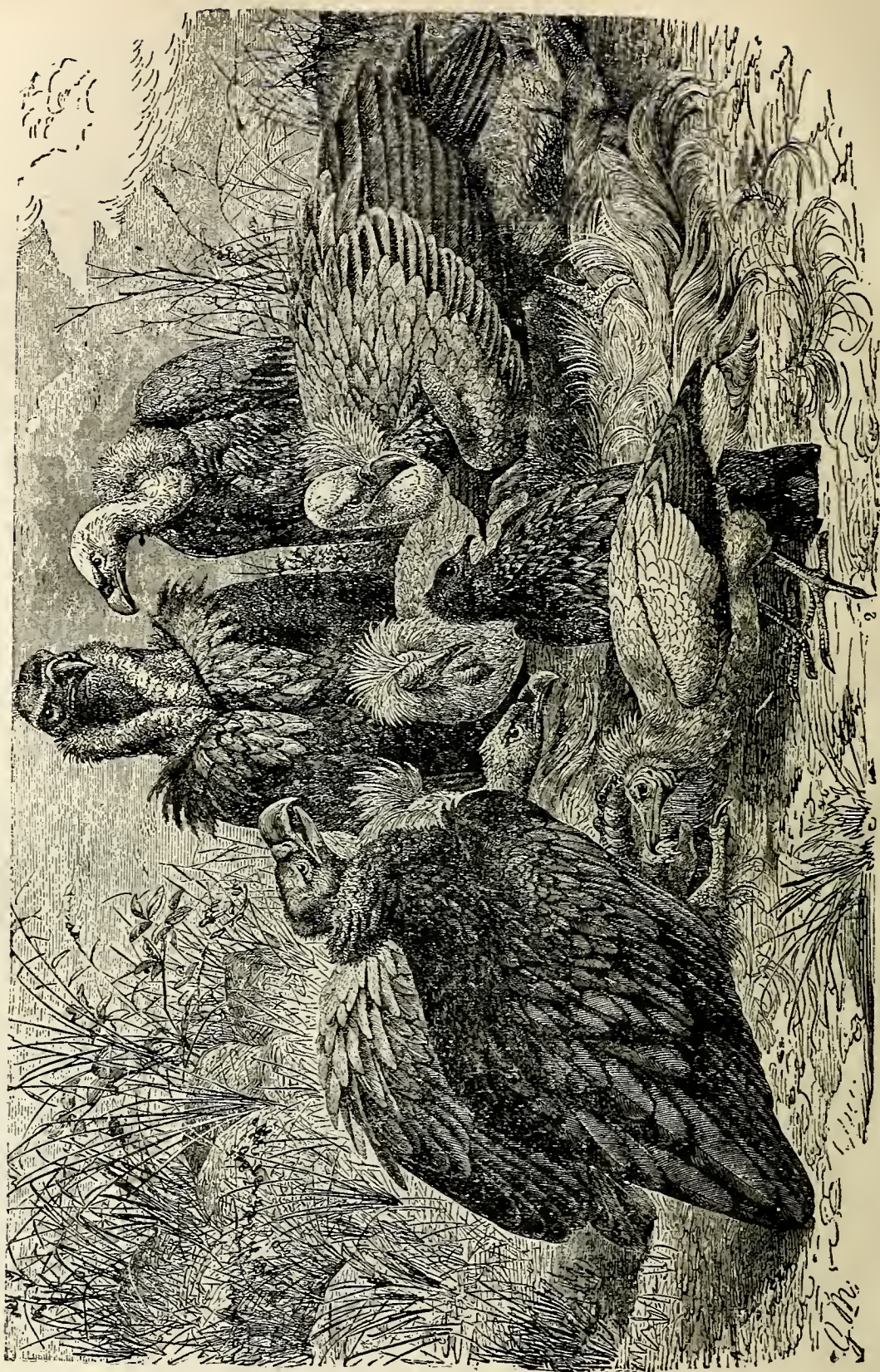
Some instances have been related of children that have been carried away by this eagle, but they are very doubtful. Eagles certainly have pounced upon children and carried them a little way ; but there are no true accounts of children having been actually taken to the eagle's nest, although there are many pretty stories founded on such a supposition.

The Buzzard. The family of the Buzzards are distinguished by their short beaks, large rounded wings, and squared tails. They all live on small animals, reptiles, and various insects.

The Common Buzzard, when searching for food, rests upon some high branch, keeping a keen watch on the ground, and waiting patiently until some small animal makes its appearance or some bit of carrion is scented. Its length is from twenty to twenty-two inches.



WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.



A GROUP OF EUROPEAN VULTURES

The Kite is spread over Europe, Asia, and Northern Africa. It builds in tall trees, and lays three eggs, white, spotted with reddish-brown at the larger end. Its length is rather more than two feet ; the fourth primary feather is the longest, the first and seventh nearly equal.



COMMON BUZZARD

The Peregrine Falcon is an inhabitant of most parts of Europe, Asia, and South America. Its strength and swiftness are very great, enabling it to strike down its prey with great ease ; indeed, it has been known to disable five partridges in succession. From its successful pursuit of ducks Americans call it the Duck Hawk.

It changes the color of its plumage several times before it arrives at full maturity. It builds on ledges of rocks, laying four eggs of a reddish-brown color. Its length is from fifteen to eighteen inches.



THE GREENLAND FALCON

The Kestrel, or Windhover, feeds on field-mice. Its nest is usually built in the deserted mansion of a crow or magpie. The eggs are four in number, of a dark reddish-brown. The length is from thirteen to fifteen inches.

The Sparrow-hawk is common throughout Europe. It displays great pertinacity in pursuit of its prey,



THE SECRETARY BIRD

which it will chase for a long while, skimming along a few feet above the ground. When taken young it

is easily tamed, and will then associate with the most incongruous companions. Its length is from twelve to fifteen inches. It builds upon lofty trees.

The Secretary Bird derives its name from the tufts of feathers at the back of its head, which bear a fanciful resemblance to pens stuck behind the ear. It inhabits South Africa and the Philippine Islands. It feeds on snakes and other reptiles, of which it consumes an amazing number, and is on that account protected. It is easily tamed, and is then exceedingly useful. It builds on high trees, laying three large eggs, almost white. Its length is about three feet.

Owls. A large round head, with enormous eyes looking forward, is a distinguishing mark of the Owl family. Many species possess two feathery tufts placed on the head, greatly resembling horns. The Owls are nocturnal birds, pursuing their prey by night and sleeping during the day. In order to enable them to see their prey, their eyes are enormously large, and capable of taking in every ray of light. In order to protect them from the cold, they are furnished with a dense covering of downy feathers, which also prevent the movements of the wing from being heard.

The Snowy Owl is an inhabitant of the North of Europe, and is also found in North America. It is a good fisher, snatching its prey from the water by a sudden grasp of the foot. It also preys on lemmings, hares, ptarmigans, etc., chasing and striking at them with its feet. It makes its nest on the ground, and

lays three or four white eggs. Its length is from twenty-two to twenty-seven inches, the expanse of wing four feet.

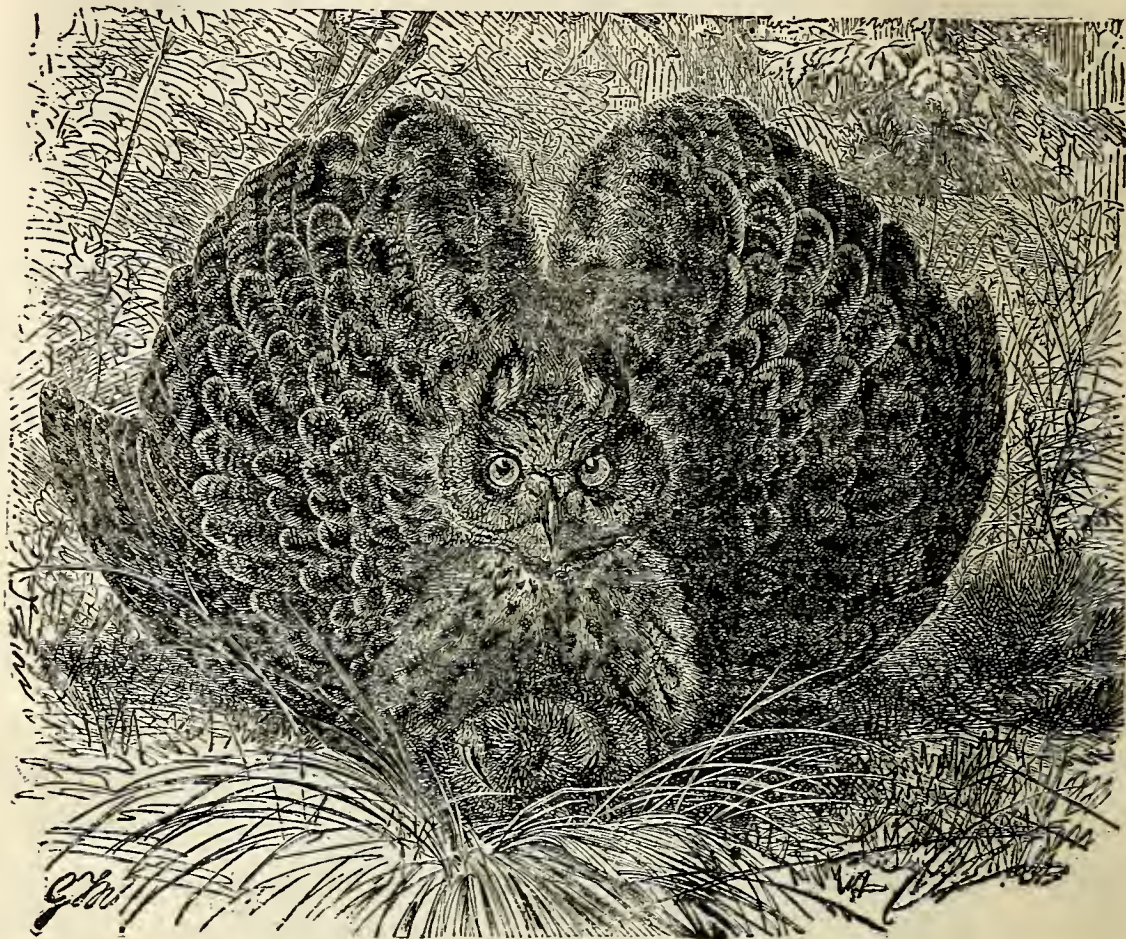
The Great-eared Owl, or Eagle Owl, is the largest of the family. This powerful bird attacks hares and



THE LONG-EARED OWL

rabbits, together with small birds. It inhabits the North of Europe. It lays its eggs in the clefts of rocks or in ruined buildings. The length of this bird is upward of two feet.

The Barn Owl. The length of the Barn Owl is rather more than twelve inches; the second primary feather is the longest. Its color is a bright yellowish-brown, marked with dots and lines of vari-



THE EAGLE OWL

ous tints, the lines being generally dark and the dots light.

The Goat-sucker, sometimes called the Fern Owl, is spread over Europe. It may be seen at the approach of evening, silently wheeling round the trees, capturing the nocturnal moths and beetles; then occasionally

settling and uttering its jarring cry. When flying, the bird sometimes makes its wings meet over its back, and brings them together with a smart snap. The Whip-poor-Will and Chuck-Will's-Widow both belong to this family.

Swallows are remarkable for their great power of wing, their wide mouths, and short legs. Their wing feathers are long, stiff, and pointed, and their tails are long and forked.

The Common Swift seems to spend the whole day on the wing, wheeling with wonderful velocity. The number of insects which it destroys is almost incredible. The color of this bird is a dusky black. The length is eight inches, the expanse of wing eighteen inches, and its weight barely *one ounce*.

The Sand Martin principally builds in cliffs of sandstone, boring holes three feet or more in depth. Where a convenient sand-cliff exists, hundreds of these pretty little birds may be seen working away at their habitations, or dashing about in the air, looking at a distance like white butterflies, and occasionally returning to the rock, which is often completely honeycombed by their labors.

The Trogon. The Trogon stands pre-eminent in beauty and brilliancy of plumage, the usual tint being a metallic golden green, boldly contrasted with scarlet, black, and brown.

The Resplendent Trogon is the most gorgeous of all this gorgeous family. Its long and gracefully curved tail, nearly three feet long, the whole of the upper sur-

face, and the throat are a glowing green ; the breast and under parts are bright crimson ; the middle feathers



THE KINGFISHER

of the tail black, and the outer feathers white. This splendid bird is an inhabitant of Mexico, and was used

by the Mexican nobles as an ornament to their head-dress.

The Kingfisher. The common Kingfisher is found in most parts of England. Its usual method of fishing is by placing itself on a stump or stone overhanging the water, from which spot it watches for the unsuspecting fish beneath. After a fish is caught, the bird kills it by beating it several times against its resting-place, and then swallowing it, head foremost.

The Hoopoe, one of the most elegant birds that visit England, is unfortunately a very rare guest, and seldom, if ever, breeds there. Its beautiful crest can be raised or depressed at pleasure, but is seldom displayed unless the bird is excited from some cause. Its food consists of insects, which it first batters and moulds into an oblong mass, and then swallows, with a peculiar jerk of the head.

In France Hoopoes are very common, and may be seen examining old and rotten stumps for the insects that invariably congregate in such places. There they may be seen in flocks, but they never seem to come over to England in greater numbers than one pair at a time. M. Bechstein gives a curious account of the attitude assumed by the Hoopoe on perceiving a large bird in the air. "As soon as they perceived a raven, or even a pigeon, they were on their bellies in the twinkling of an eye, their wings stretched out by the side of the head, so that the large quill feathers touched the head, leaning on the back with the bill pointing up."



HUMMING BIRD.

ward. In this curious posture they might be taken for an old rag!"

The Hoopoe lays from four to seven gray eggs in the hollow of a tree. Its length is one foot.



RACKET-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD

The Humming-bird. Though least in size, the glittering mantle of the Humming-bird entitles it to the first place in the list of the birds of the New World. It may truly be called the Bird of Paradise; and had it existed in the Old World, it would have claimed the title instead of the bird which has now the honor

to bear it. See it darting through the air almost as quick as thought ! Now it is within a yard of your face — in an instant gone — now it flutters from flower to flower to sip the silver dew — it is now a ruby — now a topaz — now an emerald — now all burnished gold.

The tongue of the Humming-bird is formed much like that of the woodpecker, being curled round the head, under the skin, and thus capable of being darted to a considerable distance.

Like many other little creatures, the Humming-bird is remarkable for its assurance and impudence. It is easily tamed for that very reason, and has been known to domesticate itself in an hour from the time of its capture, and even when released it has returned again to partake of the dainties which it had tasted during its captivity.

There are an immense number of species of these exquisite birds, varying from the size of a swift to that of a humble-bee.

The nests are very neat and beautiful, and as may be imagined from the diminutive size of the little architect exceedingly small. They are composed of down, cotton, etc., and are sometimes covered on the outside with mosses and lichens.

The Wren. The American House Wren is larger than the European Wren, being about five inches long. It is of a reddish-brown color, and is a good fighter, and will attack bluebirds and swallows. The nest of the Wren is built in any convenient cranny ; an ivy-covered tree, the thatch of a barn, or a warm scare-



FALLOW DEER.

crow are all used by this fearless little bird. The nest is usually of an oval shape, always covered on the outside with some material resembling the color of the objects round it, such as green moss if built among ivy, or brown lichen if built on a rock or in the fork of a withered branch. The eggs are six or eight in number — white, speckled with reddish-brown.

Lyre Bird, a name applied to two birds of Australia, from the lyre-shaped outline of the erect tail-feathers of the male.

The Nightingale, so famous for its singing, is of a quiet brown color, and is a little larger than the sparrow. It is found in Europe and Asia, but does not go far north. It usually begins to sing in the evening, and continues its song all through the night. The inimitable song of this Mendelssohn among birds loses a great part of its beauty when uttered by day, deadened and confused with other sounds.

The Warblers are spread over almost the entire globe, and many gladden this country with their pleasant songs.

The Blackcap, almost a rival of the nightingale, is at once recognized by the black color of the crown of the head. Only the males, however, are thus decorated, the crown of the head of the female being dark brown. Its sweet notes are poured forth from the concealment of some thicket or tuft of trees, where it trusts to the density of the foliage to elude discovery. Like the mocking-bird of America, it can imitate the songs of other birds with such perfect inflection that it is almost

impossible to detect the imposture. Among bushes and brambles it builds its nest, which is made of dried grass, moss, and hairs.

The Golden-crested *Regulus* is one of the smallest of British birds. Fir plantations are its favorite resort, and there it may be seen hopping about the branches, or running round them, head downward, in search of the insects hidden beneath the bark. Its note is weak but very pleasing, and much resembles that of the common wren.

The Redbreast, or Robin Redbreast, as it is affectionately termed, has by its fearless conduct earned itself golden opinions from all kinds of men. Every nation seems to protect it.

In the winter, when the berries are gone, insects dead, and the worms hidden under the hard frozen soil, then the Robin flies for refuge to the habitations of man for shelter and food. It is very amusing to see the half-trusting, half-fearful look with which it hops to the window-sill for the first time. After a while it becomes bold and taps at the window, if the expected crumbs are not thrown out. Before very long it ventures to enter the room, hops about on the table, and quite seems to consider as a right what was first merely a favor. When once established it is very jealous, and will not suffer a friend to be partaker of the same comforts, but attacks him with the greatest fury; so the unfortunate second comer has to wait shivering outside the window, with his feathers puffed up, and his little eye glancing from the depths of his plumage.



THE LYRE-BIRD.

The nest of this bird is built in a crevice of an old ivied wall, in a bank, sheltered by the roots of a tree, or in a mass of ivy clinging to an old tree.

The Wagtail, so named from the almost incessant vibration of its tail, is exclusively confined to the Old World. It runs with great rapidity, and altogether looks very like a diminutive magpie.

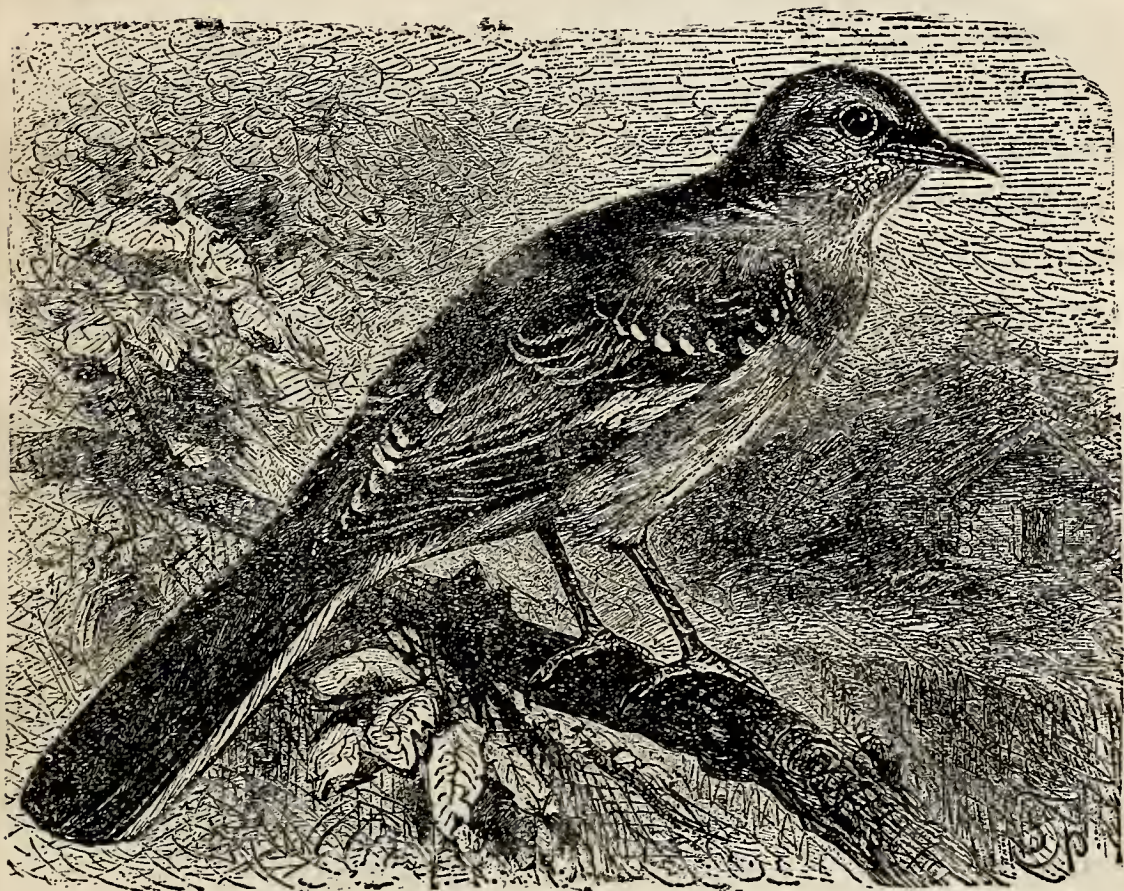
The Water Ouzel, or Dipper, is found principally in hilly places where there are clear and rapid streams. It dives for a considerable distance with apparent ease, and has a habit of dipping and rising repeatedly.

The Song-Thrush, Thrustle, or Mavis, is deservedly considered one of the best singing birds. Its powerful and rich notes may be heard even during the month of January, when most of the other singing birds are either silent or have departed.

The Blackbird is a delightful songster, whose jetty hue and "orange-tawny bill" are well known. The habits of this bird are not unlike those of the thrush, especially in its zeal for unearthing the cockchaffer grubs, and possibly for eating cherries when they are ripe.

The Mocking-bird, or Polyglot Thrush, is a native of most parts of America. This wonderful bird stands pre-eminent in powers of song. Not only are its natural notes bold and spirited, but it has the faculty of imitating with deceptive fidelity every sound it hears. To its flexible organs, the harsh setting of a saw, the song of a nightingale, the creaking of a wheel, the

whistled tune of a passerby, the full and mellow notes of the thrush, the barking of a dog, the crowing of a cock, and the savage scream of the bald eagle are each equally easy of execution, and follow one another with such marvellous rapidity that few can believe that



THE MOCKING-BIRD

the insignificant brown bird before them is the sole author of these varied sounds.

While sitting on its eggs it is an exceedingly courageous bird, attacking without discrimination man, dogs, or any animal who may approach too near the nest. But the black snake is the special object of its ven-

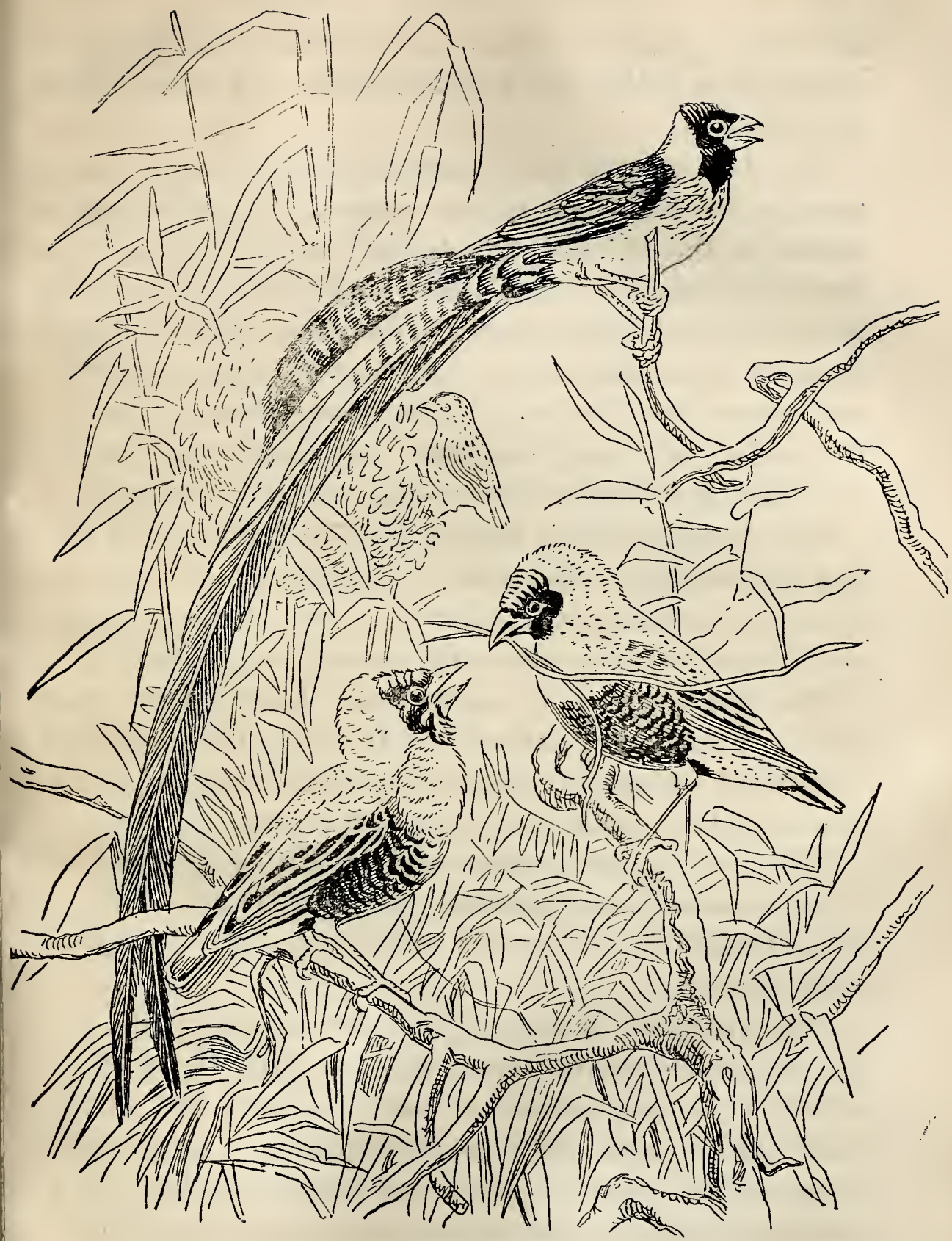
geance. The snake, which has perhaps just arrived at the vicinity of the nest, and is contemplating a pleasant breakfast on the young or eggs, is violently attacked by the enraged Mocking-bird, which, by repeated blows on the head, generally destroys its enemy, and then, mounting on a bush, pours forth a triumphant song of victory.

The nest is made generally in a bush or apple-tree, frequently close to houses, as the bird is protected by the inhabitants. The Mocking-bird is often kept tame, in which case, so far from its imitative powers showing any decrease, the variety of domestic sounds heard about the house is often very perplexing.

The Spotted Flycatcher may be considered as the type of the entire family. It takes its station on some elevated spot, such as the overhanging bough of a tree, a post, or a rail; and from thence watches for a passing insect, on seeing which, it darts from its post, secures the insect in the air, and returns to the same spot by a short circular flight.

The Shrikes, or Butcher Birds, well deserve their name, as they live upon insects and small birds, which they kill, and afterward transfix with a thorn, preparatory to devouring them. They take their prey much after the same manner as the flycatchers, by darting on it from some place of concealment.

Weaver Bird, a common name for a sub-family of the finches, remarkable for their curious nests. Comparatively little is known of these birds, as they are mostly African, although a few are Asiatic; but their remark-



WEAVER BIRDS.

able nests, constructed so as to protect the eggs and young from snakes and monkeys, have long been objects of curiosity.

The Jay, so well known for the beautiful blue markings on its wings, is rather a shy bird, preferring to reside in the thickest woods, and seldom coming into the open country. It is easily tamed when young, and is very amusing when domesticated. This bird possesses, like several others of the same family, considerable talents for mimicry. It has been known to imitate the sound of a saw, the bleat of a lamb, or even the neighing of a horse with the most perfect accuracy.

The Magpie is well known for its thieving and hiding propensities. The nest of the Magpie is built on a high tree and curiously defended with thorns, having a small hole just large enough to admit the owners.

The Raven is very common in Europe and most parts of Asia and America. It lives principally on carrion of various kinds, such as dead sheep or lambs, and on fishes which have been cast on shore.

The Rook inhabits almost every part of Europe, and is very common in England, where it lives in a kind of semi-domestication, usually inhabiting a grove of trees near a house.

The Jackdaw is another well-known bird. It does not build in the branches of trees like the rook, to which it is very similar in many respects, but prefers holes in decayed trees or old buildings, particularly frequenting church towers and steeples. The Jackdaw feeds upon almost any substance that it can find.

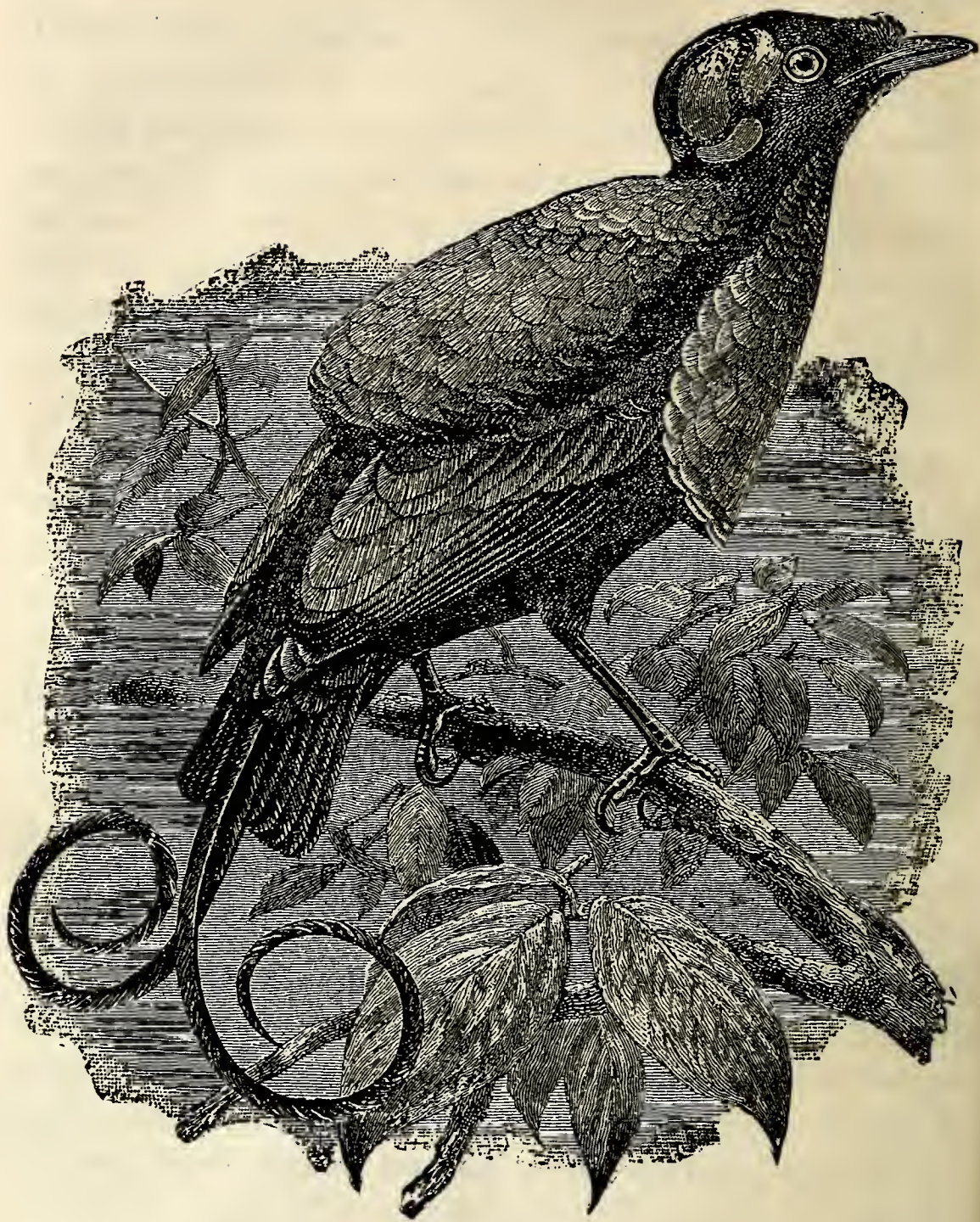
The Crow, or Carrion Crow, as it is erroneously called, seldom feeds on carrion ; for poor indeed would be his meals were he dependent on dead sheep or horses for a livelihood. Possibly the name was given as a distinction between it and the rook. Waterton states that the flesh of the Carrion Crow is just as good as that of the rook, and relates how he once served up a pie of these birds to some friends, who thought them pigeons. It will also eat cherries and walnuts like the rook, and when the supply of insects has failed, it will then turn its attention to the duck-pond or farmyard, and carry off a young duckling or chicken.

It also carries off eggs, by pouncing upon them, and driving its bill through the shell, and even mice and rats are not unaccustomed food.

The Chough inhabits the counties of the western coast of England, and is, perhaps, more common in Cornwall than in any other county.

The Emerald Bird of Paradise. This bird is about the size of a jay. Its body, breast, and lower parts are of a deep rich brown : the front set close with black feathers shot with green ; the throat is of a rich golden green ; the head yellow ; the sides of the tail are clothed with a splendid plume of long downy feathers, of a soft yellow color. By these are placed two long filamentous shafts, which extend nearly two feet in length.

Of these beautiful feathers the bird is so proud that it will not suffer the least speck of dirt to remain upon them, and it is constantly examining its plumage to see



BIRD OF PARADISE



RED BIRD OF PARADISE.

that there are no spots on it. When in its wild state, it always flies and sits with its face to the wind, lest its elegant filmy plumes should be disarranged.

The Baltimore Oriole is an inhabitant of the whole of Northern America, its range extending from Canada to Mexico — even as far south as Brazil.

It is a migratory bird, arriving about the beginning of May, and departing toward the end of August or the beginning of September. This species is remarkably familiar and fearless of man, hanging its beautiful pen-sile nest upon the garden-trees, and even venturing into the streets wherever a green tree flourishes.

The coloring of the bird is as follows: The head and throat, together with the upper part of the back and the wings, are deep black, with the exception of an orange bar upon the shoulders. The lower part of the back and the whole of the under surface are bright orange, warming into scarlet on the breast.

From these colors the bird has derived the names of Golden Robin and Fire Bird. Its total length is about seven inches.

The Common Starling is a bird well known both for its beauty and its singular method of flight. When a flock of Starlings begin to settle for the night, they wheel round the place selected with great accuracy. Suddenly, as if by word of command, the whole flock turn their sides to the spectator, and with a great whirring of wings the whole front and shape of the flock is altered. No body of soldiers could be better wheeled or countermarched than are these flocks of

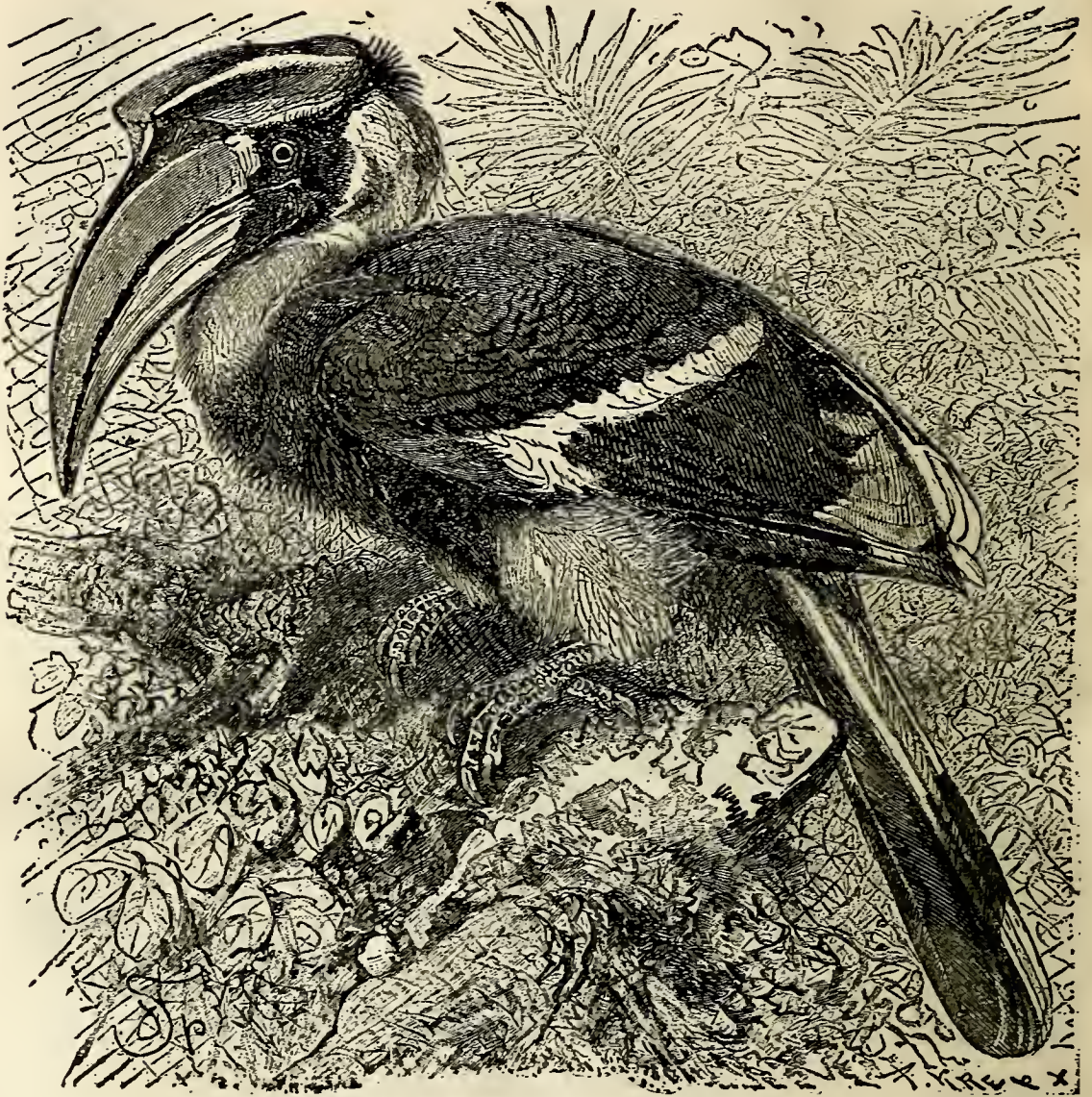
Starlings, except, perhaps, an unfortunate few, who are usually thrown out at each change, and whom we must charitably suppose to be recruits.



SKYLARK, WOODLARK, AND CRESTED LARK

The Starling lives principally among old buildings, and is very fond of gaining admittance into dovecotes, where it is a harmless visitor, and may be suffered to remain without detriment to the pigeons or their eggs.

Its nest is made usually in a hole in a wall, sometimes in a decayed tree, and contains five eggs of a very delicate, uniformly pale blue.



TWO-HORNED HORNBILL

The Grosbeak or Hawkfinch well deserves its generic name of "Berry-breaker," for its beak is capable of breaking the hard kernels of the cherry.



STARLINGS.

The Chaffinch or Piefinch is chiefly remarkable for the beautiful nest which it constructs. The forks of a thorn or wild crab-tree are favorite places for the nest which is composed of mosses, hair, wool, and feathers.

The Goldfinch or Thistlefinch in captivity is very tame, and can be trained to perform a multitude of tricks; the most common of which are, drawing its own food and water with a chain and bucket, or firing a gun when commanded.

The Canary. This pretty little songster is so well known as to need but little description, particularly as there are no opportunities of studying its natural course of life. From the manner in which the Canary is usually reared, it is evident that the bird has but very little opportunity of exhibiting its natural instincts.

The Sparrow. The courageous, impudent, quarrelsome Sparrow is known to all, and, therefore, will not be particularly described.

The Yellow-hammer or Yellow Bunting is a very delicately marked little bird, very common in England.

Some say that the name ought to be Yellow-Ammer, the word Ammer being German for Bunting, and the German word for this bird being Goldammer.

The Larks are known by their very long hind toe. The Skylark, which pours forth its animated song while suspended high in the air, is an inhabitant of most parts of Europe, Asia, and North Africa, but is not found in America.

The Bullfinch when well trained whistles or “pipes” any melody which has been taught it, in a fine flute-like tone. A good piping Bullfinch sells at a very high



THE TOUCAN

price. The method of teaching is to confine the birds in a dark room, and, before their food is given, to play the air that they have to learn, on an instrument called a bird-organ. The birds soon begin to imitate the notes, and by degrees the whole tune is learned. Some

trainers substitute a small clarionet for the bird-organ.

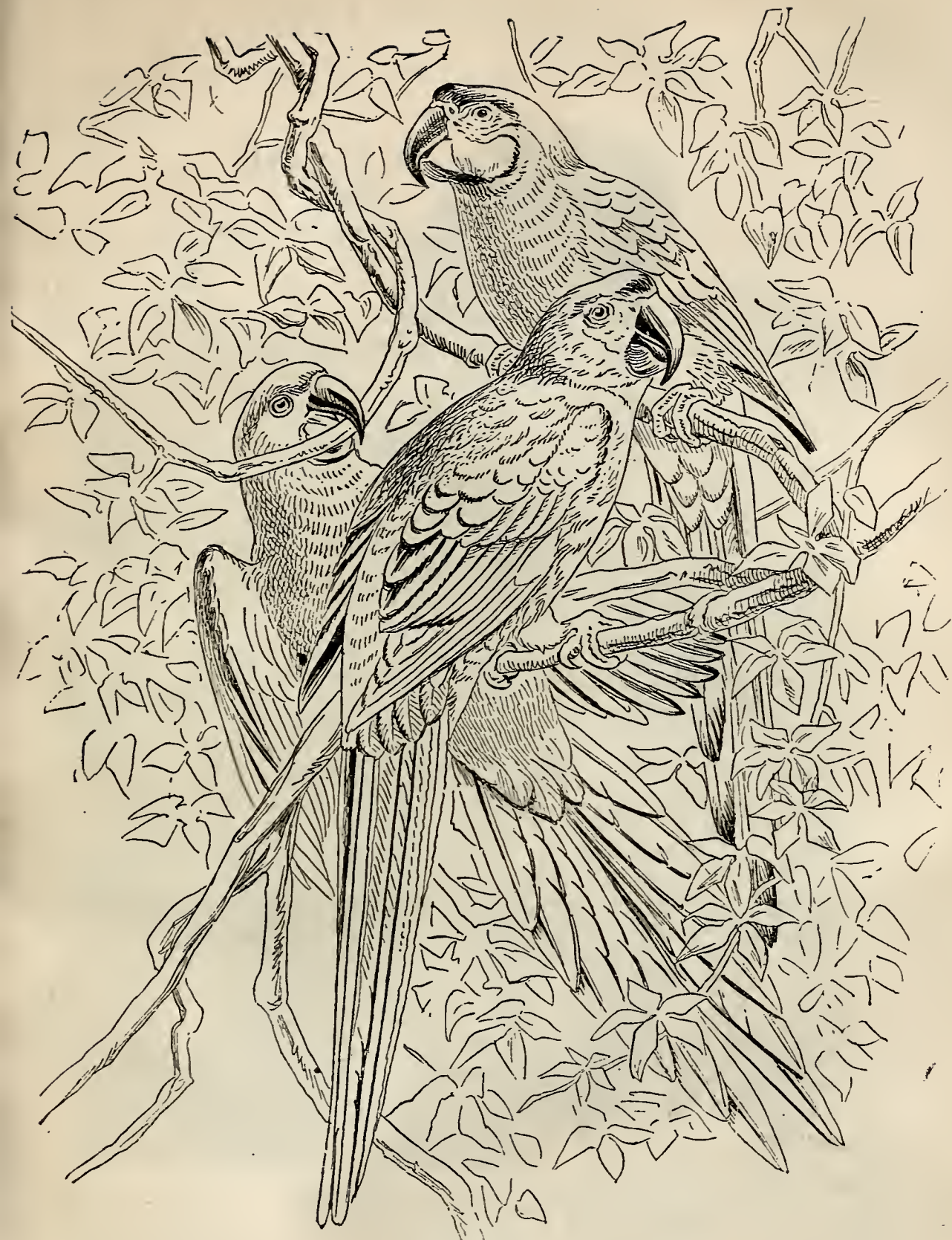
When in captivity the Bullfinch is very sociable, and soon learns to know its owners, and to come to them when called. The name of Bullfinch is given to it on account of the large proportionate size of its head and neck.

The Rhinoceros Hornbill. This singular and almost startling family comprises but few species, which are all natives of India and Africa. The enormous bill, with its incomprehensible appendage, although of course heavy, is really much lighter than it looks; being composed of a kind of light honeycombed structure. The upper protuberance is hollow, and the only conjecture formed of its use is that it serves as a sounding-board to increase the sound while the bird is uttering its peculiar roaring cry.

The Hornbills seem to be omnivorous — fruits, eggs, birds, reptiles, etc., forming their food. The African Hornbills are extremely fond of nutmegs, and are, on that account, said to be peculiarly delicate eating.

The Toucans are all natives of tropical America. Their enormous bill is rendered light in the same way as that of the hornbills, by being chiefly composed of a honeycomb structure. They are particularly fond of mice and small birds. When sleeping, the Toucan takes great care of its bill, packing it away, and covering it carefully with the feathers of its back.

The Parrots are said to be very long-lived; some have certainly been known to live upward of eighty years in



MACAWS.



GREAT BLACK COCKATOO, WITH CREST ERECTED

captivity, and may be imagined to exceed that period in a wild state.

The Macaws are natives of South America. The blue-and-yellow Macaw inhabits Brazil, Guiana, and Surinam, living principally on the banks of rivers.



THE GRAY PARROT

The Ringed Parrakeet is frequently seen domesticated. It soon learns to repeat words and short sentences, and to speak with tolerable distinctness. The color of the bird is green, and a rose-colored band round its neck gives it the name of the Rose-ringed Parrakeet. The bill is red.

The Cockatoos are remarkable for the powdery surface of their wings, and for the crest on the head, which can be raised or depressed at pleasure. The Sulphur-crested Cockatoo is an inhabitant of New Guinea. Its color is white, and the crest is of a sulphur yellow. This Cockatoo is easily tamed, and is of a very affectionate disposition. When in captivity it has been known to live to the age of one hundred and twenty years.

The Woodpeckers, whose name indicates their habits, are widely spread, being found in all quarters of the globe except Australia. They subsist on insects and grubs, which they dig out of trees or discover under the bark. The bill is long, sharp, and powerful, and the formation of the feet and legs is such that the bird can grasp the tree firmly with the feet, while swinging with the force of his whole body against it.

It appears to be an erroneous opinion that these birds injure trees. Their only object in pecking away the wood and bark is to get at the insects which they know are hidden within. Now insects seldom or never bore into healthy wood, but a **decayed** branch or stump is always full of them ; so the woodpecker, when he perceives a decayed branch or finds an unsound spot in the trunk, immediately sets to work industriously, and is rewarded by finding plenty of insects, which he draws out and demolishes, with benefit to himself and good to others.

The Wryneck is tolerably common in the southern counties of England, but is scarcely ever seen in the north and west. It feeds principally on ants, which it picks up with great rapidity by means of its long

tongue ; twisting its head and neck, and hissing like a serpent, if disturbed upon its eggs. The young also hiss if they are molested.

The Cuckoo, spring's harbinger, has in all ages obtained for itself a name at once pleasing and disrepu-



THE COMMON CUCKOO

table : pleasing, because its well-known notes are a sign that the cold winter is gone ; and disreputable, because it usurps the nests of other birds, of which the hedge sparrow is the usual victim. In its nest the Cuckoo deposits one of its own eggs, which are remarkably

small in proportion to the size of the bird. The unsuspecting hedge sparrow hatches the intruder together with her own young. The Cuckoo rapidly increases in size, and monopolizes no small portion of the entire nest, besides taking the lion's share of the provisions. The mother, however, never seems to see the difference, but feeds and tends the interloper with quite as much care as her own young.

The young Cuckoo ejects the former and rightful occupants of the nest by managing to get the egg or young bird upon its back, clambering up to the edge of the nest, and then throwing it over by a sharp jerk. The American Cuckoo only occasionally appropriates another's nest, but it exhibits an unnatural neglect of its offspring. It is a disagreeable, greedy, and bad-tempered bird. The Cuckoo derives its name from its cry of coo-coo.

The Dove. This family is supposed to be more widely distributed than any other.

The Ringdove. A black ringlet round the neck, edged with white, gives it the name of Ringdove.

The Tumbler is a very little pigeon, and derives its name from its singular habit of falling backward when on the wing. Pigeon fanciers assert that a flight of twelve Tumblers may be covered with a handkerchief.

The Pouter is a large pigeon. It stands particularly erect, and seems exceedingly vain of the swollen crop which gives it the name of Pouter. The bird is enabled to inflate its crop with air until the head is almost hidden behind it. This inflation sometimes causes the



CRESTED AND COMMON BRONZE-WINGED DOVES

bird to lose its balance, and fall down chimneys on which it is fond of standing, thereby illustrating the proverb that "Pride will have a fall."

The Carrier Pigeon is the bird that is still largely employed to take messages. The most valuable Carriers were trained to carry to and from their residence. A letter was written on a small piece of paper, and fastened under the wing of the pigeon, or to its feet. The feet were then bathed in vinegar to keep them cool, lest the bird should stop on the way to bathe. When the pigeon was set free, it rose high in the air, made one or two circular flights, and then darted off like an arrow in the proper direction. One of these birds has been known to fly nearly one hundred and fifty miles in one hour.

In America the Wild Pigeon used to be seen in enormous flocks, which, as they migrated, really hid the sun, destroyed forests miles wide, breaking down the branches with their weight, and wasting the crops far and wide. This bird moves with extraordinary speed, and goes enormous distances. Many have been killed in New York State with their crops full of rice that they must have eaten in Georgia. That means that they flew three hundred miles in six hours. In 1813 Audubon says the air was literally filled with pigeons, and the midday sun, darkened as in an eclipse, and the flocks flew over him in countless numbers for three whole days. But, like the buffalo, the Wild Pigeon is nearly exterminated.

The Peacock is well known for its magnificent plu-



PEACOCK DISPLAYING



PEACOCK

mage and its brilliantly colored spread of tail feathers. The gorgeous plumes do not compose the tail, as many suppose, but are only the tail coverts. The tail feathers themselves are short and rigid, and serve to keep the train spread, as may be seen when the bird walks about in all the majesty of his plumage.

The voice of the Peacock is as unpleasant and unmusical as its external appearance is attractive.

The train of the male Peacock, although popularly called its tail, is in reality composed of the upper tail coverts, which are enormously lengthened,

and finished at their extremities with broad rounded webs, or with spear-shaped ends. The shafts of these feathers are almost bare of web for some fourteen or fifteen inches of their length, and then throw out a number of long loose vanes of a light coppery green. These are very brittle and apt to snap off at different lengths. In the central feathers the extremity is modified into a wide flattened battledore-shaped form, each barbule being colored with refulgent emerald-green, deep violet-purple, greenish-bronze, gold and blue, in such a manner as to form a distinct "eye," the centre being violet of two shades, surrounded with emerald, and the other tints being arranged concentrically around it. In the feathers that edge the train there is no "eye," the feathers coming to a point at the extremity, and having rather wide but loose emerald-green barbules on the outer web, and a few scattered coppery barbules in the place of the inner web. The tail feathers are only seven or eight inches in length; are of a grayish-brown color, and can be seen when the train is erected, that being their appointed task.

On the head is a tuft or aigrette of twenty-four upright feathers, blackish upon their almost naked shafts, and rich golden-green shot with blue on their expanded tips. The top of the head, the throat, and neck are the most refulgent blue, changing in different lights to gold and green. On the back the feathers are golden-green, edged with velvety black, giving a peculiar richness of effect. The wings are darker than the rest of the plumage, the quill feathers being marked



with black, and having some red about them. The abdomen is blackish with a green gloss, and the feathers of the thighs are fawn. The female is much smaller than her mate, and not nearly so beautiful, the train being almost wanting, and the color ashy brown with the exception of the throat and neck which are green. A white or albino variety of this bird is not at all uncommon, and in this case the characteristic "eyes" are faintly indicated in neutral tint.

The Common Pheasant is a hardy bird, and bears the cold months very well. Although it can be tamed, and will come to be fed with the poultry, yet an innate timidity prevents it from being thoroughly domesticated.

This bird loves to perch at night on trees, especially on the spreading branches of the larch. Poachers are so well aware of this habit that they always visit the larches first while on their marauding excursions.

A few spruce firs surrounded by dense and tall holly hedges form an excellent place of refuge for the birds, who can bid the poacher defiance from their stronghold; while a few dozen wooden pheasants nailed on the branches of the unguarded trees are admirably adapted for trying the patience and wasting the ammunition of the nocturnal plunderer.

A white variety of the Pheasant sometimes occurs, but seems never to be propagated. The nest of the bird is made on the ground, and contains from ten to eighteen eggs of a uniform dun color.

The Pheasant is now naturalized throughout a great

part of Europe. It is very beautifully marked with a great variety of changing colors. In England it exists in a half-domesticated state, and is fattened with grain, attaining sometimes a weight of five pounds. Pheasants are collected at the proper time in large numbers, and slaughtered by so-called sportsmen *en battue*. The flesh is very excellent food. This bird hybridizes readily with most other gallinaceous birds. The name Pheasant is also popularly extended in some parts of the United States to the ruffed grouse.

The Argus Pheasant is a genus of gallinaceous birds remarkable for rich and brilliant plumage. It is a native of Sumatra and other parts of the East Indies, and is about equal in size to a common barn-door fowl. Two of the tail feathers of the male are about four feet long. The name Argus is given in reference to the beautiful circular eye-like markings which adorn the plumage of the male, especially on the secondaries of the wings.

The Domestic Fowls are too well known to need much description.

The Game Fowl was formerly in great request for the cruel sport of cock-fighting.

The Java Fowl, of which the enormous Cochin-China bird is a variety, is supposed to be the origin of the barn-door fowl. The cock has been long celebrated for his war-like propensities, and his habit of greeting the approach of morn by his "shrill clarion."

The Bantam is a very little bird indeed, but exceedingly courageous, and does not hesitate to attack a

turkey or such large bird. Some Bantams have their legs thickly feathered down to the very toes.

The Turkey is a native of America, and appears to have been imported into Europe about the year 1600. It is partly migratory in its habits. The march is usually performed on foot, the birds seldom using their wings except when attacked, or in order to cross a river.

The Partridge is one of the birds included in the designation of "game." It lays from fifteen to twenty eggs in a rude nest placed on the ground, and displays great attachment to them, and no small ingenuity in decoying an intruder away.

The length of the bird is twelve inches and a half; the wing is short and rounded, causing the peculiar whirring sound when in motion.

The Quail (Bob White, so called) is a quite common little bird, visiting America in the summer. Countless flocks of them are spread over the Southern and Middle States, and many are taken and sent to the New York markets.

Temmick states that hundreds of thousands arrive in Naples and Provence, and are so fatigued that for several days they suffer themselves to be taken by hand. We are here reminded of the flight of Quails with which the Israelites were fed, the sacred narrative even preserving the nocturnal flight of these birds. "And it came to pass, that *at even* the Quails came up and covered the camp." Probably the instinct to fly by night is implanted in them for the

purpose of avoiding the birds of prey that would attack them by day. The female lays from seven to twelve eggs in a rude nest on the ground. The length of the bird is seven inches.

The Black Grouse, or Black Cock, is still found on the moors of Scotland and some parts of England, and, together with the Red Grouse, tempts innumerable sportsmen annually to spend their leisure months on the moors.

The Ptarmigan. The common Ptarmigan inhabits the northern parts of Europe and America, and is also found in the north of Scotland, principally among the mountains. The color of the bird is so similar to that of the mossy and lichen-covered rocks among which it dwells, that a whole covey easily eludes an unpractised eye. In winter it turns white.

The Australian Jungle Fowl inhabits the dense thickets bordering on the seashore, and is never found far inland.

The birds of this family are all remarkable for the shortness of their wings, which are weak and unable to raise them from the ground, but appear to assist them in running.

The Ostrich. The Ostrich is the largest bird as yet known to exist, its height being from six to eight feet. It is an inhabitant of Africa, and from thence the elegant plumes are brought. These plumes are mostly obtained from the wings of the bird and not from the tail as is generally imagined.

An immense number of eggs are laid by the Ostriches



OSTRICHES.

in one spot, several birds belonging to each nest. The eggs are very large and strong, and are in general use by the Bosjesmans for holding water. By means of these eggs, which they bury at intervals in the sand, after filling them with water, they are enabled to make inroads across the desert and retreat with security, as none can follow them for want of water. Each egg holds rather more than five pints. An excellent omelet is made by the natives, by burying the fresh egg in hot ashes, and stirring round the contents with a stick through a hole in the upper end, until thoroughly cooked.

The principal strength of the Ostrich tribe lies in the legs. These limbs are so powerful that a swift horse has great difficulty in overtaking the bird. As the Ostrich runs mostly in large curves, the hunters cut across and intercept the bird, which would in all probability escape if followed in its exact course. It is easily tamed.

The Cassowary is a native of the eastern parts of Asia. Like the ostrich it cannot fly, but runs with great swiftness, and if attacked by dogs kicks with extreme force and rapidity.

The Emeu is a native of New Holland, and nearly equals the ostrich in bulk, its height being between five and six feet. Its feathers lie loosely on the body, and its wings are small and hardly to be distinguished. The skin of the Emeu furnishes a bright and clear oil, on which account it is eagerly sought after.

In its manners the Emeu bears a close resemblance to



AUSTRALIAN CASSOWARY

the ostrich. Its food appears to be wholly vegetable, consisting chiefly of fruits, roots, and herbage, and it is consequently, notwithstanding its great strength, per-



EMEU AND CHICKS

fectly inoffensive. The length of its legs and the muscularity of its thighs enable it to run with great swiftness; and as it is exceedingly shy, it is not easily overtaken or brought within gun-shot.

The Apteryx. This extraordinary bird, whose name

is derived from the apparent absence of wings, those members being merely rudimentary, inhabits the islands of New Zealand. It conceals itself among the densest fern, and when hunted by dogs, it hastens to seek a refuge among rocks and in the chambers which it



THE DODO

excavates in the earth. This bird has a singular habit of resting with the top of its bill placed on the ground.

The Dodo. This singular bird, which is now extinct, was discovered in the Mauritius by the earlier voyagers. Sir T. Hubert, in the year 1627, writes: —

“The Dodo, a bird the Dutch call Walghvogel, or Dod Eersen; her body is round and fat, which occasions

the slow pace, or that her corpulencie, and so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pounds."

The representation given by him is that of a globular-shaped bird, perfectly naked, with the exception of three separate feathers on the tail, and a few feathers on the wing.

It is still within the range of possibility that this bird may again be discovered, as at present but little of Madagascar has been searched, and in that island, if anywhere, it will be found.

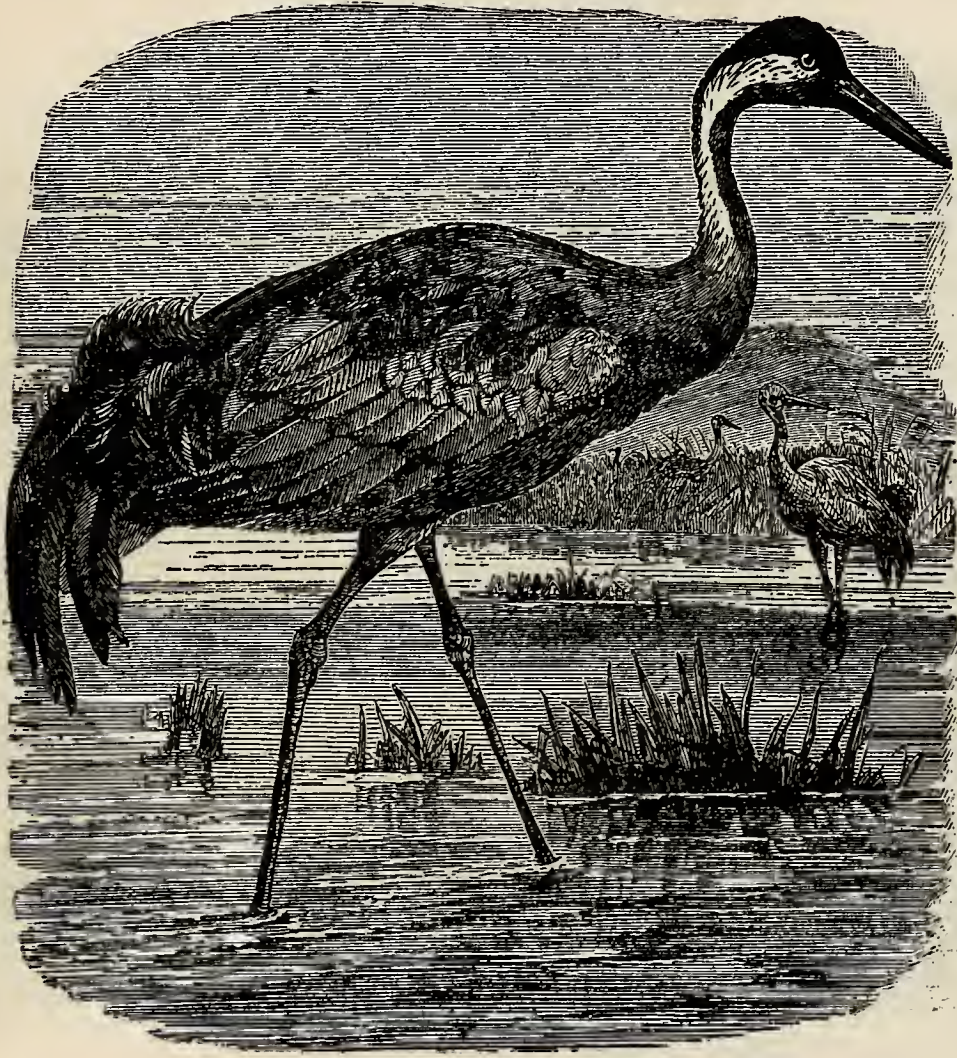
The Great Bustard. The male Bustard possesses a membranous pouch on the fore part of the neck, capable of holding six or seven pints of water. There is an opening to this pouch under the tongue, and its use is possibly, like that of the pelican, to carry water for the need of the young ; but this is not ascertained.

The Plovers. The Golden Plover is very common in most parts of the United States, and is well known from its plaintive cry, and the stratagems it employs to decoy intruders away from its nest, or rather eggs, for nest it has none. Frequently, however, the attempts of the bird only draw the attention of the passerby to the evident vicinity of the eggs. These eggs are dark brown, blotched with black, and are hardly to be distinguished from the soil where they are laid.

The Common Crane is now but rarely seen. It generally feeds on snails, frogs, and worms, but is not by any means averse to newly sown grain.

The Heron. The Common Heron generally breeds in company. In the dawn of the early morning, or

while the moon casts an uncertain light, the Heron may be seen standing in the shallow water, stiff and motionless, and by the faint light may be mistaken for a stump

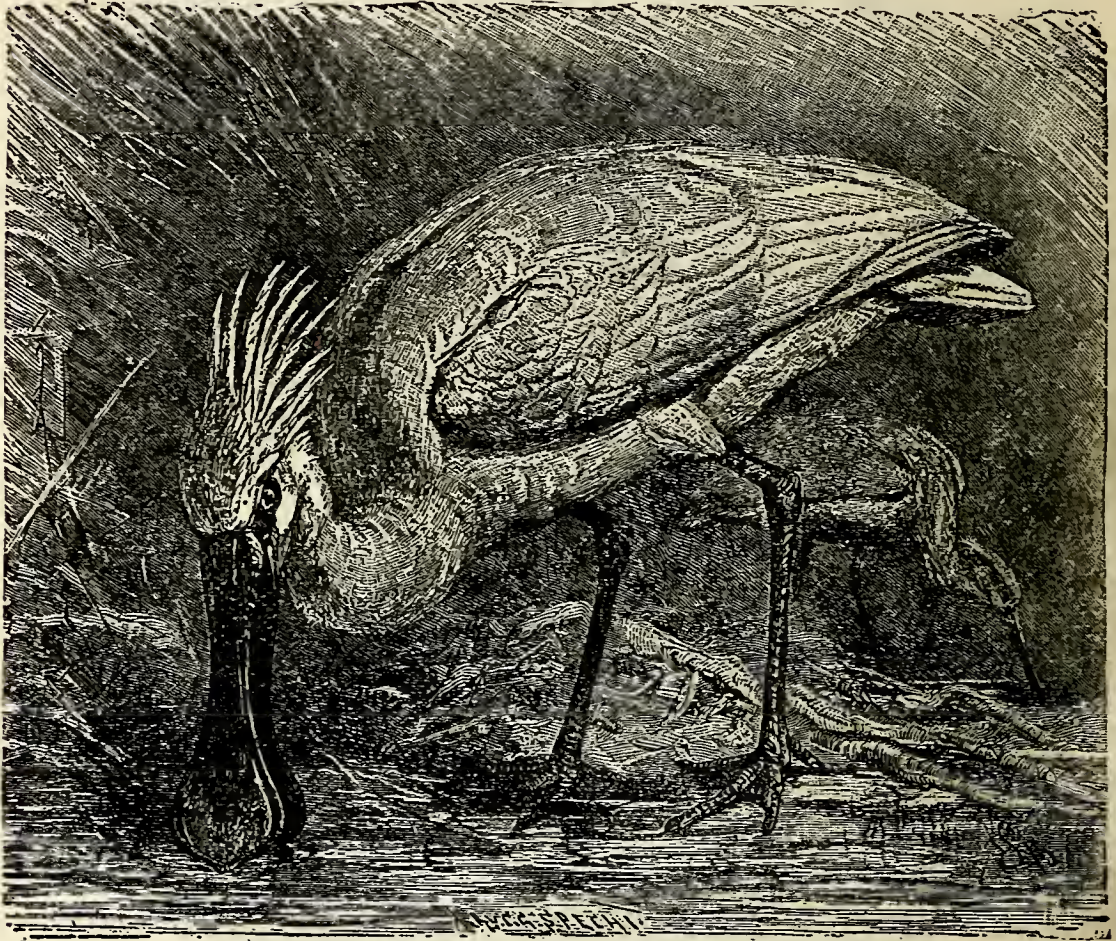


COMMON CRANE

of a tree. But his eye is keenly directed on the water, and no sooner does a fish approach than a dart of his unerring bill secures it, and the Heron soars exultingly to his nest, bearing his prey with him.

The Bittern. It frequents morasses and dense beds

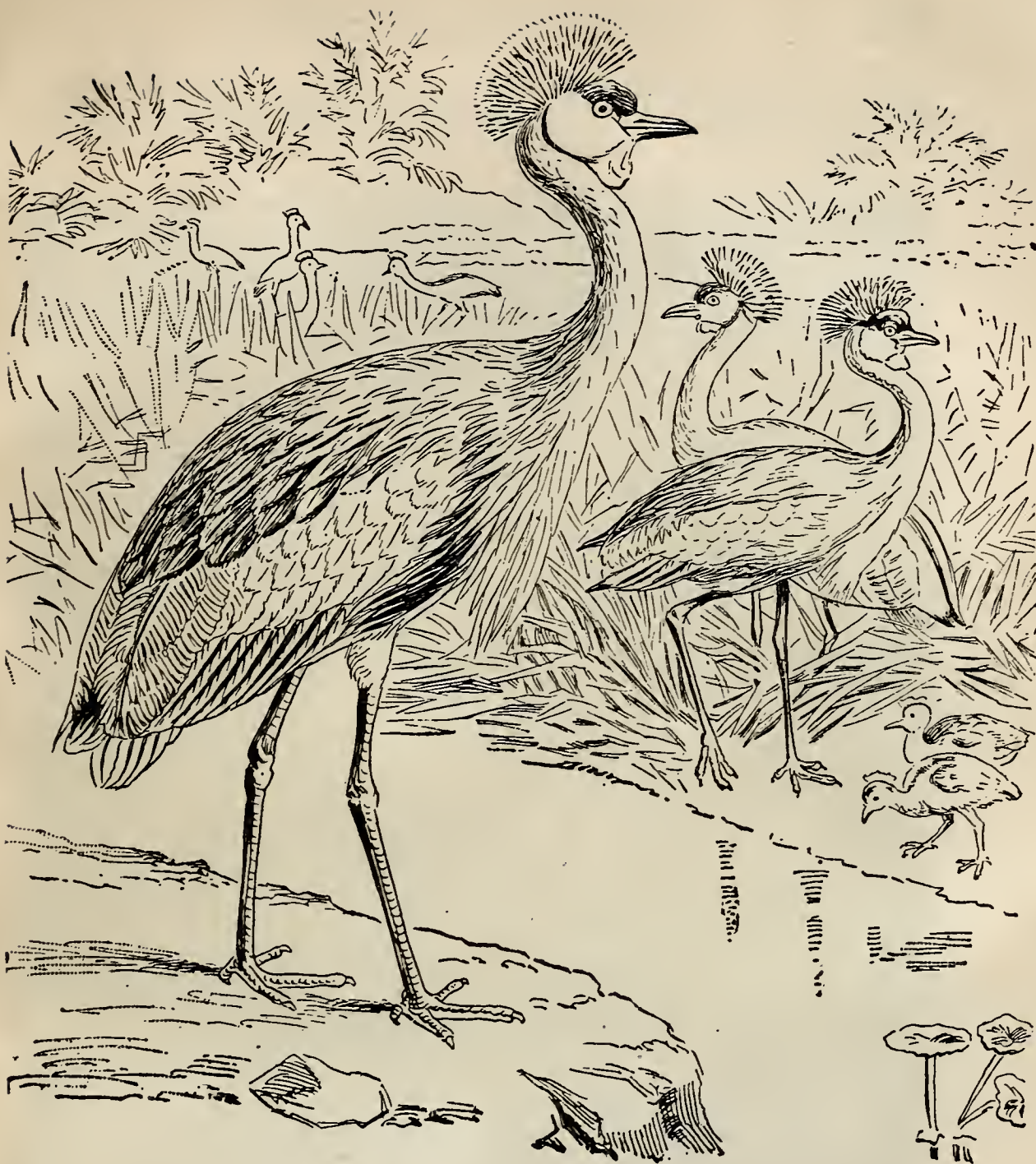
of reeds, where it lies concealed until evening, when it leaves its rushy bed and soars to a vast height, continually uttering its sepulchral booming cry. This singular sound is not unlike the bellowing of a bull.



WHITE SPOONBILL

The White Spoonbill. The Common Spoonbill is found in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and frequents Holland, together with the stork. The strange shape of the tip of its beak has gained it the name of Spoonbill.

It has rarely been taken in this country. It feeds on



EAST AFRICAN CRANE.

worms, snails, and water plants, searching for the latter by agitating the water with its broad beak.



WHITE STORK

The nest of the White Spoonbill is sometimes placed in trees, and sometimes amid rushes. The length of the bird is not quite three feet.

The Stork is extensively found in Europe, Asia, and Africa. In Holland storks are very abundant, and are



GREAT WHITE HERON

encouraged by the Dutch to build in their towns. A kind of false chimney is built by the inhabitants for these birds to make their nests in.

When the Stork cannot find a building on which to make its nest, it chooses the flat spreading branches of a cedar or pine, and there collects a large mass of sticks and twigs, on which it lays from three to five whitish eggs. When disturbed, the birds make a great clattering with their bills.

The food of this bird consists of rats, mice, frogs, etc., and it is for the benefit it confers upon man by devouring these vermin that it is so carefully protected and encouraged, especially in the East, where the inhabitants do not trouble themselves by removing carrion or offal, but leave that office to the vultures, hyenas, and other scavengers of nature. The height of the Stork is nearly four feet.

The African Adjutant, sometimes called the Marabou, has a large pouch on the front of the throat, which perhaps does duty for a crop. The body is large, the neck and head are without feathers, the beak is very large and strong, the legs are of great length. The plumage is rough and untidy, dark on the back, white on the front, while the tail supplies the marabou feathers. The bird walks in a very stately, solemn manner as if every step was measured, and from this habit derives its English military title of Adjutant, while the Germans call it the Senator or the Dresscoat Bird. It is very common in the Soudan, and a similar species is found in India.

The Sacred Ibis inhabits Egypt, but does not seem to breed there. It is a migratory bird, appearing simultaneously with the rise of the Nile, and departing



NIGHT HERON AND BOATBILL.

as the inundation subsides. It is about the size of an ordinary fowl.

The Curlew is spread over the whole of the Old World, from South Africa to the polar regions. In



THE SACRED IBIS

winter it collects in large flocks on the muddy shores of the sea, where its long curved bill can easily penetrate in search of food.

The Avocet. The bill in this bird is exactly the reverse of that of the Curlew, the curve being upward



THE ADJUTANT

instead of downward. The Common Avocet is spread throughout the warmer regions of Europe, and is also found in some parts of Africa. It is very common in Holland. It frequents marshes and the mouths of rivers.

The Woodcock frequents dense thickets during the day, but at night it leaves these retreats, and visits the swamps and flooded meadows, where it finds a sufficiency of worms and insects.

The nest of this bird is a loose mass of grass and leaves, gathered together in some sheltered depression. The eggs are four in number, of a yellowish-brown, blotched with dark brown and gray.

The Snipe in its habits much resembles the woodcock. Its flight is very singular, rendering it a difficult mark.

The Corncrake, or Landrail, is very common in England. During the early part of the summer months its harsh cry may be heard in almost every field, but the bird itself is very seldom seen.

The Water-hen, or Moor-hen, is very common along the reedy banks of rivers and ponds. It is very widely distributed, being found in almost all parts of the Old World. It swims very gracefully, constantly nodding its head, and dives with great skill and rapidity, particularly when alarmed, in which case it generally dives under some floating herbage.

The Flamingo is an inhabitant of the warmer parts of Europe, and is common in Asia and the coasts of Africa. The singularly shaped beak of this splendid bird is



BLACK SWAN.

peculiarly adapted to its long and flexible neck. When the bird wishes to feed, it merely stoops its head into the water ; the upper mandible is then lowest, and is well fitted to receive the nutritive substances which



AVOCETS

are entangled in a filter placed on the edges of the beak.

The color of its plumage is a deep brilliant scarlet, except the quill feathers, which are black. When a number of these birds stand ranged in a line, according to their custom, they present the appearance of a small and well-drilled body of soldiers.

The Mute or Tame Swan is a well-known ornament to our lakes and rivers. All are familiar with the graceful



EUROPEAN FLAMINGO

deportment of this bird while sailing on the surface of the water. Unfortunately, its progress on land by no

means corresponds with its aquatic grace, being confined to an awkward waddle.

The Black Swan is found in Australia. The whole of its plumage is a jetty black, with the exception of the quill feathers, which are white.

The Mallard, or Wild Duck, is the origin of our domestic bird, and is widely spread over the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America. In the winter it migrates in countless flocks to the warmer States.

The Divers are remarkable for their powers of diving. The legs are placed very far behind, and the toes are so arranged as to fold up when returning from the stroke.

The foot of the Grebes is not webbed like that of most water birds, but each toe is separated and flattened, so as to serve as a separate paddle.

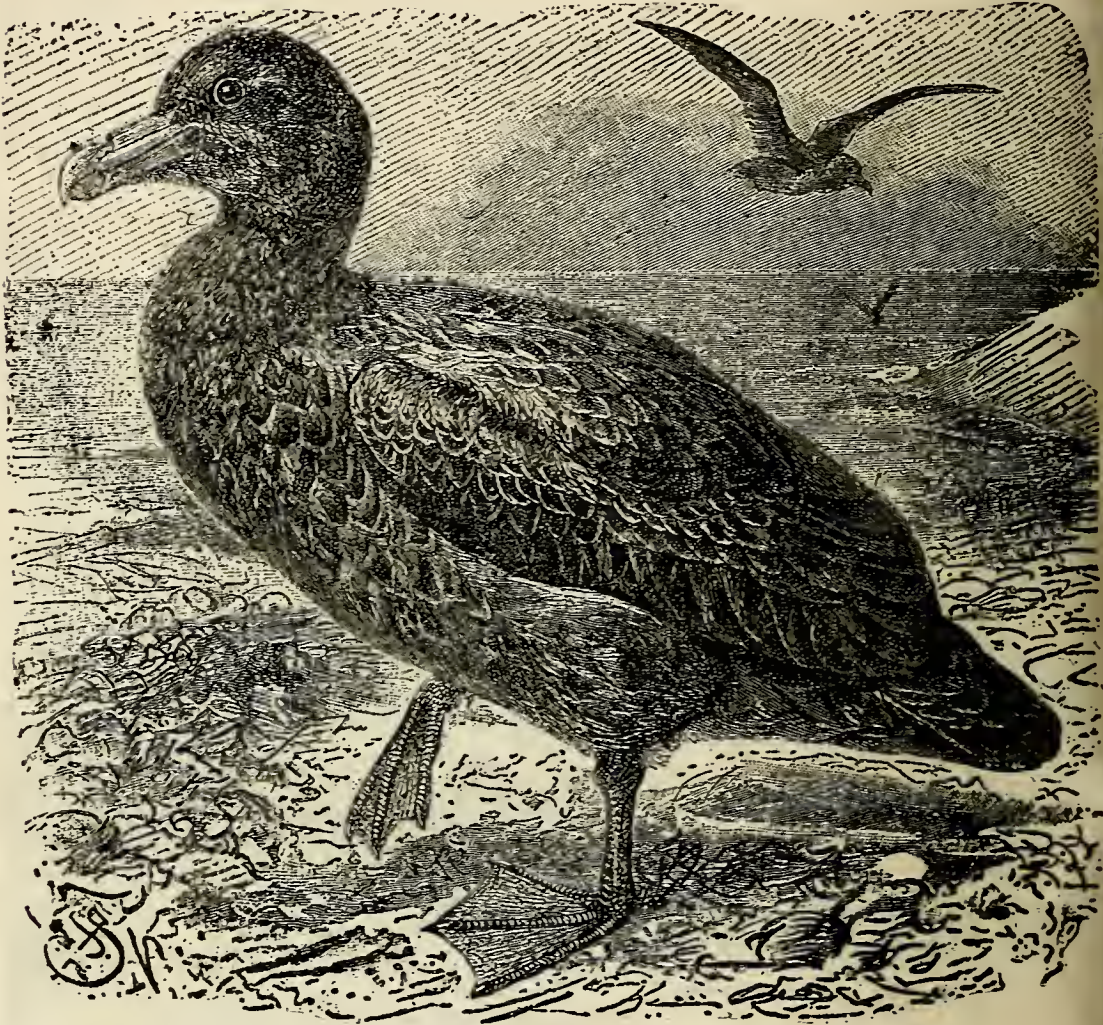
The Puffin is an excellent diver, plunging fearlessly from a lofty cliff into the sea, and speedily returning with its beak full of fish, usually sprats, which are secured by their heads, and lie in a row along the bill of the Puffin, forming a kind of piscatorial fringe. Its enormous and sharp-edged bill renders it a formidable antagonist to intruders.

The Cape Penguin is very common at the Cape of Good Hope and the Falkland Islands. From the extraordinary sound it produces while on shore, it is called the Jackass Penguin. In diving, its little plumeless wings are used as fins, but on the land *as front legs*.



WILD DUCKS,

The Stormy Petrel is, under the name of Mother Carey's Chicken, the terror of the sailor, who always considers the bird as the precursor of a storm.



THE GIANT PETREL

It is the smallest of the web-footed birds. Few storms are violent enough to keep this curious little bird from wandering over the waves in search of the food that the disturbed water casts to the surface.

The Wandering Albatross, the largest of the genus, is a well-known bird in the southern seas, following ships for many miles. The flight of this bird is peculiarly majestic. Its extreme length of wing prevents it from rising at once from the ground, but when once launched into the air it seems to float and direct its course without effort.

The Black-backed Gull is a common bird on our coasts. Its nest is composed of grass, rushes, and other materials, and contains three or four eggs, of an olive green marked with very dark brown. Neither the gulls nor the terns dive, but snatch up their prey when at or near the surface.

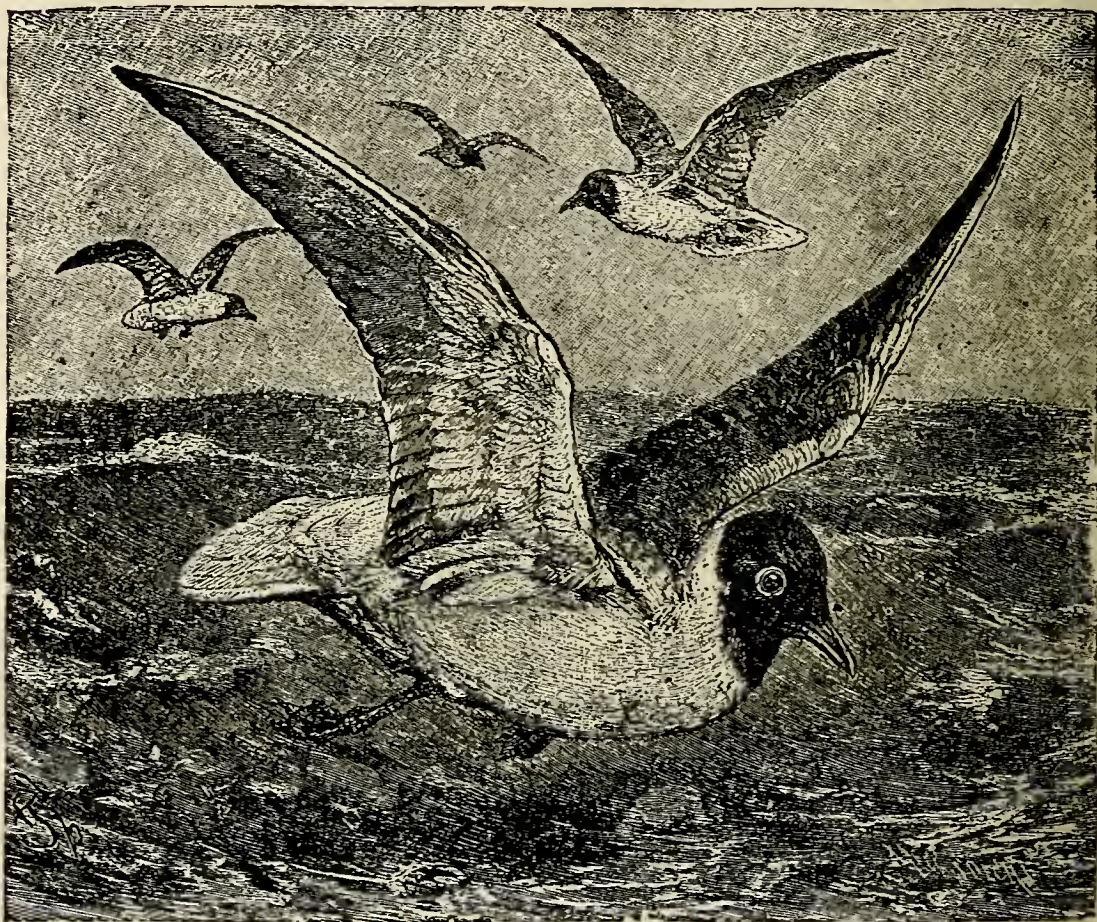
The Terns, or Sea Swallows, are possessed of great power and endurance of flight, their long forked tails and pointed wings indicating strength and swiftness.

The Common Tern is found in plenty along the southern shores of Europe, in many parts of Asia and Africa. It is frequently seen on the southern shores of England, and in North America. It preys on fish, which it snatches from the surface with unerring aim, as it skims over the waves with astonishing velocity.

The Cormorant is exceedingly voracious, and devours an almost incredible amount of fish. It is an excellent diver, and chases the fish actually under the water, seldom if ever returning without having secured its prey. Like the otter, when engaged in chase it occasionally rises to take breath, and then resumes the

pursuit with renewed vigor. It has the power of perching on trees, an accomplishment which we should hardly suspect a web-footed bird of possessing.

The Cormorant is easily tamed, and its fishing pro-

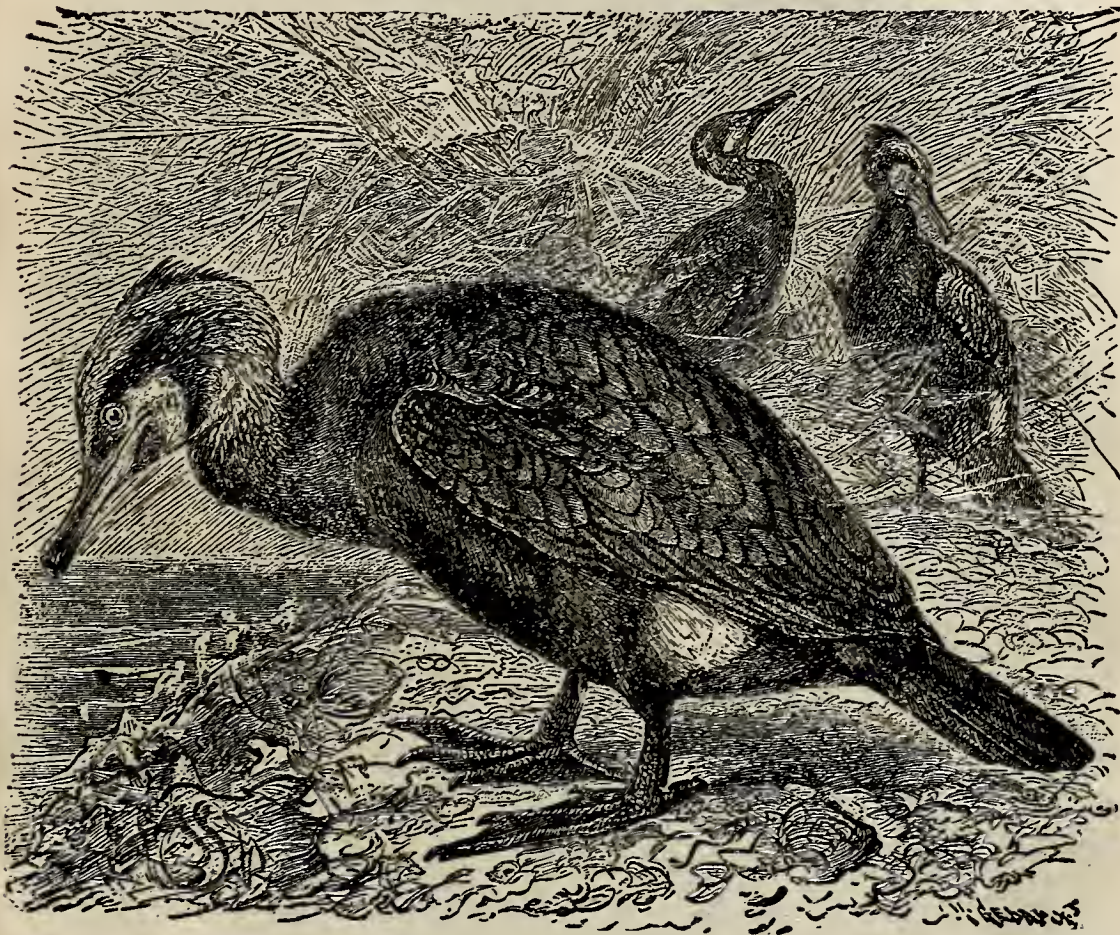


BLACK-HEADED GULL

pensities can be turned to good account. The Chinese, at the present day, employ a kind of Cormorant for that purpose, having previously placed a ring round the bird's neck to prevent it from swallowing the fish. Its length is about three feet.

The White Pelican inhabits Africa, India, and a

great part of the southeastern portions of Europe. It is a very conspicuous bird, its singular membranous pouch offering a distinction perfectly unmistakable. The pouch, when distended, holds two gallons



COMMON CORMORANT

of water, but the bird has the power of contracting it so that it can scarcely be discerned.

The pouch serves as a net in which to scoop up the fish on which the Pelican feeds.

Another most important use of the pouch is to convey food to the young. The parent Pelican presses

the pouch against its breast, in order to enable the young to obtain the fish; which action, in all proba-



EUROPEAN PELICAN

bility, gave rise to the fable of the Pelican feeding its young with its own blood. The red tip of the bill probably aided the deception.

Although a web-footed bird, the Pelican, like the cormorant, can perch on trees, although it prefers sitting on rocks. Its color is a pure white, with a very slight tinge of rose color, and the pouch is yellow. Its length is nearly six feet.

